

THE
DECLAMATIONS
OF
Quintilian,

BEING AN
EXERCITATION or *PRAXIS*
Upon his XII. Books,
CONCERNING
The Institution of an Orator.

Translated (from the *Oxford Theatre*
Edition) into *English*, by a Learned
and Ingenious Hand.

*With the Approbation of several Eminent
School-masters in the City of London.
Whose Testimonies follow in the next Page.*

LONDON,
Printed by J. R. for John Taylor at the Globe at
the West End of St. Paul's Church-yard. 1686.

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Imprimatur,

Joh. Battely R^{mo}. P. D.
Wilhelmo Archiep. Cant
à Sacris Domesticis.

Ex Aedibus Lambeth.
Oct. 31. 1685.

JUN 23 1316

Worthy Sir,

According to your desire, I have acquainted my self with your Translation of *Quintilians* Declamations; 'Tis piece that is worthy of the Publick, and you have done it right, who have reach'd the sense, Design and Acumen of the *Orator*, whereby some Life will be put into the attentive English Reader, which may justly give a price to the Book, in the opinion of

Sir, Your Servant

John Goad.

Worthy Sir,

Have always admired *Quintilian* in his own Language, and I do not dislike him yours: Your Translation appears to be very just, and answers, in all its proportions, the great Original, from whence you drew I am

Your Humble Servant

John Hartcliffe.

A 2

Worthy

Worthy Sir,

I Have, with a great deal of delight and satisfaction, read over your Translation of the first of *Quintilians* Orations; and if a judgment may be made of the goodness of the *other*, by the excellence of *this*, I make no question, but your labour in this kind will prove very useful to a great many, and acceptable to all. For since Translations are now come to be so much in vogue, and received with a general satisfaction, I know no reason, why *this* of yours should not lay claim to, as it justly deserves, a general acceptance and kind entertainment: Especially since it is done with so much Judgment, and so fully and clearly expresses the sense of the Author,

I am Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Tbo. Walker.

Good Sir,

AS for other Kindnesses, so particularly I thank you for the Perusal of your Translation of *Quintilians* Orations: I must confess, I always took *Quintilian* for the best of the *Roman* Orators; and I am glad, that he can be read in our Mother tongue; and with more clearness, than in his *own Native Language*: Many places in the Latin seem difficult, which you have rendered plain: In my opinion, you would do well to pleasure those, that are not acquainted with the Latin Tongue, with more Translations of yours:

Sir,
I am, Your affectionate and Humble Servant.
William Bolton.



To the Ingenious and Hopeful
Young Gentlemen, Samuel Rolt
Esq; and Mr. Thomas Rolt Sons
of the deservedly Honoured, the
Lady Rolt the Younger, of Mil-
ton Erneys in the County of
Bedford.

Gentlemen,

SINCE the Dedication of Books is so much in fashion, you may justly claim *this* of mine; For the *Ichnography* of this Translation was drawn by me, at the sweet and delightful Habitation of your *Virtuous Mother*, in *Milton* aforesaid, while she was pleased to make use of me to preside over your *Educa-*
tions for a season, till better Help

A 3

could

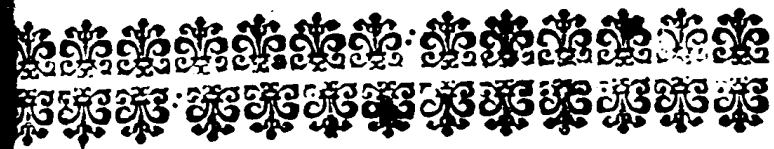
could be procured : I *presume* therefore to *prefix* your *Names* before this *Traet* ; partly out of *Gratitude* to your most *Worthy* Mother ; and partly too, as an *acknowledgment* of your personal *Respects* to me ; and also, as a *farther Encouragement* to your *studies*, wherein I *hope* and *believe* you have *already* made so great a *Progress*.

Yours

In all Offices of Respect and Service.

John Warr.

The



THE
TRANSLATOR
TO THE
Reader.

Considering that many *Classick* Latin Authors have been made English by several *ingenious Persons*; Authors, both *Historical*, as *Plutarch*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*, &c. And also *Ethical* and *Philological*, as *Tullies Offices*, *Seneca's works*, *Erasmus Colloquies*, and

The Translator

several others: Encouraged by such Great Examples, I have spent some time in Translating XIX of the Declamations of Quintilian, Printed apart in Latin at the Theatre in Oxford, for the use of Schools. The design then being to gratifie those, who do yet militare sub ferulâ, I hope the Great Masters of Eloquence will not only hold me excused, but also be my Compurgators, if I have not Paraphrased or made any Considerable descants on them, but rendred them so, as to make them intelligible to the meanest Capacities; only the Latin is so full, and concise too, that it requires some interfections here and there, and also a few marginal notes, for the clearing of the sense.

As for the Author of them M. Fab. Quintilianus, he was a great Master of Eloquence in the Roman State,
and

To the Reader.

and justly deserves that Elogy given him by the Poet Martial,

The Glory of the Roman Gown.

And accordingly he had several Youths committed to his Education and Care: To those, who were of the Supream Class, and had attained to some ripeness of reason and understanding, he was wont to propound Subjects, fictitious or real, for them to exercise their Wits upon, Pro and Con, in vocal Orations; which being done, he selected the most nervous Arguments, and florid Expressions out of all their Speeches, which he afterwards lick'd over into one terse and polite Discourse, here called a Declamation. I mention this, as an Encouragement to the Ingenious to peruse these Orations,

The Translator

tions, *in regard they are the Cream and Product of the most promising Wits, cull'd out and polish'd by the Second hand of the Master. For by reading these Exercitations in Scholis Trivialibus, the Wits of Youth may be excited and made more capable to manage Logical Exercises, when transplanted thence to the University; such Velitations and Traverses, as these, whetting their Inventions, and Edging their Spirits for greater Conflicts, both in the Physical and also the Theological Schools.*

*And besides, I was further encouraged to the Translation of this Piece, because some of our English Schools, even of the very First Magnitude, do not disdain to suffer their Youth, sometimes, to pronounce vocal Orations in our Mother-Tongue :
Which*

To the Reader.

Which Practice, why may it not be justified, yea commended rather, in them, in regard it tends to the polishing of our Youth in our own, as well as the other parts of their Discipline do accomplish them in the Latin and other Learned Languages.

One favour I desire of the Courteous Reader, that if, in all passages, I have not had the happy Genius to arrive at the Authors meaning, he would please to impute it to his Obscurity, whose sense sometimes lies so deep, not only at the Bottom, (to speak allusively) but even in the very Sand below it, that it is very hard to fish it out.

*Whereupon being Conscious to myself, both of my own Tenuity, and also of the Difficulty of this Author, I obtained the Favour of some
Great*

The Translator

* The Masters of Merchant-Tailors, and of the Charter-house Schools. Great and Eminent*Orators, to give me their Censure; and, as far as they thought fit, their Revivals and Approbations: Whose Testimonies, as they were directed in Letters to myself, at the Booksellers desire, who undertakes the Impression, are Printed herewith verbatim.

J. W.

The

THE ORDER AND NUMBER Of the SEVERAL DECLAMATIONS.

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Decla-

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ERRATA.

P. 45. l. 1. dele *be*. p. 318. l. 18. for *many* read *may*. p. 363.
l. 8. for *ever* read *never*. p. 401. l. 4. for *in* read *n*. p. 430.
l. 17. for *Houses* read *Nurses*. p. 439. l. 31. dele *not*.
Mal-punctuations and other literal mistakes (if any be) the
Courteous Reader is desired to correct with his Pen.

[1]



Paries Palmatus:

O R,

The Wall all Bloody with
the Track of an Hand.

DECLAMATION I.

The Argument.

*There was a Gentleman who had a Blind
Son, whom he had made his Heir, but mar-
rying a Second Wife, He made an Apart-
ment for the dark Youth, in a remote
part of his House. The Father was Mur-
thered in the night, as he was lying in Bed
by his Wife in his own Chamber, and the
next morning his Son's Sword was found in
the Wound, and all the Wall, from his
Son's Chamber to His, was bloodied with
the Print of an Hand.*

B

The

The *Blind Son* and the *Step-Mother* accuse one another of the Murther.

For the *Blind Son* against the *Step-Mother*.

IF this Innocent Young-man (*my Lords and Judges*) would use the Motive of his sad distress, he might allege, that, together with his *Eyes*, he had lost all his wild unruly *thoughts*, but when he has a mind to declare his Innocency rather by his *Manners* than his *Miseries*, he cannot bear so great a reproach to be cast either on his duty or his Conscience, as not to be thought to have committed this Murther only upon the account of his *Blindness*. And therefore he doth not desire that you should think him *Pityable*, unless also he be found *Innocent*, neither would he have you Releive his afflicted Condition, unless he proves himself more unhappy in losing his *Father* than his *Eyes*. Set then (*my Lords*) an estimate upon this *Young-man*, by those accomplishments, as you would do if he had his *Eyes*, I mean by his Conversation, by his Modesty, by his Duty to his *Father*, which if they can be made appear, as we shall undertake for them all in his behalf, no *Indictment* will daunt him. And tho' this wicked *Woman* (forsooth) hath pourtrayed our Calamity by blood-ing the Wall, yet we are not *abashed* thereat, for by how much the more diligent and careful she hath been, that she might not be discovered, she hath thereby given a most certain indication, that (to be sure) she wanted not her *Eyes*. Gra-

mercy

mercy, *Dame*, for bringing over the Arguments of thy too lavish suspicion to our side, it would have been harder to evince, that the *Blind-man* had not committed this Villany, unless all things had been so personated, that such a *Blind-man* might seem to have committed it.

And therefore (*my Lords*) I may fairly hope, that those *Pleas* will be justly suspected by you, which are so Nonsensically *forged* against the poor *Blind-Youth*.

As *first*, that the large space of the House, which lay in the midst- between the Son's Chamber and the *Father's*, was full of Blood, so orderly drawn along even to the poor Youths Chamber, as if indeed the *Parricide* had been afraid, that he should *not* have been discovered. Next, the Night was principally chosen out for the Villany, at which time no *Husband* is ever found abed without his *Wife*. Then in a Murther, no man ever uses his *own* but rather *another's* Sword, yet here, whose, but the Young-man's Sword, was left in the Wound? That so the *Step-mother* might not want this *Argument* against him. Lastly, The Murther was compleated at one Blow, (as if it fell *pat* into the groping Hand of the wandring Youth.) And yet against so many unlikely things, the *Mother in Law* hath nothing to plead, but only her Husbonds last *Will* and *Testament*: She would have *that* to be the *Motive* of the Parricide, that so by a strange Absurdity, she might prove him to have *Murthered* his *Father*, even because he did not in the least deserve to be *Murthered* by his hands. But if that be a Crime, that the Young-man was left

sole Heir to his Father, we acknowledge it. If when the poor Old-man was yet alive, This his *Will* could have come out, and have been *known* in the House, you know which of the Two had most reason to take Pet: And whereas she urges, that the Son was ill-resented by his *Father*, if we should own it, whose fault (think you) was that, but the *Step-mothers*? And she thinks she can prove, he was ill-resented, because he was laid up in a remote part of the House, not as a *beloved* Son, but as an *bated Blind* one: By this Plea she craftily enough endeavours to cloak her Envy. The *Father*, who disposed of his *Blind Son*, in a secret Apartment of his House, did thereby take off some *pleasure* from the Eyes of the *Mother-in-law*. For she, thinking to come in to an empty House, and reckoning that a *Blind Son* was as good as *none* at all, the indulgent *Old-man* devised a Way, how his poor Child might be (as to himself) in the *same* House, and (as to his *Step-mother*) in *another*: if the Youth had never so fain, he could not have cull'd out a *secreter* place for himself. If you would know the *Old-man's* intent herein, you may go *ask* his *last Will*: Neither can I beleive, that the prudent *Father* would crack of his *Will* to his Son, how he had made him his *Heir*; you cannot reasonably object it against him, 'twas *she* rather, 'twas *she*, that by some discoveries, or by some cunning Womanish suspicion or other had worm'd out the *secrets* of her Husband, and then shook hands with all Conjugal Duty. For where you Love for hope of gain, *there your disappointed hope, and your pretended love end together.*

'Tis

'Tis true, the Young-man had a Sword in his Chamber continually, either because he got it before he fell *Blind*, or else because it is a comfort to one that is *Dark*, to have an Utensil belonging to one that can *See*. This is certain, his *Father* was never afraid of it, neither did his *Step-mother* ever object it to him before; The Sword lay exposed to the view of all, it was known all the House over. You are sensible, *My Lords*, that a guiltless Conscience keeps a Sword more regardlessly, than another; you are sensible also, that a thing, which cannot be used, may be retained without any suspicion: Innocence many times occasions, that a Sword may be taken away, even from one that *Sees*: Whether then any one of the Servants was privately dealt with, as may be rationally thought on so fair an occasion; or whether the *Mother* her self was so bold as to take it away, which she might easily do, tho' her Son-in-law were in the Room: Without question (which doth most convincingly discover, who was the Murtherer) That *Assassin*, that would leave a Sword behind, would rather use *another man's* than his *own*.

What she further alleges, *my Lords*, if it had been possible to have been done, yet what would it amount to? Here is a *Blind-man*, without any Guide or Leader, pretended to have blundered along, with a Sword in his hand, from a distant part of the House, I had almost said, from *another* House, through a long Reach, through so many stumbling thresholds, and through Servants that kept Watch; and then to have entred his *Father's* Chamber, turning to nei-

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ther

ther hand, but going on as directly as Eyes could guide a man ; and so to have come to his Bed gently and without any noise, not falling on it by chance, or arriving at it sooner than he himself thought. I beseech you, *my Lords*, Judge what a Tumult such a Criminal would have made, from the Nature of the things themselves. An *Old-man* fast a Sleep, whom a *Blind Assassin* groped after, would have been sooner *Awaked* by the bustle, than *found*. They add thereto *Pleas*, much more incredible, as how he Murthered his *Father*, and yet meddled not with his *Step-mother* ; how he finished the *Parricide* at one Blow, which they can scarce have the hap to do, who take Aim by the *Eye* ; that here was no need of Eyes, but a man about to strike at *Random*, fortunate enough, if he had hit any part of the Body, in our Case lighted upon the very *Heart*, and presently perceived, that he had given a *Deaths-Wound*. *My Lords*, it is the office of our *Eyes* to tell our *Hands* what is done. It had been the only security of a *Blind Murtherer* to strike often : Besides, the *Step-mother* says, that she perceived none of all this, tho' she lay by her *Husbands* side, neither doth she inform us, whence the *Ground* of so great an Astonishment should arise. If the *Father* had been killed at one Blow, and his *Wife* fast a Sleep, the *Murtherer* could not have left the Sword with Security. As to their other Allegations, they are too too Suspicious, and Impudently forged ; Here is a very spacious Wall, and a large side of the House, full of Prints of Blood, which the Hand of him, in his return, might seem to have left.

left. Oh ! How *finely* can Eyes Pourtray what they have a mind to. I should extreamly wonder, if any man can beleive, that her *Step-son* could do all this in the Night : 'Tis pretended, that he left his Sword in the Wound, just as the *Step-mother* could wish ; A Sword, which he could not deny, but that it was his *own* ; next, what did he Print upon all the Wall ? That the *Parricide* had drawn along his *Fathers* Blood even unto his own Chamber, and so had left a plain Path for any one to trace him : Would any man do so, that had a mind afterward to deny the Fact ? I congratulate thy good fortune, *Poor Youth*, if thou couldst not perpetrate the Murther, but thou must leave a proof of thy Blindness behind thee, thou couldst not chuse but be *Innocent*.

I am therefore determined so to Plead the *Cause* of this poor *Young-man* ; As first, to defend him, who is only Accused, *not Guilty* ; and when I have sufficiently cleared his Innocency, I will then begin my charge against the *Mother*. You shall view them both by their Manners, and their Cases respectively and so you may the more easily discharge *your* Consciences in passing a Righteous Judgment. For tho' the *Trial* takes Cognizance of them both, yet I will handle their Cases in several. And first, I will suppose the *Young-man* had his Sight, and that the Efforts of his Mind were not a jot weakned by any Infirmary of Body. I will demand, what debauched, what flagitious, what impious Fact he committed before this, by which he might give some previous Specimen, that at length he would mount to Parricide. You know, Innocency recedes not from a man, but

by certain *degrees* ; and lest Audaciousness might be Faint-hearted in the highest Villanies, it gathers Courage time after time in smaller ones. No man ever *began* at that height, to which it is scarce credible, that ever he should have arrived at all. His Accuser must tell, what Grudges had past between *him* and his *Father* before, and how great a Breach had intervened between the deep engagements of those two sacred Names; Believe me, *Woman*, even for thy own sake, for if it be an easie thing for a *Son* to Murther his *Father*, it is much more easie for a *Wife* to destroy an *Husband*.

A VVord now concerning his sad Infirmitie of *Blindness*. All our wildness and courage are *dashed* by the disaster of our Body, and the briskness of our Spirit is palled, if it be not seconded by the service of our Corporal Members. Destitution obliges only to mourning and solitude. That countenance, which is envelop'd with a continual night, and fearful besides, cannot so much as design a Villany, which is not practicable without Eyes. He still troubles himself, lest he should miss his way and stumble, he is solicitous about the difficulty in going and coming. There is a great necessity for the Innocency of *that* man, who knows, that no man can be discovered sooner, than *he* : Miserable men are always watchful over themselves, fearing they may cease to deserve compassion; And who ever hath lost his Eyes, anxiously labours, that he might not seem to deserve such a loss. What lesson can a poor Dark man learn, but to fawn and beg? When I hate a man, I am the

worse

worse to see him, and it makes no small Accession to ones Fury, when he beholds him with his Eyes, whom he abominates in his Heart. As for a *Blind-man*, he is more to be *pitied* than hated, and he is more cautious than to hate.

Besides, 'tis *that* hath often suggested causes of *Parricide* to unnatural Children, which they did behold with their Eyes: For, the Eye is the *Inlet* of Vice to the Mind. Luxury hath put a Sword into some *Childrens* hands to Murther their *Fathers*, now Luxury is a Crime of such as have Eyes. The love of some *Courtezans* hath done the like for others, when she demanded an unreasonable *Largest*, but Love hath the Eyes for his Centinels. But in our Case, what! doth an unhappy *Blind-man* kill his *Father*? His *Father* being killed, who shall now lead him by the hand with security? Whose *Shoulders* could he lean upon more easily? Will any one *chastise* the reproaches of the Servants more strictly than the *Father*? Will any one protect such and so distressed a condition, and so subject to abuse, with greater tenderness? Wishes go at another rate amongst Children in misery; a *Blind Son* prays, that his *Father* might survive him.

And now, I would fain know, what they will say, how so difficult a Fact could be accomplished; did a *Blind-man* say you, Plot *Parricide*? With whom did he lay the *Plot*? Whose Eyes did he trust? When he was to go through the whole House, whom did he chuse for his Guide? He that was alone in his own Chamber, I take it, can deliberate with none but himself; tis enough, he consults with a nimble companion, for why

should

should he desire anothers privy to his Design, who needed no Information of any thing? *First*, he can tell, when 'tis Night, *then* he can look carefully, whether all the family be asleep? He knows how to tread sure and yet soft, and to turn about his careful Visage towards that side, whence the least fear might come: *In a state of fear*, 'tis provision little enough to have our Eyes. What! Did he not say to himself, 'tis true, I would fain Murther my *Father*, but how shall I do it? Who shall guide my hands? I will get me out of my Chamber by Night, alone by my self, but when shall I get thither? Do you think, that our Chambers are next one another? Nay, the whole House is between the *Fathers* and *Sons* Lodgings: How easily may I mistake my way? How long shall I be about it? I must grope through a huge Reach, scarce to be footed over. Thou Nonsensical *Blind Fool*, what art thou going about? 'Twill be broad-day before thou canst perfect thy Design. Again, what would you say, if he should be awake? Nay, what if the Mother only? Go too, Ple warrant you, Ple find the Threshold, Ple open the Door without Creaking, Ple enter into my Fathers Chamber, while he is fast asleep; Ple Stab him in that Condition, one Blow shall do the Deed; my Step-mother shall not stir a Wink, Ple go out securely, Ple return, and no living Soul know it.

These are the wishes, (*'tis true*) but of such as have their *Sight*. A *Blind-man* would despair, even though the Night did promise her assistance in so many Circumstances.

In the next place, I must needs ask, what could the

reason be, why the Son should use none but his own Sword in this Fact? *Ah*, this came into his mind that he was to leave it behind him, for if he had left a strangers Sword in the Wound, some Question might have been made, Who was the *Murthrer*: But the *Wifacre* used his own, that so, if he should have escaped, his Sword might have betrayed him; Ay, but you'l say, Why then did he keep any Sword at all in his Chamber? I will tell you, first, because he had always one by him; and next, because he never intended to use it. *Ironic.*

What? Did I provide a Sword for Parricide so many years before? And was I innocent so long, tho' the Sword was at hand, wherewith I threatned to kill my Father? Was I ready *in my Spirit* and with my *Sword*, and yet suffer'd so many Nights to slip over my head? You know, I had made you familiarly acquainted with the sight of the Sword before, it was known also to all the Servants; it hung carelessly and disregarded in the midst of my Chamber, as a *Witness of my Innocency*; yea it hung so openly, that any body living might have filch'd it away. No guilt of Conscience did conceal it, 'twas as *sure* known as the *blindness* of its Owner: *He that prepares a Sword to commit a Murther doth keep it so close, that he may deny it to be his.*

Set now before your Eyes the Act of the Murther, and you will find the difficulty thereof. Ple grant, that he went out of his own Chamber, and that he deceived the Servants, whom his Father had allotted to attend him; that after much ado he found the Old-man's Chamber, then the

Wall

Wall ended, and could no longer guide the Mur-
 therer, the door opened without creaking: VVhat
 does he do then? Does he go round about the
 Wall of the Bed-chamber, or does he venture
 into the middle of it, and flourish his Sword in
 the dark Room? VVell, now he finds his *Fathers*
 Bed, and stretching out his head, overhears
 them both Breathe, as they were asleep; tell me,
 how shall he know, which way he shall take his
 Ayme? Or VVhich of the Two to strike? VVell,
 did he grope out the face and the breast right a-
 gainst him, did he seek the shortest Cut to let out
 his dying Soul? What a *dead* Sleep was that,
 that could not perceive all this? But she says, I did
 not perceive it my self neither. I reply, you see
 what a bad Cause you maintain, which you can
 defend but by *one* Plea, and that an *incredible*
 one too; say you so, was your *Husband* Stab'd
 whil'st he lay in your arms, and you never the
 wiser? Thy Husband is slain by thy side, and thou
 not awak'd, as if thy Son-in-Law had dispatcht
 thee first: What was thy Husband Slain
 by his *Blind Son*, and yet not struck by
 him? Me thinks, if the noise of the Blow could
 not, yet his warm Gore might have awakned
 thee?

But how manifest is thy *Guilt*, which puts thee
 to this shift, that when thou wouldst have it be-
 lieved, That, thy Son-in-Law Murthered his
 Father, art constrained to say, *Thou perceivest*
nothing: We *have enough*, and to spare, the Cause
 goes on our side, we are clearly Innocent. What!
 VVhen thou wert in the same Bed with him that
 was Slain, and perhaps didst embrace him, dost
 thou

thou profests so deep and sound a Sleep? How
 came it then to pass, that thou didst escape?
 What good fortune withheld his wrathful hands
 from shedding *thy* Blood? To be sure, thou
 wert a Sleep so purpose, thou perceiv'd'st no-
 thing of all this. Did thy *Son-in-Law* let thee
 escape, because he did not fear to be apprehend-
 ed? Did ever Son Kill his *Father* and spare his
Step-Mother? Could he commit the *greatest* vil-
 lany of all without regret, and did his heart im-
 mediately fail him in *the Lesser*? Had he *violated* all
 the Rights, so Sacred amongst men, and yet
 durst he not make bold with a Life so odious, as
 thine? It is an incredible thing and against all
 reason, that he should spare a *Mother-in-law*,
 when you dare accuse him for Murthering his
own Father? What say'st thou, *Young-man*, did
 thy heart misgive thee to shed that Blood? Did
 she more passionately entreat thee to spare her
 Life? Hereby thou hast lost the Plea, that she
 perceived nothing, that it was Night, all hush,
 there was time enough to commit also another
 Murther. If it had been possible for thee to
 Commit the Parricide, thou could'st have Slain
 thy *Father* upon no other account, but that there-
 by thou might'st have opportunity to Kill thy
Step-mother too. Neither do I see any reason,
 why he should spare her, unless he would have
 her live, that she might seem to have acted that
 wicked Fact. Craftily enough contriv'd, but *Ironical*
 this shall presently be *overthrown* by another
 evidence. These things do not well hang toge-
 ther, to spare the *Step-mother*, that so *she* may be
 accused, and to leave the Sword behind, that so
 be

he himself might be discovered thereby. I have often occasion to make use of the Argument from Blindness, and in this place especially, where we come to treat of the *Wound*. For certainly; if a *Murderer* had entred who had his sight, yea, and had carried Lights before him, yet he could never so happily have levelled his blow, for tho' the darkness had not caused him to miscarry, yet *fear and guilt, which are always witnesses to great Villanies*, would have put him to a loss. A Common *Executioner* seldome strikes but *once*, even altho' he fit the Neck for the Block, yea tho' his practised hand came but *newly* from giving the like Blow, as his ordinary Trade: But it seems, the *Blind-man* hit so right, as immediatly to let out the Heart-blood. Upon my Conscience, I wonder he did not hit his *Mother*, when he aimed at his *Father*; the first Blow of the *Paricide* doth but only shew his intent and resolution: Alas! He quivers, he is thoughtful, he Colours for it, and is but one degree on this side Innocence, he only makes way by the First, so as to give a stronger Blow the second time.

Ironie.

And now let me ask, what reason the *Young-man* could have, to leave his Sword behind him? Oh! the Good-man, forsooth, would not have his *Mother* defamed; he hath barr'd all Apology, he hath Confessed himself to be the *Murderer* by leaving his Sword in the Wound. If he had thought the *first* Blow had not done the deed, he would have given *another*, but if he had beleived the *first* had dispatched him, he would have taken away all means of discovering his Guilt. But why do I go about to demonstrate a thing, which

which is evident of it self? *My Lords*, if you would know, who left the Sword behind, think with yourselves, whose *interest* it was it should be found, where it was.

Oh, but you'l say, The wall was Bloodied with the Print of an hand even to the *Sons* Chamber. In the first place, *My Lords*, consider, That he was no *Simpleton*, no Impolitick fellow, who tho' he were Blind, would attempt a wickedness, which was difficult even for one that had his Eyes? What! Did he not think with himself, when he put his Bloody hand to the Wall, that he should leave the Print of his *Paricide* behind him? Whereas he might easily have wiped that hand (that guided him) in his Clothes, and so got away without leaving any Print behind him, yet he thought good to Blood the Wall all along, and so every where to leave some *Memorial* of his poor Father? He did not consider in the least, what would follow the next day after, what a great Hubbub would be rais'd thereupon at Day-break, but he laid a Train beyond all possible mistake, that so his Mother might trace him even to his very Chamber door. Wonderful hap! what, was not the Blood all wasted till then? Let us here consider the very Nature of the thing it self. The Wall was found so Bloodied with the Print of an hand even to the last, that the entire hand, and every finger thereof, were exquisitely imprinted thereon. Surely he would have exhausted all the Blood in his hand at 2 or 3 of the first Prints. Suppose his hand was Bloody, and thereupon, (to gratify our Adversary a little) dropping wet,

sup-

suppose also the length of the way, and the long Reach of the Wall (for he could not get to that farthest part of the House in a little time.) That part of the Wall next the Fathers Chamber must needs have more Blood; the next to that, less; the third, as good as none; the last none at all. For the Blood, as often as it was Clapt to the Wall, sticks there, or else dries up in the warm hand of such a slow-pac'd Creeper. Now what shall we say to this, when the Print of the Blood, (would you think it) doth begin at both ends? A plain Bloody hand at the one end, and at the other. How could his hand carry along that, which it left behind? No, no, 'twas the Mother, the Mother with all her Eyes about her, she drew all this, 'twas her Right-hand took the poor mans Blood, and ever and anon dipped and renewed the Print. We find that the Bloodied Wall hath some void spaces, it is not besmear'd all along, but here is a perfect Print of an hand *every where*; Now a Blind man would have trayled his hand all along.

I Demand next, how he could have so much Blood in his hands? All the Blood doth there gush out from the Body, when it Issues after a Sword that is newly drawn out of a Wound, but when a Wound is closed with the same Sword that gives it, 'tis but a dark discovery can be made by the *Blood*, in that Case.

Add, that no Blood can come at that part of the hand, which gripes the Sword-hilt and so clutches it self up whilst it holds the Weapon; the Back of the hand only must needs be Bloodied, but our Wall is Imprinted with the

hollow of an hand, to which no Blood could come? 'Tis your part, *My Lords*, to lay all these things together, and to weigh them seriously. The reason, why a Judge should shew more discretion in finding out a Villany, than the offender shew'd in committing it, I suppose, is this, because the later is thoughtful only for himself, but the former for both parties indifferently.

Thus have I defended the poor Young-man's Cause: I pass now to the Step-mother's, and what more certain Evidence of Conviction may reach Her. I omit that thred-bare and well-known Topick, concerning the Comparing of Parents. Another man would say, that Husband and Wife, unless endear'd one to another by having Children at first, are not mutually cemented by the strongest ryes of Conjugal Union. But I shall rather insist on this; Thou, Good Woman, wert deceived in thy expectation, thou thoughtest to come into a Clear house, forsooth, an house without an Heir. Thou expectedst, that the poor Youth should have been expell'd the House even upon your Wedding day, and that his Father, cajoled by thy flattering embraces, should have sent his desolate Son to seek his Fortune, and so have made provision, that the dismal Misfortune of his Body might not offend the Eyes of his Coy New-Bride. But on the contrary, thou foundest the Good Old man affectionately tender of his only Son, and for that reason thou despair'dst of all conjugal affection from him. Miserable is that Husband, who brings in a Step-dame over his Son, because his Wife can never think he will love them both.

In the *first* place therefore, I demand, where your *Husband* was slain? In his Bed-chamber, say you! Go too! Before thou wert Married, thy *Son-in-law* had no need of this defence; was the *Old-man* slain in his Chamber? What! Was not the *Murderer* afraid of his *Wife*? How durst he, that was *Blind*, enter into a private Marriage Chamber, and approach the solitude of a Matrimonial Bed, especially with a *Murderous* intent? where can an *Husband* be found alone without his *Wife*? Again, who ever chose the night for the *Villany*? The night, good *Madam*, was *your* time. Besides, what if thou hadst another advantage for thy Design? Thou needst not come from the *further* part of the house; * Thou need'st not Traverse all the Blind

* *Tota penarum Sacra peragenda. Quere, Annon potius legendum peragenda.*

places thereof; Thou need'st not trouble thy thoughts, how to hold up the Door so gingerly on the Hinges, that it creak not in the opening; You lye *pat* for the occasion, your Design is easily accomplished without stirring a Foot: You need not fear, lest any body should snap you. Moreover the Servants lodged far off, and great secrecy is afforded you by the very *Genius* of the place; you may strike when you list, you may know whether he be a Sleep or no. The night time, a Sword at hand, and a Snoring Husband, who can desire more to do a *Villanie*? We know the *poor Old-man* could have been Murdered, when you had a mind to it.

But, says she, how could the Sword, that was my *Son's*, come to *my* Hands? Here we are put to it indeed; A shrewd point to be answered

Alas.

Alas! Who will beleive me, if I say, that the *Dark-man* lost his Sword; his Eyes, closed with a perpetual night, could not keep it safe. I should then be thought to devise a thing of mine own head to serve my purpose, and shamelessly to lament a want of proof, which is too too manifest. To speak Truth, his hand was always clapt on his Sword-hilt, it was his care day and night; do not pride thy self, as if by thy craft thou hadst out-witted a lurking cunning *Bandido*; no, no, it was our circumstances made the way easy for thee. It fixes the suspicion more upon thee, because the *Old-man* was killed at one Blow. Thou hadst opportunity to prepare his body for the Stroke, even whilst thou seemedst to hug him. Thou with a gentle hand couldst grope over his breast before hand, and so find by the constant beat of the Pulse, where the panting Soul resides, where a deaths-wound might be given presently, and where, by the working Blood, the best place was to give the fatal Blow. Beleive it, my *Bed-fellow* can kill me at one Blow.

I come now to the *Prints* of the bloodied Wall, which I have urged upon thee sufficiently before in the defence of the *Young-man*; now follows what I have hitherto kept in further reserve against thee. When thy *Husband* was slain in thy Chamber, thou well knewest, there could be no *Plea* left for thee, if thou hadst not acted something, which it is likely *Blindness* might have done, and therefore thou didst put the Blood on that part of the Wall,

C 2

where

where thou wouldst have the *enquiry* to be made, that so the next day the whole *Chase* might be guided by the *trail* of the Blood which was laid before. Thou layest all on the *Young-man*, his Calamity hath been thy *Counsellor*. Thou knewest, that he could not otherwise enter without a *Guide*, but by conducting himself all along by the *VWall*, and therefore thou mad'st as if thou wert Blind, and to compleat thy Villany, thou hast play'd pretty *tricks* with thy *Husbands* Blood: All these things were contrived and counterfeited by thee *at pleasure* and in all security, that so thy craft might lay the *Guilt* on another. For now, forsooth, thou art innocent, because thy *Son's* Sword was found in the Wound, and because the *Wall* was bloodied: Didst thou think, that either of those *Indications* were sufficient to discover the *Murderer*? But with how easy a touch of a *Ballance*, are the *Issues* of a Cause turned? For he is often found to have committed a *Murder*, who accused another for the same; But, says she, he had Cause and Provocation enough to commit the *Paricide*, because his incensed *Father* had packed him away into some remote part of the House. Know, *Woman*, that might perhaps seem *anignominy* to a more happy *Son-in-law*, but it is a *priviledge* to blindness, to have retirement allotted to it. Oh! The *worthy* and *singular* affection of the *good Old-man*! How kindly did he shut up his poor *Son*? How carefully did he keep him from the *Eyes* of his *Wife*, that might have rejoiced over him? How did he provide for the bashfulness of the poor man?

If I had been a more happy *Father*, says the *Old-man*, I would have given up the whole House to thee, but now seeing thou art Dark Blind, (*Poor heart*) possesse that part, where none can see thee, and whither none, but my self, can come: Thou shalt have faithful *Servants* about thee, none shall hear thy groans, nor glad themselves with thy doleful miseries. And thou hast no reason to be troubled for the loss of the families conversation: The recess granted to thee, *Poor Youth*, is therefore granted, that thou mightest be less sensible of the loss of thine Eyes. Did ever any *Father* hate a Dark *Child*, and rest contented only with this revenge, to assign him a quiet, a remote, and even the best part of his House: Ay but, says she, I understand it as if he had disinherited, as if he had disowned, him; what doth the peivish *Old-man* keep his Youth in his closest embraces, doth he remove him farthest from the passage out? I demand, when he separated you two the length of the House; Thee, lusty and in good health; him, poor, blind, subject to reproaches, obnoxious to injuries, was he angry with the *Son*, or with the *Wife*? *Son*, says he, I would not have thee make use of the pleasantest part of the House, least the gaudry thereof should affect thee, because thou canst not see it. Who is so foolishly angry with a *Blind* Son, as to think it material to him, in what part of the House he is bid to dwell? Nay, *Dame*, of the *Two*, he rather removes thee, he raises up an object of *Envy* to thine Eyes, He says to thee,

thou hast room over and above, thou hast the greatest part of the House, think *him* to be absent, leave at least a corner to a *poor Son* in his *own Fathers* House : That *Father*, who, in the reign of a *Step-mother*, assigns a secret part of the *House* to his *Son*, doth plainly tell his *Wife*, that he cannot cast him off.

The *Mother* comes now to another kind of *Plca*, That she had no cause for the Murther, seeing the *Son* was found *Heir Apparent* of all his *Fathers* Estate : For who else should, that to he might take the shortest Cut to his *Inheritance*. Ay, but a *Son*, once made *Heir* expressly, docs not fear, That his *Father* will alter his *Will*. You confess he was left *Heir* of all his *Fathers* Estate; Well then, you see, that his *Father* was not angry with him, when he allotted him a remote part of the House. Surely, *contrary* Pleas can never advantage thee, thou wouldst object the same thing to this *Defendant*, if he had been *Disinherited*; chuse which side thou wilt, if he knew he was *Heir*, he ought to love his *Father* the more; if he did not know it, he had nothing to hope for, by his *Fathers* death.

It remains now, that we consider, which of you two would *most* want the Murthered *Old-man* : I wis, the grief goes nearer to thy heart, *Good-woman*, Thy *sadness* hath almost made an end of thee, but stay awhile, the black cloud will soon blow over, thou wilt quickly change thy Mourning *Vail*, fitted for thy purpose, for a new * *Bridal Tire*. But the

Poor

Poor Youth, if he compare his *present* miseries with those which were *past*, begins now, rather than before, to be really *Blind*. For what hath not the *poor Youth* lost in his *Aged Father* ? Whilst he lived, he was his *Dearly beloved*; his *Fathers* Eyes were ready at his service to guide him, whithersoever he pleased. The *Saucy* Servants durst not mock him for his unhappy blindness, nor durst they in ridicule (which is the highest contumacy) desire him to play the *Master* amongst them. But now, *Good God*, how many *Taunts* must he undergoe ? Blindness and desolateness fall to his share both at once. For, *Poor Youth*, what good can an *Inheritance* doe thee, which thou enjoy'st only by *Hear-say* ? What's *Money* to thee ? What Pleasure canst thou have to enjoy it ? All thy pleasure is, that thereby thou wilt be an easier Prey to the *Pillager*. But how carefully did thy *Fathers* Eyes keep up all for thee ? Oh ! how easily may'st thou now be deceived ? How quickly stript ? How soon choust ? How suddainly be made not worth a Groat ? 'Tis thy *Fathers* Death, that *Disinherits* thee. What canst thou now expect, but perpetual Mourning and Abhorring even of *Life* it self ?

This *Poor Youth* hath lost at last even his very *Tears*, neither can his *Eyes* bear a part in Mourning for his *Father*. Now thou wantest the *Sword* to be used on thy self; Lo, he seeks for it, he gropes after it, give it me again, says he, it was innocent as long as it touched no hands, but *mine*. If I must needs dye, I

C 4

make

Ironie.

* *Flammes*
revertente.

make it my choice to fall upon it. That burden'd and unhappy Soul did long since utter such complaints as these; Where is now the strength, that you talk of? Where's my sprightliness and effort? Where is my Arm, formerly (as you say) so springy? At one Blow, I beleive, I can hardly now kill my self.



Cæcus pro Limine :

O R,

The Blind Son standing
at his Chamber-door.

DECLAMATION II.

The Argument.

Cæcus

A Young Gentleman snatcht his Aged Father up in his Arms, and carryed him out of his House, when it was all on Fire. And running back to save his Mother, he could not find her, but had his own Eyes burnt out. The Father Marries again. His Wife comes to him one day, and tells him, that his Blind Son, had a design to Poyson him, and that
the

the Poyson was hid in his Bosome, with-
all informing him, that he had promised
her one moyety of the Estate, if she
would undertake to administer it. The
Father by's him presently to his Blind
Son, and demands, whether this were
true? Upon his denial, he searches,
and finds the Poyson about him; where-
upon he asked him, for whom he had
provided it? The Youth made no an-
swer. Out goes the Father, alters his
Will, and makes the Step-mother his
Heir. The same night there was a
great Hubbub in the House, all the Ser-
vants rush into their Masters Chamber,
where they find him slain, and his Wife
(the Step-mother) snoring by his Corps,
as if she had been fast a Sleep; and the
Blind Son was standing at the door of
his own Chamber, his Sword, all to
be Gored with Blood, being laid under
his Pillow. The Blind-Son and the
Step-mother accuse one another of the
Murther.

For

*For the Blind Son against his Mother
in Law.*

I Am sensible, (*My Lords*) that this bashful
Youth is much agreived, not that he is
guilty of the *Parricide* in the least, but
that he is put to clear his *Innocency*
against his *Step-mother*. I know also, that much
of the Reverence due to our *Blind Defendants*
Virtues will be lost, when he urges no other
Plea for his Superlative Duty, than what would
bring off another man, as well as himself. And
therefore in the first place, be it known unto all
affectionate persons, that our *Client* scorns to
make use of the Argument of his *Blindness*;
he, of all men living, will not allow himself the
privilege, to be thought more unlikely to have
committed this *Murther*, because he was *Blind*,
than he was, when he had his *Sight*. This *Youth*,
one of the most innocent that ever *Virtue*
made an object of Pity, proclaimed to all the
World, he could not design the *Murther* before
his *Father* was slain; and that you may not think
him unconcern'd in this days Solicitude, he act-
ed so, that the highest wickedness in humane
life might not be beleived, no not in another.
Pardon the *Young-man*, I beseech you, *My*
Lords, if he scorn to be acquitted, only in com-
pensation or guerdon of his woful condition;
Son, that saved his *Father* out of the
fire with the loss of his own Eyes, tis an in-
tolerable absurdity to think, that he should be
innocent of *Parricide* only upon this account, be-
cause

cause he was not able to *Murder* him.

As for the *Woman*, *My Lords*, who hath no *Plea* to defend her self but this. That the *Blind Son* *Murdered* his *Father*; I had rather see her put to so impudent a shift of accusing another, than if she had only denyed the *Fact*. Let him look to it, who thinks it to be her *Confidence* in the goodness of her Cause, that she charges the *Blind man* with the *Fact*; No, no, the *Impudency* of the *Woman* is clearly discovered hereby, who can by no means be *Defended*; but by the suggestion of things wholly *Incredible*; he that accuseth a *Blind-man*, when he himself is suspected, must needs be the *only Person*, *Guilty*. She stood in need of other manner of proofs against so great unlikelyhood, a *Dark-man* ought not presently to be *suspected* in a *Parricide* upon every blind Suggestion; no; he must be *taken* in the very *Fact*. And therefore, *Good my Lords*, look upon these things to make highly for the *Young-man*, which are so solicitously pack'd together, as a nimety of Proof against him. There is nothing can contribute more to the *Blind-man's* Innocency, than that so many things are to be framed and forged against him. There is sufficient Evidence of the *Piety* and *Harmlessness* of the *Party*, who was to be attack'd with the *Probability* of a *Parricide*. Weapons, Gore Blood, Poysons, are all amassed against his woful condition, and whatever else might not argue any neglect, but where there is ignorance. For there is no man, I say, no man, *My Lords*, that ought to have a more heedful regard in acting a Wickedness, than he that can Murder his *Fa-*

ther,

ther, wanting *Eyes*. This *Young-man*, of whom the monstrous Crime in Nature is pretended, bore always such an affection to his *Father*, that none of us can hardly expect the like even in our *Own* *Flesh* and *Blood*. When the House was all of a flaming Fire, and no hopes of safeguard for the *Poor Old Folks*, this *Young Gentleman* ran full into the midst of the *Flames*, with as much hast as we use to run out from them. In what a great hazard was he then, with such extraordinary *Piety* to his *Parents*? Whilst he was long doubting, through astonishment, casting his *Eye* on them both, and running from one to 'tother, his equally-poiz'd *Piety* had almost cost him his *Poor Father* and *Mother* too. But at last, when the *Fire* drew near and enclosed the *Old Couple*, (let the *dutiful Youth* hear this, tho' against his will) he chose the *Father*, and tho' he equally loved them *both*, as they were a burning, yet his hovering affection pitched on *Him* first. He had scarce set the *Old-man* down, (it being indeed a miracle, that even *He* was preserved) but away he goes back, and breaks thro' the *Flames* again; and being engaged in the thick *Globes* of *Fire*, closing and streaming round about him, without question he had been *Burnt*, but that he lost his *Eyes* a little before. 'Tis observable, *My Lords*, that his great undertaking had not that success to rescue his *Mother*. Yet he had done less in *Both*, except his *Eyes* had been burnt out. Let them look to it, who most admire the *Son* upon the account of that *Parent*, for whose safety his Face was disfigured, and his *Eyes* lost; For my part, I am of opinion, that he

he obliged his *Father* (principally) by his Blindness, who spent his Eyes in quest of his *Mother*, that he had, just then, left behind.

I know, *My Lords*, you don't expect any *Apology* for the *Old-man's* Marrying again, it was done at such a time, when 'twas evident he could not manage his Estate for his *Son's* use. Nay, I might lay a wager on't, that it was done by the Young-mans *own* advice. That his *Father*, whom the Fire had bereaved both of his *Mother* and *Himself*, might ease the remainder of his years by a *second* Marriadge, and that the House, which held only an *Old Father* and a *Blind Son*, might have the Servants watch't over and kept to their duty, by a *New Bride*. 'Tis ordinary, *My Lords*, for Stepmothersto deceive honest Sons-in-Law with a great deal of ease, and yet hate them nevertheless. To how many Treacheries, to how many Artifices is a *Blind* innocent person exposed? A Woman, to whom the weakness of her *Son* in Law, and the Old Age of her *Husband*, gave hopes to invade the Inheritance, understood well enough, that was the only thing wanting to the occasion of the Villany, That the *Blind Son* should first be blemished with the Accusation of *Parricide*: When this then was perceived by *her*, that the Young-man thought himself in the condition rather of an *own Son*, than of a Son in Law, she told the *Father* of the *Poyson* that she had stole into the *Poor Youth's* Bosom, as if he himself had provided it to *Murder* him. And because the *Cheat* might easily have been discovered if she had named any *Complise*, she laid the whole train of the *Accusation*

so,

so, as to have it beleived, That one *Moiety* of the Estate was promised to *Her*, if she herself would have administred it. You see, *My Lords*, by what previous steps she made her approaches to the last Will and *Testament* of her Husband, a Woman that, he beleived, would not take such a part of his Estate to *Poyson* him, must of necessity be so rewarded, as to be made his *Heir*. O how much otherwise should that *Parricide* be proved, whose Author is now clearly discovered. A Woman that said she was made privy to the wickedness, did not first desire the *Father* to demand, who got the *Poyson* for the *Poor Youth*? Or, who gave it him? Nay rather, where she knew the greatest *Intrigue* of the *Question* to lye, she contrived, that the innocent *Youth* should be interrogated on a sudden, and was ready to charge his *Trepidation*, as if he had been taken in the *Fact*, whether the Party had held his Peace, or had denied it? The *Old-man*, being brought to his *Son*, told him what he heard; was it ever known, *My Lords*, that a man of such plainhearted innocency would deny the *Fact*? The *Youth* durst not lye before *Her*, who discovered the *Poyson*, and knew where it was. But when the *Poor Youth* perceived, that his *Step-mother* push'd on the thing, and was urgent that his Bosom should be search'd, then he was all in a *Quandary*, and wofully astonished and perplexed in his thoughts, for now he understood, that was her devise to lay the *Poyson* there, where it might be found. Whereupon the *Young-man* in great haste felt all over his Body, and thrust his hand deep into his Bosom, searching and groping

ing every part that might be suspected, till he found the *Poyson* first himself. *My Lords*, I commend the Innocency of our *mute Defendant*, I commend his confidence, that, being Interrogated, For whom he had prepared it, thought it needless to ward himself against the heynous Accusation of *Imposyoning*. He acted the part of such an one, as knew his *Father* could not believe it, and (such is the great resolution of Innocency) he would not rebate the *Old-mans* Belief by any kind of *Excuse* whatsoever. Alas! This was far from a guilty *Trepidation*, neither was it any thing of a silent *Confession*: He that deals in *Poyson*, is as well provided of a ready answer too, in case he be discovered.

Upon this, the *Old-man* acted so, as if he had not been at all concerned in what he had found. He did not put the Servants of his *Blind Son* to the *Torture*, and in a Villany, wherein there must needs be more *Accomplices* than the *Parricide* himself, he did not enter upon a *Formal Examination*, but, which is more than to Acquaintance, he did not call the *Young-man* to his *Defence*. Now whether it were, that afterward, when he understood the *Craft* of the wicked *Woman*, he was willing to protect his *Son* by Disinheriting him, and other while intending to dispose of his *Estate* with more deliberation, in the Interim made use of the occasion, that the *Step-Son* should not seem to stand in the way, as a *Bar to her* desire; or whether it were not far more easy for her to obtain the disinherison of the *Dark Youth* from a man, that she had cajoled to so many things before, I leave it, *My Lords*, to your

Wisdoms. I shall content my self in saying This, That he immediately altered his *Will*, and that you may not wonder at the haste, presently thereupon he was *Murdered*. Judge you, *My Lords*, whether it concerned the *Young-man*, that his *Father* should live, who now died with another *Heir*? Without dispute it was not for his advantage, that he should be slain.

My Lords, The whole *House* was sensible of the *Homicide*, which that very night was perpetrated in their Masters *Chamber*, yea in his very *Bed*; every one thought, that he was upon the very place of the Murder, only the *Step-dame*, forsooth, could not *Wake*, tho' in that place whence the noise came. The whole Family ran, as the man, in a trembling posture and a very painful taking, whither the noise led them, and there they found the *Old-man* Kill'd and the *Step-mother* lying so close to his Body, that they could not presently ask, who slew him? At last, the *Sword* was brought to the *Son*, who was not found (which is a sufficient *Plea* for his *Innocency*) in his retreat from committing the *Murder*, but standing at the threshold of his own *Chamber*, in the same condition with those, who had Eyes, and were running up and down.

Next, that the *Young-mans Sword* was inquired for, 'twas done by no other, but *Her* command, who had caused the *Poyson* to be sought for before. That the bloody *Sword* was found in the *Bed*, I shall not be against it, *My Lords*, but you may think it no less an Argument against the *Old-man*, than that *Poyson* could be found about him, in a suspicion of *Parricide*. A *Sword* bloodied

all over ought to be the *last* not the *only* Proof.

Pardon us, all you that are aware of unlucky haps, pardon us, I say, you that know how obnoxious mans Life is to infinite dangers, That we begin the *Defence* of our *Client* with tears and groans. Alas, the Poor *Youth* hath lost his aged *Father*, and such a *Father* 'twas, that his kisses and embraces did as it were foment the wounds of his Eyes, and for whose sake *alone* he was willing to live. 'Twas a miserable ignorance, and an woful weakness, that thy *Mother* did not rather deceive *Thee*, and make thee drink the Poyson, *thy self*.

'Tis worth while, *My Lords*, to compare circumstances, for thereby this *Parricide* will appear even past belief. Do you think that *Nuptial* endearments, and affections that have their rise from Emblanishments and Chucks, can avail as much with us, as the *Natural* reverence of our own *Flesh* and *Blood*? For my part, I am of opinion, that no *Tyes* are knit with a looser knot than *sensual obligations*, these later are the shortest-liv'd of all. And tho' Ple allow, that a certain reverence and grave respect accreus by little and little to a *Conjugal* state, yet married couples may be severed with as much ease as they *came together*. A *Wife* is one, whom *Interest* both *joyns* and *parts* too. The respect of a *Female* seems only to lye here, that she was sought after for *Procreation's* sake. We hear the squabbles of some *Married Couples* every moment, they part habitations every day, and run out of one *Bed* and *Embrace* to another; yea, tho' a Woman have *Children* by her *Husband*, yet she

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can fancy *another*; and we may perceive how *easy* Women are to all that's unworthy, in that sometimes they love not their *Husbands*, even when they are alive; but what if you add the name of a *Mother-in-law* to the selfishness of the Sex? The Woman, that is brought in as a *Step-mother* over a former *Wif's* Children, can never look for the absolute respect due to a *Wife*. O, how doth the love and reverence due to my *Father*, that begat me, surpass all lesser endearments? The Affection between *Father* and *Son* seems not inferior to that, which unites the whole *Frame of Nature*, and knits the *Universe* together. Can *Flesh* and *Blood* Stab that sacred and venerable *Person*, which he ventured to snatch out of the *Flames*? And for whose sake he thought his own Eyes well spent? I cannot see, *My Lords*, how we can salve *Filial* Reverence, it cannot be difficult at all for a *Wife* to Murder her *Husband*, if it be not far more difficult for a *Son* to cut off his own *Father*. Don't think, *My Lords*, that the *Debate* lies between a *Silly* Woman and a *Lusty* man, nor can the *Mother* advantage her self on the account of her *Sex*, let me tell you, that the *Infirmity* of *Blindness* is a stronger *Plea* than any *she* can have, for if a *Woman* thinks, she hath cause enough to kill a *Man*, she can find strength to do it as well as the stoutest *He* alive. Moreover, 'tis a plain case, that the *Passions* of *Tears*, *Hatred*, and *Wrath*, do with more facility seize and overpower the *Female* Sex, and because they have not strength enough to conquer the *Vices* of their minds, sometimes even their very weakness

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prompts

prompts them to mischief. Ple grant, that *Women* are not sufficient for such wickedness, as requires much toyle and laboriousness in the Acting; But what can be more in a *Womans* power, than to *Murder* a man, lying by her side? To assault an Old man, who gave himself up to her Embraces? And who did order and watch every nod, he took. Another *Murderer* may be discovered before he gives the Blow, but a *Wife* cannot be taken, but in the very Fact, nor before she hath done the Do. 'Tis no ways incredible, *My Lords*, that a *Woman* should Murder a Man, when a *Poor Blind-man* is accused upon the account. It may be so, *My Lords*, if we beleive Blind men to be innocent only out of *Necessity*, but there's more than that in the Case, the first incapacity of Blindness is, to refuse a mischeivous deed, when presented to it: We are much mistaken, if we think, that the loss of Eyes reaches our *Bodies* only, not our *Minds*; the whole man is disabled thereby, for if we diligently consider all humane Acts, we shall find, men are at the disposal of their Eyes. A Blind man is not so prone to chafe, to hate, or to covet, for seeing our *Bodies* draw activity from our Eyes, our *Vicious Passions* cease too, when their Causes faile. To what purpose, I beseech you, should those *Hands* be employed upon any attempt, which are so long in venturing upon what is next? Those *hands*, which cannot do their own business? Can that weak Body undertake any exploit, which is ready to fall every step it takes? And who thinks every thing before him a Precipice, till he gropes out

out the contrary? Can he be guilty of a *Villany*, in which he can act nothing *himself*, but must trust wholly to *another*?

But what will you say, if his *Blindness* came by Fire: In such a case, a Man loses more than his Eyes out of his Head; his whole Visage is defaced, while he is scorching, every step he takes failes him, neither can he hold up his hands to guard his Eyes, but he is fain to yeild them up to the Flames too, after his other Members are disabled. Even this is enough to argue a *Blind mans* Innocence, that tho' he may have strength and audacity, yet he hath not the *Confidence* to think, that ever he shall lye undiscovered. 'Tis not proper, *My Lords*, to Apologize for this *Young man*, by the same *Pleas* as would defend another *Blindling*: How incredible is it, that he should ever *Murder* his *Father*, that could not endure so much as the very thoughts of *losing* Him? Pray what need was there of a *Sword*: What need was there of *Poyson* to make him a Parricide? Might he not with more ease have saved his *Mother*? Might he not have catcht her up, being the weaker of the Two, and less able to help herself? By such a *trick*, thou mightest have committed *Parricide*, and yet have been accounted one of the *best* Sons in the World. Besides, you cannot but think, that his *Fathers* yernings were increased towards him after this disaster; The surplusage of his affection might now make up the loss of his Eyes, that were spent in his service; and that *Piety* must needs be boundless, when we love that, which we our

selves were the occasion of : What say you, *My Lords* ? Can a Blind *Young-man*, that the whole Town flocks about and admires, whom all *Children* love, and all *Parents* revere, can such an one, I say, take encouragement from his *Father's* indulgence to do him a mischief ? What, will he make himself a pattern of *Piety* and of *Villany* too ? 'Tis easier to *Murder* a *Father* that saved *Thee*, than a *Father*, that *thou* thy self hast saved.

My Lords, we should inquire into the Impulsive *Causes* of no *Parricide* more strictly than of *This*. 'Twas *Covetousness*, (says she) that put the *Young-man* upon the *Fact*. If that be credible, much more if true, it may be considered, whether a *Woman*, made *Heir*, be not more likely to kill her *Husband*, than a disinherited Blind *Son*, his *Father* ? Such hast, *My Lords*, may they make, whom nefarious Avarice doth excite, and love of Vice and Luxury doth precipitate dayly and push on. But to what purpose is an *Inheritance* given to a *Blind-man*, tho' never so deserving ? 'Tis our Eyes, our Eyes, I say, that make us impatient to bear a mean condition ; 'tis to them, that we owe all our superfluity : 'Tis they, that continually hurry us into all Vice, 'tis they, that open the door to admiration, to love, to concupiscence ; A man may sooner fulfil and satisfy the desire of his *Mind* than of his *Eye*. To what purpose are Riches to a Blind-man, who can make no gay distinction of any thing ? Tho' you surround such a poor Creature with all manner of pelf and gawdry, yet he then *wants* most when he has most *plenty* ; neither can you find a *defect* more sweetly allied to *Poverty* than *Blind-*

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ness is ? A man that lost his Eyes for his *Parents* sake, will take more comfort in his *Estate* under his *Father*, than without him.

But what way of *Parricide*, I beseech you, did the Youth pitch upon ? 'Tis said, he provided *Poyson*, If that would do the deed, what need, I *Ironically* pray, of a *Sword* ? Doth *Impoysoning* require an accomplice, an attendant, but a *Sword* neither ? Or did it not come into his mind till afterward, what his *Hands* could do ? And having found the *Poyson* too weak, did he take heart and resolve to try by dint of *Sword* ? Believe it, *My Lords*, there is no man living but knows, which way to *kill* another, if he have a mind to it.

My Lords, our *Step-dame* knew well enough, how incredible it was, that a *Dark-youth* should temper *Poyson* ; and therefore she makes up the matter by telling you, that she was *tempted* to administer it. I beseech you, *My Lords*, let her relate what *tempting* words he used. Here's a *Mother in Law* and a *Step-son* caballing together about a *Parricide*. What ? Might not *one* think himself to be tempted as well as *another*. *My Lords*, pray speak, what your thoughts are ? Was there no other person in the House that the *Parricide* could corrupt, but Her ? To be sure, 'twas more hard to trust *her* than any body else. Might he not imagin that his *Father*, and all his Friends, did whisper in his ear, and give him this kind intimation first of all ; *have a care of a Step-mother that hath power to deny Thee*. 'Tis not probable he would disclose the *Parricide* to one, that he knew would betray him, unless he had obtained her *Consent*.

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I beseech you, *My Lords*, compare diligently these *Cross-Pleas* together. Here's a *Woman* says, she was tampered with to have a hand in the *Murther*. Do you think, that a *Son in Law* would ever have done so, if he could have got any other *Accessory*? Oh! But, says she, he had bought and tempered the *Poyson* already; 'Tis impossible the *Blind-man* could do it of himself, tell us then, whom he intrusted to chaffer only for the *Implements* of his *Parricide*? And why did not the same person give it to the *Old-man*? Or if the *Husband* cannot be deceived but by the hands of his *Wife*, why then did he design the *Murther*, before he knew his *Mother* would consent? And whereas she alledges, That *half* of the *Estate* was promised to Her; that's no *Argument* as yet, till it be *proved*. A *Woman* solicited to a *Villany*, how doth she cast about, lest her *Accomplice* should leave her in the Lurch? Besides, she should have provided her self of *Positive Proof*, whether she hearkened to the *Proposal*, or rejected it. I shall add, 'tis a very plain Case, that the *Blind Youth* did not hate his *Mother in Law*, seeing he intrusted her with his *Design* against his *Father*, neither did he gape after the *whole Estate*, for she her self says, he promised her one *moiety* thereof. *My Lords*, no man living will ever commit a *Parricide*, that another is to have the benefit of. *Woman*, I shall put thee to it, who wert (by thy *own* allegation) an *Accessory* and a *Complice*, to bring clearer *Proofs* of the *Young-mans* Guilt. What need was there now, that the *Youth* should have any *Poyson* in the case? Come, come, produce the *Witnesses* to the discourse

course betwixt you, and to the words pretended to be spoken before some *Servants*, or some *Friends*, or even in his *Fathers* own hearing. 'Tis the easiest thing in the world, to deceive the *Privacy* of a *Blind-man*. Go to, *Woman*, make your advantages of the *Youth*, who trusted himself entirely to *your Eyes*, who spake not a word but what *you* did indite? And whose hands were but *your properties*, to move as you pleased. Suppose, I grant, that he himself tempered the *Poyson*, and that he *himself* was to administer it; suppose likewise, I grant, that he solicited thee *again* for thy consent, and that by *larger* proffers than ever. Alas! The *Parricide* might have been *discovered*, whilst there was such ado about it betwixt you *Two*. But, says she, He was bound with the *Poyson* about him. A slight evidence, *Madam*, and grounded upon as weak a foundation; This is no *accusation* against the *Blind Youth*, but a *Proof* only that he is *Blind*. A man that lies open to every opportunity, and is exposed to all kind of *Mockery*, whom his very *Feeling*, and all things about him, cause to mistake, what great matter is it, what you find *about* him? Or in *what* dress you leave him, that you have a mind to betray? He from whom the *Mother* parted but just now, whose Apparel she had righted, whose Bosom she had ordered, whose Limbs she had put in equipage, he, I say, might have had *Poyson* about him, and yet he *himself* know no such matter; he might have it, and yet think it any thing else. Alas! If you had been so minded, he would have shewed it openly; if you had but spoke the word, he would have handed

led it before *Servants* or *Freinds*; and if you had not said, 'Twas *Poyson*, he would have drunk it all up. *My Lords*, There is no *Argument* more Forceable to clear our *Blind-Youth*, than that, to all seeming, he was as it were surpris'd in the *Fact*: If he had a mind to have been a *Parricide*, and *searched* thereupon, he would have pretended to so much Innocency, at least, as not to have had the *Poyson* about him.

No wonder, *My Lords*, that the *Young-man*, being demanded, For whom he had procured the *Poyson*? returned not a word in Answer. It proceeded not from his *Fathers* wrath, nor from his *own* grief; 'twas the thing called *Poyson*, that the *Youth* was astonished at; when such crimes are objected to us, that we think impossible to be don, our very *speech* is taken from us; and sudden admiration strikes wretched persons, *Dumb*. No man can hold his *Peace*, when plainly caught in a Villany, he is every jot as ready with his *defence*, as he was to *commit* the *Fact*. 'Tis easier for those who are surpris'd with false accusations, to hold their peace, than for those that are really Guilty. Pray, what would you have a *Young-man* doe, when his *Father*, whose life he had saved, propounds a *Question* to him concerning a *Parricide*? For my part, I wonder he did not reply, 'tis true, I would have *Poysoned* Thee, I am a *Parricide*; I should have thought, he had but upbraided an *unworthy* suspicion in him, if he had thus answered: 'Tis well, the *Young-man* had not learnt the *Art* of denial, 'tis well, he did not use so many *Put-offs* as the *Guilty* do. The *Poyson* which the poor *Blindling* had about him,

n, would have been *His* indeed, if he had gon out to excuse it.

But, says she, he was disinherited by his *Father*; *Lords*, I should think this was a close and deep design of the *Old-man*, and not at all leveled against the *Son*, as if he would have the *Fathers* accusation beleived. No, no, 'tis a down and common custom, *My Lords*, that *Fathers* are loved to the prejudice of *Children*, and the affection of a *second* match ariseth from an abatement of Natural love to the Off-spring the *First*. An *Old-man* that Marries again, a pitiful kind of Creature, for the more ardently he loves his *New Bride*, the less kind he is to his *Children*; besides, that *Husband* must needs love his *Wife* more passionately, who had *lieu* to his *Son* before: 'Tis very easy to believe a *Blind Son* guilty of *Parricide*, after you are so far mistaken, as to put it to the *Question*.

I would willingly know, *My Lords*, what the *Old-man* did, after he knew his *Son* was a *Parricide*. He did not prepare the * *Culeus* for him; he did not make him take the *Poysonous* draught, *himself*; he did not so much as turn him out of doors: No, he only went and altered his *Will*, and so, if he would be a *Parricide*, he would make him but a *Poor* one. I ask again, why such Post-haste? Who *spurr'd* him on? What! could he not have staid, till next day? No, no, he would never have done it, had it not been to satisfy his *Wife*. Methinks he did it so calmly, and so composedly, as if he had a mind to put a *Trick* upon Her. What say you in the Case, all

* *Apunishment in use in those days for Parricide, where the Offender was sent up in a Leathern Sack, with Serpents, a Dog, a Cock, and an Ape, and so thrown into the Sea.*

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poor affectionate *Parents*? Here's a *Father* about to disinherit his *Son*? He calls none of his kindred, he sends for never a friend, he dispatches the *Writing* without a Tear, and without any Out-cry at all: Alas, *Old-man*, the altering once will must be done by good advice, especially if a *Son* be *Disinherited*, that deserves rather to be pitied; you must not think, *My Lords*, that the Schedule of the *Youths* Crime was not annexed to the *Disinherison*, because it was apparent without it. No, no man ever forbore to object *Parricide* to his *Son*, therefore, because he was sure of it.

I beseech you, *My Lords*, let's consider, how each of these *Two*, that are indicted for the Murder, did behave themselves the next night after the *Will* was altered? As for the *Youth*, Innocent or Guilty, he stands still mute, and 'tis hard to say, which troubled him most, if he had the Poyson for himself or for another. And for the *Step-dame*, she had a nice and ticklish game to play. 'Tis very hard to defer a joy, which you know you do not deserve, she is quickly persuaded, that she is preferred before the *Son*. Now she expects, that her *Son* should plead his Cause the day after, and that all his kindred, nay the whole Town too, might find fault with the credulous *Old dotard*; and indeed, the *Mother* was sensible, that she was the *Heiress* only of one night? For no body living can believe, but that mans *Will* is suborn'd, that was Murdered the same night, he Disinherited his *Son*.

My Lords, let's now compare circumstances of both sides, a *Blind man* cannot know, where the
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Old-man lay, or whether he were a sleep or no; and was it not very unlikely he should think, that his *Father* could be a sleep, who so lately had suspected, that his *Son* would have made him away? But you, *Woman*, can observe presently when he falls a sleep for heaviness: Who tells a *Poor Blind* creature of any secret of day or night? You can also know, whether your careful Servants watch your Chamber-door, when you are both a bed together. You can create yourself an occasion, being *Wife* and *Mistress* too. A *Blind-man* perhaps might have wandered to the wrong threshold; but you had nothing else to mind, but give the Blow. A *Blind-man* must needs have disturb'd his *Father's* rest, in the very *Act* of chusing, which part of the body he was to smite, but you could feel his *Gullet* and his *Breast* all over, even in your very embraces. After the Murder, we must fall to groping again, we are at as great a loss, as we were before; as for you, you had nothing else to do, but to lay yourself down, and away presently to sleep again. Inward Plottings are not enough for one that would actually commit a Villany, there are so many other requisites, that a man, with all his Eyes about him, can hardly fetch them in. I beseech you, *My Lords*, of which of the *Two* is it most likely the *Old-man* was dispatched? Of the *Step-mother*, who took care to cast the suspicion on another? Or of the *Young-man*, by whose presumptive Guilt, he was to Dye, even tho' another kill'd him.

Consider, I beseech you, *My Lords*, the Gate and Treading of the *Parricide*. Such shuffling steps

as *his*, what sleep so sound, but they would have disturb'd? Blind *Buzzards* take many a step, because they cannot *ballance* their Bodies by poyzed and fore-essayed paces, so that being long a *faultring* they must needs make a deeper impression on the *ground* they tread upon. Besides night-repose and quiet cannot but be much broken hereby, for a *Blind-mans* hands are never at rest, but are held before him to grope things out, so that they give notice when they are a coming. Soft steps to *nocturnal* Embraces cannot be made by a *Blind-man*, he would discover himself *strait* by his rude and stamping noise: *Blindness* cannot avoid what lies in his way, unless by stumbling upon it first; If we would enter a Room, and walk up and down in it in the *night*, we should view it first by *day-light*. In the next place, how many things were there to do, after he had arrived at his *Father*? *First*, he must grope out the *difference* between them both, as they lay abed together: *Then*, he must feel their *Faces*, touch their *Mouths*, take off the *Bed-cloths*, that so he might find a fit place to give the Wound. Would not all this adoe wake one of the *Two*? Ple add, that the right hand of a *Wanderer* makes an heavier touch: Afterward the *Point* of the Sword is softly to be directed to the *Breast*, and lest a *Blow*, given at random, might miscarry, the *hand* had need make way for the *Sword*. How, I beseech you, should a *Blind-man* have so much strength, as to complete the *Murder* at one Blow? That *Wound* must needs be uncertain, whose *impetus* is not guided by the *Eye* in such a case, one cannot keep the place he

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aims at, no not while he is drawing over to give the greater Blow. Now, did the *Young-man* presently fly for it, after he had given one Stab? How could he know, whether he had *fully* performed the Exploit? Should he not rather have stayed, that he might have felt by the *Carkass*, whether he had made sure work, or no? And, as I said before, when *all* was done, he must return with the *same* hazard; all things were to be essayed with as *much* danger as at first. Now I appeal to your Consciences, *My Lords*, whether the very *Inditement* it self, as it is laid, doth not make for us: If a *Blind Son* could neither go nor come without such a noise, neither could he so act the *Murder*, that his *Step-mother* should not know it. This Question, *Woman*, I put to you again and again, what sleep can be so dead, that the slaughter of one so neer would not disturb? Men are quickly awake with a small thing in the night; never so little a stirring, an uncertain sound, afar off, yea sometimes *silence* itself, break our sleep. Perhaps you may not perceive the *last Farewel* of those, who dye for pure *Old-age* and weakness, but the end of a man, that is slain with a *Weapon*, makes a *bustling* noise, and is like the *end* of one, where there is a violent resistance: Besides, 'tis evident, that *no* death can be more disturbing than *that*, which is acted in a trice. Grant, he was slain when he was asleep, yet we must at no hand think, that he pass'd over *immediatly* from that *rest* to absolute *Death*. There must needs be some *medium* between *Slumber* and *Death*: Two such *opposites* cannot easily meet, seeing *Sleep* it self is

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an Action of *Life*. 'Tis no great matter here, whether the account of *Life* or of *Death* do break our sleep. *Death* it self doth awaken him, who is killed *sleeping*; perhaps he speaks no *Farewel* words, yet instead thereof he hath his palpitations, he hath his tossings and tumblings, such as shake the whole bed, he lies upon. Now you, good *Woman*, pray, when did you lye more sweetly inecircled with the embraces of your *Old Husband*? How could you sleep so sound, who just now madst such a rout in the House? Whose *Son-in-Law* was (in thy account) no less than a *Parricide*: And thy *Husband*, a lost man. Behold, how after the deadly Blow, his hearts-blood gush'd out into thine *Armes*, and his Soul, sitting out of the Wound, carries many a Groan and Sigh before it: Behold again, how that large streame of Blood doth congeal about your limbs, so that they are stiff and unable to perform their offices; yet you do neither stir nor flinch, you fear nothing, but, in so strange a condition, *sleep on still*. There is no other *Plea* left for a *Woman* to pretend to, that must be found lying by him, whom she had *Murdered*. 'Tis not a whit incredible, *My Lords*, that one should act a *Counterfeit* sleep, tush, nothing is more easily imitated by a *Womans* craft. I will tell you, some have *Counterfeited* the paleness of dead *Carkasses*, yea, have held out with the *Patience* of death himself against blows and dint of *Weapons*. 'Tis much easier to *Ape* a matter, the counterfeiting whereof requires only to close the Eyes, to stretch out our limbs, to stint our sighs, and to make as if we did not breath. There is

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no difference between one that *really* sleeps, and one that *Counterfeits*, but the Parties own knowledge. Don't wonder therefore, that at so many mens coming in, at such a noise of hand and foot, at so many out-cries, she still continued in the *same* posture, you would sooner have awakned her, I'll warrant you, if she had been asleep in *earnest*. 'Tis the general guise of Nature, a mans holds out longer in nothing, than in that, which he imitates. To *Counterfeit* sleep hath also this easie part in it, that he, who is taken in a Fact, behaves himself as if he were awoke out of sleep. Tell me, *Woman*, what's the meaning of this, that what *disturb'd* the whole House, could not *awake* thee? The noise made in the night did rouse all the Servants out of their nests, tho' they are wont to be negligent enough, and to sleep securely without care or trouble, neither doth their fear ordinarily take *first* Alarm. Afterwards, how was the noise encreased by peoples running up and down all the House over. The *first* refuge of those that wake, is to call *Help, Help*, now we know help cannot be afforded in the night time without an *Out-cry*: When you were once up, there was less Schreching. Look, your Chamber-doors are broke up in trembling halt, and many lights are brought to your *Bed-side*, and the whole Chamber was full of Out-cries, as if you had both been stretched out for *liveless* Carkasses. Yet you lay still, as if you had been quite dead. Do you call this *sleep*? No, 'tis *dissimulation*, that holds out to the last. *My Lords*, I leave it to your *Wisdoms* to determine, whether the noise,

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which they, who first entred the *Old-mans* Chamber, own'd to be there, was made by the *struggling* of the *Dying* man, or by the *Womans* *hurrying* to carry back the Sword, after she had perpetrated the *Murder*. May not this also be reckoned amongst the *Artifices* of the *Step-mother*, that, after she had methodically contrived all the *other* parts of this Villany, she was to make a noise *on purpose* to raise the Family, having only *this* to do, to be found (forsooth) asleep? If the Hubbub, that raised the Family, had been made by the *Blind-man* in his return, he would have been *apprehended*, before he had carried the Sword quite home to his Chamber.

Now, *My Lords*, to satisfy you, that every body in the House was astonished at the noise, our *Poor Blind-man* was also found at *his* Chamber-door, as he used ordinarily to pass up and down. If he could easily have gon to his *Fathers* Chamber, why did he make such a stop at his *own* door? Oh! he has escaped all, he is got free, he has laid up his weapon safe; sure, 'twas much easier for the *Blind-man* to make as if he had been asleep, his Eyes were *close* already? I beseech you, what greater Argument can you have of the *Blind-youths* consternation, than that he started up and stood expecting the issue? Such a lonely person must needs be more affrighted, whose Eyes acquaint him with nothing, and whose mind, being pent up in *Darkness*, can make no prospect at the *Window* of the Eye, he can have nothing to bear him up under his Fear. The *Young-man* was surpris'd, where the hurry

of

of his Fear left him. A *Blind-man* may need no Guide in his *own* Chamber, which he traverses up and down night and day, and hath learn't the way perfectly, by many knocks and stumbles: But take him without door, over his own Threshold, he is as Blind as a *Beetle*, and can't stir a Foot, without missing his way. None in the world can be more Innocent than our *Poor Blind-man*, who was neither taken in the *Fact*, nor in the pretence to *excuse* it.

Heark, what the *Young-man* says in the case: O my *Dear Father*, quoth he, as soon as ever the noise in the House, and your *Dying* Groans did seize me, I presently started up, as 'twere to deliver you again out of the *Fire*. Then, and not before, *wretched* I found the disadvantage of *Blindness*: I stood stock still, till I was told, you were *Murdered*, and whilst others in their fright ran hither and thither, I, *Poor man*, found *no* other thing to do, but to be in a permanent fear. O that some good Deity or other would have lent me *Eyes* for a moment, I would then have entred the *first* man into my *Fathers* Chamber, perhaps I might have heard *some* of his dying words, I might have spoke to and asked him a Question, tho' I could not see him. Servants are dilatory and timorous in doing their duty. I should have found you, *Good Madam*, in your *waking* posture, before you had compos'd your self to personate *sleep*.

Ay, but what says she, The *Blind-mans* Sword was found *all-Bloody*. *My Lords*, no *Blind-man* is so audacious, as to bring back a Sword, when he had just then committed a *Murder* with it,

E. 2

and

and a man, whose bosom was searched just before for *Poison*, would never carry back his *weapon* to his Chamber, which he could not put out of sight, nor conceal, tho' he knew it was all *Bloody*. *My Lords*, this seems to be a peice *Impudence* scarce tolerable. The *Woman* says, she could not filch away the *Blind-mans* Sword, when *he* was asleep, who has nothing to say in her own defence, but that *she* was asleep. 'Tis far easier to cheat *Blind-men*, when asleep. They sleep more soundly, who go to it in the bitterness of their tired Spirits. As for one that is *Dark*, one may easily convey away his Sword, tho' he be awake. But how finely doth this *Plea* frame now! The carelesslest person in the World would never act at such a rate, 'tis far easier for them that have *Eyes*, to Imitate the *Blind*, in laying up a *Bloody* Sword so safely. There are all the pretences and excuses he can have, that uses another mans *Weapon* in a Murder.

I find, *My Lords*, that our *Poor Youth* is very much offended, that he is put to his defence by dint of *Proof* and Argument. We owe this Worthy person our Patronage for his *Piety* in the loss of his *Eyes*, the rest of our *Plea* must be spent in admiring him. Methinks, *My Lords*, I see before my eye a fresh and renew'd prospect of his *incredible* adventure. The *Youth* snatch't up his *Father* in his Arms, and marches with him throw the raging and encreasing *Flames*. Perhaps, you think, I am going to say, he hastned to get out, and to make his Escape; no, the *poor Youth* is in haste to go again; his Limbs

were

were shreiveled by the smartness of the Fire; yet he covered his *Father* with all his Embraces, and tho' his *own* Eyes were almost burnt out, yet he covered *none* but his *Fathers* with his hand. Think not now, that I am astonished or wonder at this; That he was able to carry so great a burthen throw the *midst* of the roling *Flames*, and thro' the ruins, ready to fall about his ears. No, so hard a thing as it was, yet I will tell you what exceeds all human belief, it seemed to him very easie. Bless me! What an *hardy* piece of *Piety* was here, to rush a *second* time into the *Flames*, where he had almost lost his *Father* before. Now there was no such thing as a *Closet*, there was now no *House* standing, yet where was it not, that he thought not his *Mother* a burning? The *Poor Youths* Limbs were now all on Fire, the *Flames* had inclosed him as he ran up and down, all that sort of strength, which he had remaining, was to seek out his *Mother*, but with his *Eyes* only. This was not the *First* and cheifest damage by the Fire, to destroy his burning *Eyes*, his hands could not protect his scorch'd Face, but while they were searching for his *Mother*, his *Eyes* and all were burnt out. Yet again, the unhappy *poor* man gropes all over the *Fire*, and and where the greatest cracks of the ruins were, thither the *Poor Gentleman* hastned, in hopes to find her. Which leading him out of the *Fire*, he was the only man preserved alive by means of his *Blindness*.

If you think fit, *My Lords*, let the *Accused* Person be set in *open* Court: We use to fetch much of our *Proof* from the *grim* and threatening

E 3

Looks

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Looks of Prisoners. But see here, *My Lords*, *This* is the man, that, they say, ran up and down all night ! *This* is that wary, and successful *Parricide* ! All his *Attendants* have left him in his distress, and he, that is now to implore your Favour and Mercy, hath no body to guide him to your Knee, not a *Servant* left, not an House to put his head in ; Speak, I beseech you, all you that hear me, speak, whether a man, in his circumstances, *destroyed* his Father or *lost* him ? What must we do now, thou *unhappiest* of youths ? We must fall a begging, yet we cannot crouch or bend, as a perfect suppliant should do ; so that, we fear, your favour and compassion may be withdrawn from us ; yet 'tis a thousand pities that our poor *defendant* should suffer under the disadvantages of his woful plight. Come, take me by the hand, *Young man*, lean upon my wrists, I'll lend thee Eyes. 'Why do'st shrink back, *poor Youth* ? Why so unwilling ? I know, thou wilt not *beg* thy life, yet prithee stay, stay a while, be contented to live, at least till thou art *Acquitted*. *As ready as thou art to dye*, 'tis fit thou add this *Crowning one* to the *rest* of thy Vertues, to take thy *Absolution* with thee before thou go hence.

Miles



Miles Marianus :

O R,

* A Soldier under
Marius.

*The name of the Officer was C. Lucius ; of the Soldier, Tribonius. See Plutarch in the Life of Marius.

DECLAMATION III.

The Argument.

A Soldier under Marius, in the Cimbrick War, slew his Tribune (or Colonel,) a Kinsman of Marius's, for attempting to abuse him by unnatural Lust. He is tryed for his Life before the General for Killing his Superior Officer.

E 4

For

For the *Soldier* against the *Colonel*.

OUR *Campe* was injur'd and disgrac'd enough, when it came into the mind of my mad *Colonel*, in the very heat of the *Cimbrick* War, and that before our *Ensigns* (with reverence to your *Sacred* ears, be it spoken, *Mighty General*,) to bid one, that had a *Sword* by his side, to prostitute himself, that so he might offer foul and beastly violence (to say no more) to one, that was able to repel his attempt. It carries with it a *Blot*, that will never be forgotten, and such a new practice, when it comes to be known, will pass into an *Example*, to which Vice doth too too easily advance. And tho' our virtuous *defendant* should escape *unpunished*, yet in this degenerate Age, I verily believe, that *more* will be apt to imitate the *Commander* than the *Soldier*. *Noble General*, I grant, That nothing is more unbecoming an *Advocate*, than to bereave his *Client*, when tried for his life, of what mercy can be afforded him; yet when I call to mind *For* whom, and *Before* whom, I speak, I hope I may boldly, and not insecurely, profess, That your *Soldier* here stands fearless of the threatening Issue of this *days-Trial*, whatever it chance to be: For either you will acquit him, or *Innocent*, or condemn him to death, as a man of *Gallantry*. 'Tis no news for a man to be accused for his *Life*, who remembers that he was born under a *Law* of *Mortality*. Neither was he ignorant, when he first

first listed himself a *Soldier* in this Feirce and Cruel War, that he must still look *Death* in the Face: Nor is he such a *Puny*, but that he can bear any *brunt*, provided it be not upon an *immoral* account: I dare be bold to say, *Great General*, he had never made such resistance against his *Colonel*, if he had attempted his *Life*, as he lately did, when he would have forc'd his *chastity*. Nor was he unmindful of what danger he ran into by repelling the foul embraces of this furious *debaucher*, with his *Sword*. 'Tis not praiseworthy in a *Soldier*, especially under so severe a *General* as your self, if he be *chast* only because it concerns him so to be; and if he were never so willing to live, yet he would not repent of what he hath don. When a *Soldier* kills a Foul *Ravisher*, if he be his Superior *Officer*, you make a great adoe concerning his *Punishment*; this I know assuredly, that if the *Soldier* had been the *Accused Party*, you would have made no bones of *his*. It will not repent him, *Caius Marius*, altho' you condemn him, (give me leave to make as *valiant* a defence for the *Soldier*, as he did acquit himself.) If Providence will have it so, he will go to his *Execution* with a resolute march, for he is as ready to dye for his *Chastity*, as to stave off the *Ravisher* by killing *him*; and thus he will carry along with him the Eternal Praise of a *Chast Gallant*. Come as many *Informers* as can be, yet they will never make your *Soldier* more aggrieved for being *Accused* for his *Life*, than for being *Assaulted*. Let not our mother-City *Rome*, let not our Military *Ensigns*, let not our all-conquering *Eagles*, let not your own Godlike *ver-*
tue,

tue, Noble General, ever suffer, that even by your *Sentence*, a man of Worth, nay a *Roman*, and a *Soldier* to boot, be accounted too Chast, who is to plead his Cause in the Head of the Army. The chief thing now in debate, is, Whether it be lawful hereafter to levy Foul *Patbicks* amongst the Bands of the *Roman* Legions, and drag Soldiers, who have taken a Solemn Oath, to unclean villany, by your Authority? Neither is the *Accuser* ashamed even before *C. Marius*, (who seems to be a pattern sent down from Heaven, to shew, to what an high pitch *Valour* might advance a man) and before his *Assessors*, *Embassadors*, and *Commanders*, who wholly disavow such prodigious Facts, to object to a *Soldier*, before a whole Court of War, that he was a man of courage, and not so much rough hewen and rustick, as that he is but little acquainted with *Arts* of Impurity. As for myself, if you will beleive me, I am almost ashamed to praise Chastity in a *Soldier*; it is a Vertue proper to the *Female* Sexe. A man of courage is to be extolled otherwise, as that he is fit for the War, that he values not his *Flesh*, that he is of a noble Spirit; and, if I may have leave to speak, worthier of the *Two* to be the *Commander*; For of such a Kinsman, *Marius*, you had no reason to be ashamed.

This man's Father was a Soldier, discharged for Age, in the Wars when we worsted *Jugurtha*, bolstred up with all the povver of *Numidians*, when his hands were dismiss'd of Arms, he us'd them to Country-Labour: His Mother was a good sturdy Old-fashioned woman, pinched with cold

old, and tann'd with heat, and shared with her Husband in much of his Country-day-labour: This I dare say for her, no man living could have made bold with her Chastity, but he would have parted for it. Being thus descended, he was free from any unchast Embraces; besides, he pass'd his Childhood in continual hardship, his first exercise was to keep *Cattle* from being devoured by Wild-beasts, something alvays he did above his Age; his recreations were to hurle huge great Stones, to throw the Bar, to beat Thick-sticks for Game; and when he grew a little stronger, he went to Plough, and grub'd up Trees, to make Land fit for Arable; by this means (which some think the only way) he was quickly hardned for the Wars. Mean while, from the farthest parts of the Ocean, and from the *rigid Zone*, and as it were from another World, came a Nation, Fool-hardy, Savage, Wild, puff'd up with Victories and like their own Beasts for strength and Courage, and over-ran all *Italy*: yet they were raised not so much by their own provvess, as by the debauchery and senselesnes of our Commanders; for our Party followed the *aces* of Peace, even in a Time of War; we were nice and delicate, when our State was miserable, and by this means our *Fields* were desolate, our Youth exhausted, and our *Empire* in danger to be totally ruin'd: In such circumstances 'tis very evident, the People of *Rome* had never more need of *Gallant* men to ward off their destruction. Upon this, when it was apparent, That the strictness of *Military* discipline was neglected and disus'd, so that we must stand

stand as much upon our *Guard*, to keep off our own *debauches* as the *Enemy*, we betook our selves to you, O *Marius*, whose Greatness, Sanctity, and Severity was our *only* refuge. Let me speak freely, at the mentioning of your very Name Parents made haste to send in their *Children* to get them list'd under you, and tho' they knew it would be a very sharp War, yet they embraced it as an Opportunity to learn the *Art* of Soldierly under your Conduct; where they might daily be shew'd an Example of *God-like* Virtue, and have you an *Encourager* of their toyle and a *Winnings* too. Tho' this was an happiness common to the whole Army, to have such a renowned *General*, as *Marius*, yet those seem'd to have attain'd an higher pitch thereof, who had the honour to be of that *Regiment*, whose *Colonel* (an high aggravation of the man's unworthiness) was your *Kinsman*. What care you used *Noble General*, to pick out choise Souldiers for your turn, that so you might cope with an *Enemy*, scarce thought conquerable by human Power, with as brave a *Militia*, appears by this that you, knowing Valour does not go by *Estates* overlook'd that consideration, and respected only Strength and Courage. But to what purpose Men will find fault with your *Musters-roles* however; Those that envy you, will say, that you lik'd only a *Boy* to go against the *Cimbrians*; And yet his military age did not deceive you, the surest standard of that, is an ability to do *Valiantly*. Neither was that a common Lust, such as takes fire from beauty to *wanton* and *venerous* efforts, no, 'tis rather a desperate and de-

bauch'd

much'd desire of abuse, and a pleasure taken in *Many*, to vitiate the spotless: This very thing, that he ran foremost before the *Ensigns*, that being but a *Tiro* he was more forward than the *Veterans*, that he used to return *dotted* with Blood and Dust, This, this, I say, was the reason, why he was so gallant a *Stripling*. Beauty and Age are ordinary lures and incitements to *Lust*, but *Ganymede*, that's Valiant, is one of a thousand. Why should I speak any more of those Scars and wounds which he weares, as so many honourable *Radges* of his *hot Service*? I am ashamed, *Noble-General*, you understand them so much without me. I pass by his offering him to be free from *Duty*, when he found him not pliable to his will; and how the *Officer* treated the *Soldier* more kindly (forsooth) and with greater familiarity than the Laws of *Military discipline* admit; how that he should be excused from the hardest service he was commanded forth upon; he oft valued himself to him on the account of his *Place*, and oft on the score of his nearness to your self. I confess, *Caius Marius*, this filthy *Ravisher* lived the longer, because the *Decent* Soldier did not understand his drift in these *solings*. I dare say no more, *Great-General*, may conceive in your mind all the circumstances of that time, think upon them again and again: Perhaps in other Cases, it may be allowable to aggravate the *indignity* of a Fact by a, but here we must not complain of our *Country* in our *Broad-Mother-Tongue*. No, we must not be *shy* of speaking; we must stifle the truth, in great part. I must play false, and

baulk

baulk my *Client's* Cause, if I have but common modesty.

When our *Camp* was even joyning with a terrible Enemies, and the whole War was just at 'twere come to an upshot and push, all men's thoughts were solicitous about the *issue* of the Fight just then beginning, the Shouts and barbarick noises striking and hollowing in our ears from all quarters. Would any one command a *Roman* Soldier, one that stood *Centinel*, to prostitute his Body to his Filthly Lust? Every man may think as he please, but in my opinion, the *Soldier* is not chaste enough, who, when he had *Arms* in his hand, did only say him, *Nam*. For this part of the *Plea*, I could wish, *Nam*. *General*, you would beleive our *Accusers*. The *own Breviats* declare a matter, worthy of a man who is a *Roman*, and *Marius's* Soldier; and then in they have even drawn to the Life the sparkling of his Eyes, the staring of his Hair, and the outrageousness of his Passion; upon the very first overture of his obscene resolve, as if he had sounded an *Alarum* against the Enemy, he drew out the Sword he wore by his side, which he received from you for the defence of all chaste *Roman* Ladies, and ran it throw the Heart of this abominable *Ravisher*, yea he ran it above a fathom into his side. Ah! *Marius*, if all our Soldiers had been like him, we had been made for ever. For my part, I was afraid that he stood at his Guard, only to fright away the *Ravisher*, and (as it is sometimes happens) whilest he thinks he will retreat, and the other won't strike. Such a glorious Fact had been done only

Cham

chance-medly. For, I hope, you would not require this of the *Soldiers* hand, that when his officer, blinded with mad lust, ran upon the point of his Sword to make sure his Embraces, he should then have put it up. For my part, I think, he had scarce had the *Indignation*, that became him, in so great an assault, he could take any notice of his *Colonel*. He runs to no *Excuse*; all that he says, is, Thanks be to the Warlike God, and to the Protection of our *Eagles*, I did his business for him, I slew him, I let out his noxious blood with my just hand; right or wrong, done it is. Would he had been capable of being killed often, that so renewed punishment might have tortured his foul Spirit. Our *Military* discipline is not severe enough in punishing offences as fast as they come, if after this Fact the *Tribune* shall have any advantage thereby. I shall not therefore defend my *Client* by the denial of the Fact; a man that is Valiant and Innocent must do nothing, which he means to deny. I deny not the Fact, yea if my *Accusers* had been silent, I would have told the tale my self: Make your best of it. Yet, as *Informers* use to do, tell all. For our modest Soldier is less ashamed to confess his Fact, before the Sacred Eares of his *General*, than to complain of his abuse. Are we not sufficiently disgraced already, that no enquiry is made rather, what honour should be bellowed on so brave a man, and, that we may wish for something near our merit, shall the Soldier, that hath done so renowned a Feat, be rewarded only with impunity? No, let him be *Sentenced* too, and, if you think good, let him be put to death for daring

daring to be chaste; Assemble together, all ye brave Legions, bring your devout assistance from all parts; The *Law* of the Camp is thus, and the *Major* part of you would have *one* part Lawful, 'tother not. Upon my word, I can hold no longer but my grief must vent it self on my *Accuser*. Answer me, if you had been an *Officer*, would you have done thus? Or if you had been a *Soldier*, would you have endured the 'tother? Give us your opinions, *Gentlemen*, settle rules of *Martial* discipline. The *Soldier* is as good as kill'd by this reproach; now he is thus bespattered with such foul reflections, what shall he do more, but say, nay? Who would not account him as infamous a *Prostitute* as any, if he had acted so, as to suffer himself to be attempted the *second* time?

Oh! But you'll say, he should only have denied his *Officer*, and put off his revenge to some other time. Yes forsooth, what shall he make his complaint, after the filthy *Tribune* hath had his will of him? He laid *violent* hands upon him, he drew him from his assigned *Post* and *Station*, to make him a beastly *Prostitute*. I ask his *Accusers*, pray, *Gentlemen*, what shall he do in *this* Case? Shall he endure those lustful hands, that treat him so *forcely*? Shall he *lay down* his *Arms*, or use them in his own defence? He is a *stout* man, he hath Authority for what he doth, the *Law* of *Arms* commands it. You'll reply, 'Tis fit a *Soldier* should obey his *Officer*, for hereby he may, in good time, hope for *preferment*, this merit may make him a *Centurion*, so as to march before the ranks, and have others fight under him. If this be

be the *state* of the Case, that a man may not plead in his own defence, speak out, tell us aforehand if a *Ravisher* must not be repelled by force, he must even take what follows, for he cannot be kept off by an unarmed hand. Remember, our *Ravisher* came armed to him, and when he was held fast in his *filthy* grasps, what, think ye, could he do for himself? Must he stand to consider, or, pray, must he endure it; in hope, upon his complaint, to have *Justice* done him *afterward*? But let all *Villany* be blasted in the attempt, for if the Lust of the soul *debaucher* had proceeded as far as his *wish*, no less than *Two* had been undone for ever.

I shall therefore use freedom of speech before you, *Noble General*, It concerns *You* most of all, what *Sentence* to pass upon our *brave* Soldier. The truth is, nothing more can be added to his *renown*, save only to *dye* for so *glorious* a Fact. Gray-hair'd time, the only incorrupt Witness of *Vertue*, will admire *this* man, and *Fathers* will charge their *Children* to do the like, tho' the punishment of *Death* were incurr'd thereby. Pray, *Sir*, consider with your self, what *Principle* would you have men judge you to be of? This *Example* cannot be concealed on neither side: 'Tis certain, that when a man makes a judgment upon it, he will think *that* best, which he *himself* would have done, in the *like* case. All men pass thro' *Childhood* to *Mans-Estate*; and 'tis no thanks to forsake *Lust*, when *Lust* forsakes us. Reflect, *Sir*, upon your own *Rise*, and call to honest remembrance your former *mean Estate*, and your present *Greatness*: Without doubt it

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was nothing, but your divine Valour that advanc'd you to so many *Consulships*, and to so many *Triumphs*, either born by you, or design'd, for you. Remember also, that even *you your self* once serv'd under your *Officer*, nor could you ever have arrived at this height of dignity in so short a space, unless you had begun betimes. Must I not now tell you, that the *Romans* had always a great regard to *Chastity*? Shall I mind you of the Story of *Lucretia*, who ran a Sword into her own bowels, and took *Vengeance* on her self, tho' the Act was forc'd? That her chaste Soul might soon be severed from her defiled Body, she slew her self, because she could not kill her Ravisher. Now if you approve what the *Soldier* hath done, 'tis needless to add the Story of *Virginus*, who secured the *Virginity* of his Daughter, when he could do't no otherwise, even by her *Death*, and ran the next Sword, he could catch up, into her Body, and she also gladly received the wound. His design was only to deliver her from *Appius*, but the People of *Rome* went further, and prosecuted him with an Exclusion from the *Senate*, yea, ventring almost a *Civil War* upon it, they Order'd him to be cast into Prison: Neither did any thing move the Indignation of the *Commons* more than this, that he attempted to dishonor a *Soldiers* Daughter. These are eminent Examples of *Women*, and worthy always to be remembred. As for *Men*, pray, what *Chastity* have they unless it be, not to *attaque* another.

'Tis

'Tis bootless for me to complain in this *degenerate Age*, (for whose ears are open to hear me?) How *Nature* it self is overborn by *obscene Lusts*, and polluted *Males* supply the place of *Females*, so that *Lust* runs mad even upon its own Sexe. But vice it self (we see) puts some *stint* to its own progress, and his villany could proceed no further, when he had debauched so likely and hopeful a *Youth*. Now what a mad business is this? Young *Soldiers* are *list'd* for *Concubinate*, and he, who is himself perhaps a *Married man*, is called forth to act the part of a *Woman*. For my part, I rejoyce in behalf of our *Martial discipline*, I rejoyce, I say, in the reputation of our *Camp*, if this were the *First Customer*, that a *Tribune*, of his humour, met withal. Is it so indeed, (for I chuse to inveigh against his Fury, as if he were alive before us,) must thy *Prostitutes* take pay as *Soldiers*, and must Wanton *Gamesters* be haled under thy Colours? Was it for this that Harlots were cashiered our Army, and that no naughty Huswife must come there? 'Tis just so, for what need of *Females*, as long as thou canst *attaque* a *Soldier*, (i) one more than a *man*, yea and one too, that was just ready to *charge* the Enemy, whom his *Country* had trusted with her *safety* by reason of his *special Valour*. Perhaps it was for this, that wherever an *Alarm* was given, thou didst walk the *Rounds*, and Visit the *Corps du Guard*. Ah, you would have made a goodly *Colonel*, if none but *Young Gentlemen* had been under you. Is not this down-right fury? Is it not *apparent* madness? Here's a man, with a Sword by his side, fenc'd

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with

with an Iron Coat of Male, his Head lock'd in an Habergeon, and, to strike a greater terror, his Crest waving up and down; thou seest Marius his name engraven in his Buckler; in a word, a Soldier all over, armed in Martial habit Cap à pè. Do's this Dress make him look like a Prostitute? Do you think such a one is for your turn? If you offer violence to him, what can you expect thereupon? Shall he remember you to be his Captain, when you don't remember him to be your Soldier? For we have time, I wis, to be wanton; we have nothing else to do, when all things go so well, according to hearts desire, and our Common-wealth is so little concerned, that it may easily be restored, if our Soldiers be but Civil. At this juncture our business is, not so much to enlarge our Empire, nor to reduce more Outlandish Provinces, (as of late we did) we are disputing now for Italy, our Native Country, we stand up for our Religion and Liberty; whether we shall be destroyed by Fire or by Sword; whether a Barbarous Enemy shall cut us off root and branch; whether we shall change our Italian Dialect for Cimbrick Gibbrish. All our Lives and Safeties are at stake, (for we can suffer nothing else, no not from an Enemy.) An incredible multitude of People is fallen down upon Italy, so numerous, that even their own vast Land could not maintain them; Their bodies are of a monstrous bigness, and their humours Savage, even in the account of the very Germans. The fields are covered far and near with the multitude of our Slaughtered Bodies. These, who were discomfited under Carbo

Iron.

and

and Sylla, compared with us, are in an happy condition. Scaurus is fallen, having lost his Army before; Servilius and Manlius, each of their Armies consisting of so many Legions, have been lost. A People, that had over-run the greatest part of the World in Triumph and Victory, is now at last stopp'd by Marius alone. Pray, let me put a Question to you, Great Sir, in this State of Affairs, which had you rather, such Soldiers, or such Officers? In such a hurry of War, you would scarce give leave even to Lawful Dalliances; For the higher a man is advanc'd in Honor, his Example is the more conspicuous to all that behold him. When some lye Perdue in their Arms, others secure Avenues and Passages, and some Men the Works, scarce eating their meat but on their shields, and that standing too, what! shall a Commander mean while tumble with his Whores? Is this all the watch he keeps? Can he not forbear, and put on a Guise of Temperance for so little a while, for fear his Soldiers should scent his Pranks? Besides, if the Tribunes were yet alive, and this Fact came before you, Noble General, with your whole Army about you, how would you determine, that they might not think it an Abuse of a single Soldier only, but even of the whole discipline of War? What Sentence would you pass? 'Tis a Courtesie done to you, O Marius, 'tis a Courtesie, you are now Excused from passing the Sentence of Death upon your Kinsman.

For, Sir, if we reason right, the whole Empire of Rome to this day stands by Martial discipline. Our Soldiery is not more numerous than

That of *other Nations*, nor are *our Bodies* hardier than *those* of the *Cimbrians*, we talk of; There are diverse Countries richer than *Ours*, and many *Barbarick* People can look Death in the Face more sternly, than *We*, because they have not such *Temptations* to desire Life: 'Tis only the severity of our *Orders*, the managery of our *Militia*, a Love of *hardships*, and a dayly Practice of War by continual Exercise, that makes us *Masters*. We overcome more by our *Demeanor*, than by *main Strength*: 'Tis reckoned an Irreligious thing amongst us, if we take any *Female Prisoners*, to offer violence to them, and ther's no such thing as *Abuse*, no not to an *Enemy*. I grant, Sir, that these Regulations have been intermitted by the debauchery of your *Proud Nobles*, but they are again revived in *your Conduct*. Believe it, *My Lord*, the *Gods* themselves tender and direct your *Greatness* in this, that, as an accession to your *other* praises, they have offered you a *New* occasion to pass so just a *Sentence*. If you acquit your *Soldier*, for acting so *Valiantly*, the Example is wholly *yours*; unless perhaps, you think I *check* at this, that he was a *Tribune*; upon my word he was so much the worse for that, and worthier to die more than a *single* death. For this is the Case of *Superiors*, what they do seems a *Command*, and the Greater the *Author* in a bad matter, the more *pernicious* his *Example*. Who shall now restrain the *Soldiery*? Who shall give out strict *Precepts* for Camp-discipline? When you, *My Lord*, are taken up with greater cares, I ask, who shall execute the *Law* upon faulty *Soldiers*? Who shall Chastise and Punish the

the Offences of a *Commander*? To whom can I fly for refuge? To whom can I complain? You see, at last, there is a necessity laid upon us, we must avenge our selves. Oh, but he was a *Commander*, and (say I) so was this a *Soldier*. A *Commander*, you say, you mean such a one, that the Law enjoyns a *Soldier* to obey; one that has *Authority* not only over *Common-Soldiers* but *Captains* too, and shares a part with the *Commander in Chief*. I warrant, you think, the *Soldier* had done something against the *Law of Arms*, if he had only said his *Tribune*, Nay. Poor *Iron-Novice*, he did not know, what such *Great Commanders* could do? He was not acquainted with the *Privilege* of their *Places*. Give me leave, *Noble Marius*, if a shameless beastly *Soldier* should have been brought before you, would you have endured him to have said, *My Colonel Commanded me*? But if the Fault be equal on *both* sides, yet this Crime doth not misbecom your *Soldier*. 'Twas a *Commander* that offered the Abuse.

I seem to be transported, *Noble General*, and to forget my *weak Parts*, that, being scarce able to defend *one*, go about to plead for a *whole* Army. Imagine, All these *Legions*, that stand about you, the *Flower of Italy*, the *Choice* of our Countrymen and Allys, do cry out with one voice before your *Tribunal*, *We neither can nor will submit to the unclean Abuse of a Tribune*. Not a man of us refuses the Toyle of *hard marching*; we'll carry our *sapsacks* or any other heavy luggage upon our Armour, with all our hearts; we are willing to abide the parching heat of *Summer*, and the pinching cold of *Winter*, under

our *Leathern Jackets*. Weary, as we many times are, we'l scale *Trenches*, we'l lye *Perdue* at *Walls* and *Works*, we'l fall on Valiantly in the hottest skirmishes; As for our *Wounds*, we'l count them our *Honour*, and we'l embrace *Death* it self before an ignominious *Abuse*. What we suffer in *Fight*, is noble. Let our *Tribune* command us the cruellest marches, where the Enemy's to be beaten back, tho' he have the advantage of an Hill, and where we are to scout thro' Woods that the Enemy hath possessed before us; In a word, let him lay it on upon our backs, let him inure us to the *Patience* of *Slaves*; even a *Slave* hath some *Exemption* from a *Bawd* and *Pandar*, nor can you sell your *Captives*, but upon such conditions. If we are under a *Command* only to be obscene, if we take up Arms, and yet may not repress the *Abuse* of a Foul *Aggressor*, let's deliver up our *Quarters*, and let the *Cimbrian* stop the *Tribunes* Fury. The *Germans* themselves are unacquainted with such wickedness, and there's more Religion and Conscience, even amongst the *Laplanders*. What will the end be, *My Lord*, if a *Soldier* must be *Conquered*, before his *Chastity* can be secured? Doth not your *Excellency* remember what a great Sedition arose heretofore amongst the People of *Rome*, when a *Slave* rushed out of a *Usurers* House with his Back all torn with stripes, and in his complaint told the People, he bore those marks of punishment, because he would not suffer himself to be unnaturally abused? Yet he, tho' he was so vile as to attempt so foul a Villany on a *Bondman*, one almost a *Slave* and scarce *Free*, was somewhat

mindful

mindful of the *Roman* sanctity in not assaulting any, but one that had his hands bound. Yet the Revenge of the People of *Rome* proceeded so far, that, tho' War was at the door, yet none of them would be *Listed*, till satisfaction were given by the punishment of that corrupt *Aggressor*, and the *Abrogation* of a *Law*. They refused to serve, tho' he was no *Soldier*, who received the *Abuse*. What should I speak of *Fabius Eburnus*, who put his own Son to death, when, upon a private Examination of his *Cause*, he found him *Guilty* of *Uncleannefs*? So that now, *Brave Comrade*, whatever the issue be, tho' the *General* perhaps may condemn thee to dye, 'tis better still, than to be dispatch'd by thy own Father.

But, (say you) he was *Marius's* Kinsman. Now, you goe to tamper with the *Fudge*, and to hang the motive of *Kindness* to his *Kindred* upon his mind, that is otherwise unbiaffed. You say, he was your *Kinsman*. 'Tis fit, that every Body in the World should hear your *Sentence*, if you give it for your near Kinsman. For if, as a *Fudge*, you allow your self to do any thing partially for your own ends, think with your self, what *Envy* this will raise upon you, amongst those who already carp at your Merit, when you shall seem to adjudge the *Ravisher* of a *Soldier*, *Innocent*; or shall vindicate your own *Kinsman*, as long as he is *Nocent*. This is not the first time, *My Lord*, that base *Envy* seeks an advantage to snarle at your *Excellency's* illustrious *Vertue*; and the *Nobility*, who are naturally averse to all that are raised on a sudden, tho'

at

at present they are hush'd and quell'd, as being overborn by your deserved praise, yet peep narrowly for an opportunity of *Fault-finding*. And if I understand the nature of *Envy*, they will also cast this in your teeth, that 'twas your own *Kinsman*, forsooth, that was found *tardy*. And therefore a necessity is laid upon you, to abdicate and renounce that *Blood*, which is none of your own. For certain, you can do no less than revenge the *Villany* on him, who, among those that *malign* you, will seem to have acted it by your *Connivance* or *Permission*. For should not he, if ever he called to mind he was your *Kinsman*, have striven with might and main to have *Copied* out all your Vertues, of which your *Fortune* is the Lowest, especially having the advantage to be so near in view of *Them* and *You*? Should he not have made this *return* for the *happiness* of being your *near Kinsman*? I am sure, your *Soldiers* imitate you better. If the *Tribune* should have escap'd with his life after his *foul resolve*, *Envy* must needs have twitted *him* too with this, that 'twas no other than *Marius's Kinsman* had plaid such a filthy prank, and that a naughty *Cyons* shot out from so virtuous a *stock*. But when any *Family* is well rid of such an *Infamy*, what boot is it every foot to be objecting it to *Marius*? It had been very well, if our *General* had never had any such *Kinsman* at all, and 'tis as well, that he parted with *him* so willingly.

May it please your *Excellency*, I have now done with my *Plea*, as well as my *mediocrity* was able to manage it, The *Commendatory Part* is yet

yet behind, but that is utterly needless before such a *Sanctity* as *yours*. For what need I fear, That *meanness* should be prejudicial to a *Defendant*, before you, who look upon *disrobed and naked* Virtue, as acceptable of it self, and who counts this the *greatest* Glory for a man to raise his own Fortune? I commend to you the state of a *Private Soldier*, that you may *glance* upon him from an high, as one wishing to grow *Great* by your own *method*. Hitherto perhaps *Nobility* bore the greatest sway, but you have improved that *Noble Estate*, which challengeth such a long Train of *Ancestry*. You could not expect, that a *Youth*, of his years, should have done more *bravely*. Yet when I have set before you so *Gallant* a man, one so fit to *serve* under you, and worthy of all the *Preferment*, that attends your Service, still I offer to your further consideration, that, for ought I know, he is a *General* in *posse*. I know you don't expect this from him, that at the *Close* of my *Plea*, he should come and fall upon his *Knees*, and beg his life with *pitious* mone, and *all-humble* supplications. You do not expect to be *Entreated* by the *Innocent*, nor has a *Valiant* man (as such) any need of *Acquittal*. All that he desires is this, that if you *demur* on his *Case*, you would respite the matter to the *next Battel*. There put him in the *Fore-Front*, place him, I say, not among the *Punys*, but (let me speak a *proud* word) even before the *Standard*, where most danger is, and where the greatest throng of the Enemy professes the forest: Do but look *then and there* how he behaves himself; now, I dare be bold to say,

say, you will have less kindness for the *Tribune*.
 Nay, pray, let him *Charge*, let him *Grapple*
 with the Enemy hand to hand. If your *Soldier*
 must needs be slain, I beg of your *Excellency*,
 that you would be the better for his Death.

Mathe



Mathematicus :

O R,

The Astrologer.

DECLAMATION IV.

The Argument of this Declama-
 tion is a *CASE* grounded on
 a double *LAW*.

LAW the First, A man, that had done
 good Service for his Country in the War,
 might chuse what reward, he pleased.
LAW the Second, He that intended
 Self-Murder, was first to render a Rea-
 son of his Resolve in open Senate, or
 else

else his Body was to be thrown out, without Burial. The C A S E. A certain Man went to an *Astrologer*, to know, What manner of *Person*, his *Wife* (then *big* with Child) went with. His *Answer* was, That *He* should be a *Valiant* man *First*, and afterwards a *Parricide*. It hapned, when the *Youth* was grown up, he fought *bravely* for his *Country*; But upon his return from the *WAR*, he gives *Reasons* in *Court*, why he intended to make himself away; His *Father* appears against it.

For

For the Son against the Father.

Noble *Patricians*, I am plac'd in the *midst* of *Two* such sad *Extremes*, that I am neither worthy of *Death*, unless you judge me a *Parricide*; nor of *Burial*, unless you think me *Innocent*. Being thus intangled and held fast in the *mockery* of so miserable a *Dilemma*, I sue for your *Hatred*, as the greatest *Favour* you can do me; and I beseech you, above all those particular events, which the succession of *Truth*, predicted concerning me, hath evidenc'd and declar'd, you would beleive, I now bring sufficient *Credentials* of the Calamities, that oppress me. 'Tis by reason of *Parricide*, that I would kill my self; but *Fate*, it seems, steps in, and says, *I must not*. 'Tis not the *offspring* alone, hath told the *World* and the *Age* to come, that these *my* hands shall *Murder* my own *Father*, my own *mind* misgives me the same. I carry an *Heart* about me, that presages more dire mischeifs, than the *Response* of that *Sacred* *Arist*. Like an *unhappy* man, I have nothing in my thoughts, but what is a *terroure* to me: Yea, That *Villany*, which the *Piety* of my *Father* and the *Immocency* of all my other *Relations* presume against, *That*, I say, do I feele, groan under, and cannot deny.

Yet

Yet, lest any should think me to lie under a great *mistake* of judgment, be pleased to hear my *Reason*, why I cannot doubt in the least of my *hard Fate*. He that is *Born* to commit a *Parricide*, believes he shall do it, yet he is not afraid to prevent it, by dispatching himself. In the first place, then I beg this *Boon* of your *Publick Wisdoms*, that you would not be contented with this, as the *Sum* or *All* of my *Innocency*, that I would fain make myself away. Tho' I seem to contend with *Art*, to master *Necessity* it self, and to baffle *Fate*, I would not have you therefore think, that I may be safely trusted with my *Life*. Tho' I am willing to Dye to prevent it, yet, I cannot say, but I should *commit* it: Nay, (if you will believe me) that which you call *Constancy* is but *Infirmity*; the reason I flee to this last refuge, is, because I know my own *Heart* too well. The *insire* deliverance of my discourag'd Mind is yet in my power, but *Death* it self will shortly be out of it. I beseech you, *Noble Senators*, hope no better from my miserable *Pity*. I, that am willing to Dye, that I may not commit a *Parricide*, don't see but I *must* commit it, if I be suffered to live.

As for my *Father*, who would have me live against my Will, I don't wonder at him, because he's still over-joy'd at the acquit of my *Martial Glory*, which is yet *fresh* before him, his *Eyes* and his *Mind* are wholly intent on my *brave* Achievements, so that he cannot see the *Parricide* through the *Champion*.

This is the Ground, why he would *save* me, tho' I am predestin'd and ordain'd to such mischief, and when he has done thus much for me,

as

as to bring me up, when my *Virtues* were yet dubious, future, and presumptive, now he would do more for my *actual* gallantry, that I should not Dye. And, because I may seem to put an end to my *Life*, for the *Piety* and *Reverence* I bear to Him, he charges himself with the *Parricide*; and in the loss of his *Children*, which he thinks he is the *Author* of, he regards not so much my *safe deliverance*, as his own *natural affection*. A *Son*, that desires to Dye, that he may be no *Parricide*, thinks he cannot otherwise be rewarded, than to let him Dye. There was reason, great reason, why his sad *Thoughts*, and foreboding *Fears* should send the *Poor Old Man* to the *Fortune-Teller*. 'Twas my *Fate*, that I should be declared a *valiant Man* first, and then a *Parricide*: Whether it were, that the extraordinary fruitfulness of his *Poor Wife* did disturb his Nights-rest by troublesome Jogs; or, whether the *Old Man's* careful Nights and direful Sleeps, caused by sad and dismal *Apparitions*, sent him to the *Cunning-man*, the very Chief of that mysterious *Art*. Go he did, and to Him he carried not hopes or greedy desire, but *sighs*, *fears*, *pale looks*, *constant presages* of some dismal mischief or other to ensue: What can you call this, *Worthy Senators*, but the first insuperable necessity of a *Fatal Instinct*? He was driven to enquire of the *Astrologer* concerning his *Wifes* Issue, and when he had so done, he did not believe the *Oracle*.

Let me tell you, my *Lords*, of what Authority the *Astrologer* was, whom my *Father*, in his great Fear, thought fit to consult. He was a Man, I speak what I know, that by many good *Proofs*

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and

and *Experiments* had merited, that *People*, in their *Cares* and *Fears*, should flye to him as to the *Oracle* of the *Gods*, and a *Breast* full of *Divine Spirit*: 'Twas said, that he inspected the *Nature* of the *whole Heaven*, digested and ranged the *Constellations* into their *Number* of *Stars* respectively, and was amazed at the *Prospect* of his *Fate*, as to both *Publick* and *Private* concerns: With such an heap of *good* and *bad* Events, he was frightened more than the *Quarent* himself, and 'twas long before he could put down in *Writing*, what he saw in the *Scheme*. But see, what a venerable *Old Man* this was, and worthy to whom the *Fates* should reveal their *Secrets*. When the *Child*, he was consulted about, had many joyful *Omens* for his young and tender *Years*, he was not content to foretel the *best* only, but (which is an undeniable Evidence of his *veracity*) he told *All* that the *Figure* held forth, and declared openly, that he should first be a brave *Warrior*, and then a *Paricide*. What a *daring* answer was that? When he was to preface the *biggest Villany*, he told us we should believe him in *that*, as far as his *other* prefaces had hold good before. For you may be sure, his *Father* would never have been at the charge of bringing him up, if the *Astrologer* had told him the melancholy part *only*, and had not said, his *Lot* should be *first* *Victorious*. Neither did the *Astrologer's* Judgment fail him a Jot, no, not in any *one* Circumstance; he said, she should have but *One*, and that a *Male*, and that he should live to be a notable robust *Youth*, all true to a *Title*. Besides, his Answer did as well hit even foreign Circumstances, as that there would be a *War*, a potent

potent *Enemy*, and an *Army* levy'd to be kept on *Foot*, till he was able to make no mean *Figure* in it. And my *Father* was so far from being deterr'd by the *Prediction* of his own danger, that he himself, he, I say, (such is the inevitable force of *Fate*) girt on my *Arms*, and equipp'd me for the *Battel*, with his *own* Hands, as if now he were assured of the *Astrologers* Truth. No man need wonder, that he did not sleight the *Response*, while he was in hopes, I should do bravely: And now, he will not have me *Dye*, tho' there's nothing left for me to do, but to Murther *Him*. O *Death*, who art commendable in the *Brave*, desireable by the *Wretched*, and no back-Friend even to the *Happy*! How often have I *courted* thee, how often have I desired to meet thee in *Battel*? I call Heaven to Witness, I put my *Life* in my Hands, not in Ostentation of my own strength, nor for a Puff of vain-glory, but that my low esteem of my self might put me upon some brave Service for my *Country*, whereby I might spend my *forlorn* Life, and my *predestin'd* and *reprobated* Person for the *Publick Good*. There, alas, I first learnt, how many things we did in *Ignorance*, and how many things we did against our *Wills*. Desperate *Combatant*, as I was, I rush'd into the *thickest* of the *Enemy's Troopes*, and lo their *Army* divided, and let me come. By my self alone, I ran where the *hottest* Service was, and not a Man was able to beat me back: I laid bare my *Skin* for the adverse Blows, my *Breast* was open to receive *dine* of sword or dart, aim'd at me from *all Quarters*, and yet the Weapons fell down by me, without any Execution. Oh miserable I, in the event of my *frustrated* hopes!

I came *bravely* off, even when I fought to be slain. Away, all ye that come to gratulate me ; be gone, ye that think to commend me, I am not going from *Temple to Temple*, I give no thanks to the *Deity*, no, I am come home for no other purpose, but to prove my self a *Parricide*. You know, how my poor Conscience was cast down thereupon with shame and confusion : I had not the *Heart* to come back to my *Father* with my *Armour* on ; believe me, I was afraid, when he ran out to meet me, lest while he kiss'd and embrac'd me, he might run *unawares* upon the *Conquering* Sword, in my Hand.

Amongst other *Acclamations* of the *Army*, when they brought me back, what was the *Vogue* of the *People* round about me ? even *this*, *Oh brave and happy Youth*, (said they *all*) *provided* he Dy'd *immediately*. Let Heaven and Earth assist me, whilst I earnestly desire, whilst I long, to Dye : Take some pity on me, don't *cool* my eagerness to part with my Life, with an unreasonable delay. I testify and proclaim to all the World, I stand upon the very last precipice of my *Fate*, I am afraid I am not far from *Murdering* my *Father*, according to *Prediction*, when I am so willing, even to Dye, to prevent it : Dear *Father*, why do you still detain me ? why d'e stop me, that am hastning away ? 'Tad been better, I had been stifled in my Mothers Womb, or else that I had been speedily dispatched, before my impure breath had polluted my *Native* Air and Soil. Grant, it was my *Father's* Love to his Country, that drown'd and overcame his *private* Fears ; grant, he gave such a *Villain* as my self Education, in prospect of some

Service

Service I was to do for the *Commonwealth*, yet *now* all's done and ended, that induc'd him to be at charge to bring me up ; there is now but one *Point* of my *Fate* behind, and that's the last *Villanous* *Fact* I am to do. What d'e mean ? 'Tis in vain to comfort me with your patient resolution and constancy ; I say, *your* Case and *mine* are not the same ; you are in danger to be *Murdered*, and I am in danger, will I nill I, to *Murder* even my *own* *Father*.

This then is the first *Excuse* I make to you, *Noble* *Senators*, for craving my *Reward*, hitherto let me be look'd upon only as a *Valiant* *Man*, let me insist only on *that* branch of the *sacred* *Law*, to make it a *Plea* for my *destin'd* *End*. Do you think, I will mention the solemn *Formulary* of my Wish, *That* *high* *deserts* are not to be rewarded with a *strict* *equality*, or just so much ? No, he that hath done *bravely* is to be requited as *bountifully*, as the *large* *Promises* that set him a *Work*. My *Country* was never less able to make amends to any *Man* than my *Self*. I did that for *Her*, that I am bound to Dye *presently* after. But, pray, take no care, I will never ask the *top-reward* the *Law* allows, that infinite, that boundless, *Priviledge*, indulg'd by *Law* in the Case, tho I may desire it, yet I confine it to my *naked* *Self*. Titles, Statues, Dignities, reserve them for those that must live : Grant me only my *Father's* safety, my *own* *Innocency*, and a *good* *Name* after I am gone. Therefore I pray deny me not this *Reward*, for then it may be thought, that you hated my *Valiant* *Acts* too. My choice is *clearly* out of the reach of *Envy*, seeing I require only *that*, which I might have

obtained, before I behav'd my self so *bravely*. That I give you an account of my *Choice* by the by, let no man think, that I am less confident of my *Reward*, or of the *Causes* thereof, because I have made my *Petition* on both accounts. Pardon one, that longs to go out of the World, if I have annexed *Two* *Petitions* together, when *One* would serve. Nay further, I beseech you, if there be any other *Law* extant, that can help a Man forward to his desired end; acquaint me with it, let me have the benefit thereof. In giving me *Liberty* to kill my self, let me Dye for my *Reason's* sake, let me be Buryed for my *Guerdon's* sake.

I am sensible, *my Lords*, this is the first *Boon* I am to desire of the *Publick Commiseration*, that you would not think me loth to Dye, because I urge so many things about the *Ground* of my *Resolve*, and because I *Petition* for that from you, which my own hands can grant *without* you. I confess, I have deserved such *sinister* Interpretations; that I might Dye as a Man of *Valour*, when I came home, I threw away my Arms, I acquir'd the *Peoples* favour, I receiv'd the Applause of the Town. But whether it be the great esteem we have for a *decent Interment*, it being a pitiful weakness incident to *all* Men, to fear something *after*, tho' they do fear *Death*; or whether he, that desired to Dye to clear his *Immocency*, must do it with a compos'd and undisturb'd Spirit, upon one or 'tother of these accompts, pardon, I beseech you, my *lothness* for a while, pardon my *Patience*, and my *Delay*. If I had made my self away *immediately*, I must have Dyed as a plain *Paricide*.

I hope,

I hope, *Worthy Senators*, my *Fathers* appearing against me will not *defeat* me of my reward, sometimes there ought to be that *Esteem* for *high merits*, that they may seem to dispense with *Obedience* to *Parents*; so that either our applauded *Virtue* doth ballance and counterpoise the moment of a *Fathers* Authority; or else we begin to renew our *Obedience*, when we have enjoy'd our *Choice*. Let not then my *Father's* gain-saying my design, move you. You never met with any Body yet, that had a mind to Dye, but *one* or *other* was against it. If a Man have *no dear Relations*, yet he will be stopt from such an *Act*, by the *fear* of those that hear of his *Resolve*, or by their comfortable and prompt *Exhortations* to the contrary. But for *Parents*, indeed all their *care* is, to make much of their *Children*, and to be timorous of their *Death*. If we be ta'ne from them never so justly, yet *they* cannot bear it; if we suffer *Death* for heinous *Crimes*, yet *they* still count us innocent and worthy of *Commiseration*. But in my Case, *Noble Senators*, my *particular Duty* and *Reverence* adds to the *impatience* of my *Good Old Father*. 'Tis impossible for a *Son* to perswade his *Father* to let him Dye, if he seem to kill himself for his *Father's* sake.

Thus far of the *Laws*, and of the *Merits* of my *Prowess*, I come now to the mere *Fatal* part. I am *resolv'd* I say, I am, *resolv'd*, to Dye for the *Causes* before alledged. You may know, what I *mean* by this my *Resolve*, tho' I cannot *speake* it out. Consider, I pray, what hath brought me on thus far, here begins my *Resolution*. Imagin, that one of the *vulgar* desire the *Reward*, I do? It *ought*

not to be denied him, if he hath *just* Ground for his demand, and it *cannot* be denied, if he hath not. You cannot but fear, lest a Man's inconsistency should push him on to this *rashly*, and without any Ground; and 'tis credible, that *Life* can speak for it self, as much as can possibly be urg'd before any *Court*. I cannot abide your *Gratulations*, keep your *Complements* to your selves, how long will it be, that you'll think me unwilling to Dye? This is the first *great* thing, that *Nature* hath devised for Man's safety, that we Dye against our Wills; and against so many cross Accidents she relieves us with a *Patience* well-poized. Hence it is, that even in the midst of *torments* and *despair*, yet men entertain a *poor* desire of prolonging Life. Do you think, I am not concern'd at all, that I am but in the *Flower* of my Age? That I have *newly* begun to taste the pleasures of Life, and the enjoyments of this World? Oh, how am I taken, when I call to mind, that I was brought back from the *Field* upon Men's Shoulders, and *Who* but I was the *Theme* and *Discourse* of the Town? Believe me, as oft as I reflect upon these *Wounds* of mine, and upon my *Arms* dropping with the *Blood* of the Enemy, I raise my mind above the *Ties* of *Necessity*, I place my self superiour even to *Fate*. But alas! all these things are now *vanish'd* and gone, they are *all* surmounted and yield to the *more honest* Motive of taking revenge on my self. What *Obligation* have I to be concern'd any further for this *Body* of mine, that even my *Eyes* loath to look upon? And with which my hasty *Soul* quarrels, and cares not *how soon* it is discharged from? These Limbs are none of
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mine, since I can wound and peirce them, as if they were mine *Enemies*. A man that hath taken his last *Farewel* of the World, you may give him *Time*, if you please, but *Life* you cannot; and his *desire* to die grows higher and higher, the more it is forbid. More happy is he, that dies before his time, and before he desires it. 'Tis almost too late for that man to *renounce* his life, when all men think he hath no reason to *preserve* it. You may deny death *only* to that *person*, whose life ought *legally* to be taken away by *Another*, rather than *Himself*.

As for the *Law*, that commands an intended *Self-Homicide* to render a *reason* thereof beforehand, or else his body to be cast out without *Burial*, if he made, such hast to leave the World without telling and declaring it before: He is deceiv'd that Constru's it so, as if men should be oblig'd to *live* whether they will or no. Alas! The *Law* takes no notice of mens rashness in killing themselves, nor doth it willingly make a strict inquiry into other mens Greifs; It foresaw, that those, who were Guilty of *great Crimes*, and thereupon in fear of *greater Torments*, would otherwise be so hardy, as to put an end to their own lives, and shew *no* cause at all: And therefore lest they might *prevent* part of their punishment, by an *over-hasty* end, it was further *Enact-ed*, that the *Body* of the Offender should be cast out *Unburied*. The *Law* is Mild and Gentle, it requires *only*, that the Cause of *Self-Murder* should be assign'd, not *descanted* upon.

It then I am ask'd the *reason*, why I would lay violent hands on my self? I can answer in the *Perfect Fate* of all mankind; but I would be kinder to you, to give a reason, why I should *Live*. Wretched man! What boots it, to detain thy *Soul* for so long a time, (provided thou run out thy *natural* course) in the doleful Prison of thy *Body*? If we make a due search into, and a right *estimate* of, all the joys and pleasures of the *whole* World, that do either take our *Eye* or please our *Fancy*, the *Foot* of the account will be, That a mans *whole* Life is but, as it were, *one day*. Alas! Those are mean and abject Spirits, that are not cloved with the return of the *same* things over and over again; but he, that is better instructed, and knows what the End of the *Good*, and what *True* happiness, is, never thinks he dies *too soon*: Every days Life satisfies him, that lives to his *Soul* and inward Man.

You expect now, I should instance, that upon comparing the fears and calamities with the joy and prosperity we meet with *here below*, the number of avoidable things doth far exceed, in this short *scene* of our Life. Let us take a just estimate of those *satisfactions*, for which we weary *Heaven* with our *Prayers*, and for whose sake we complain our *Life* is short. What are they all, but Vanity, Humour, Height of living, Lust? Are we not even ashamed to run thro' debilitys, crosses, tedious diseases, for such *poor* things, as these? Yea, when we may *escape* them, we had rather *grope* under them? Imagine, you heard *Nature* accost you with such

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an *Harangue*, as this; Behold! thou art admitted into the *stately* Share and Partnership of the *Universe*, and of the enjoyments thereof, and for many a *Successive* Age, being born at last to dye, thou hast enjoy'd what I could afford thee; now let others succeed, make room for them that come after thee. Dost thou not know, the longer thou livest, the more unwilling thou wilt be to dye? Let your Term of Life be never so much prolonged, let one man live as long as two, yet he must needs go off miserably, that dies unwillingly.

Don't you wonder, that I hasten mine *own* end? Do's not every *day*, that passes over my head, do the same? Nay every *hour*, by silent and unobserved moments, makes nearer approaches to my *last* end. And whilst we are basely taken up with the thoughts of living to *perpetuity*, we dye afore-hand every minute of our *Flitting* Age. Let us rather find a *remedy* by our *Exit*, and a *relief* in our *fatality*; let us bid *Adieu* to the World willingly, with deliberation, full of contentedness, yea let us give Thanks that our Time is come. He only hath lived as long as he could wish, who chuses, at such a time, to put an end to his Life. Let all the sad and severe *Motives*, I have, favour me, let all *Virtue* vote with me, as I desire to dye so magnanimously. Is it not enough, think you, to hasten my end, that I have done so *gallantly*? 'Tis the Badg of a *base* and *indignoble* Spirit to reckon ones life by number of years. For my part, (so weary am I, or so fated with years, that) my *Valorous* atchievements have made me, *Old*. Why do I stay any longer among the *Diseases* and *Casualties*, here below.

low. I, that have been received with publick Congratulations, shall appear contemptible by my present low condition. They must needs fall to *less value* in tract of Time, whose *Greatness* began only by success; when no room is left for more atchievements, nor felicity to reward or crown them. 'Tis madness to dye, when our *Estate* and Honour sinks with us, and so to spin out a decaying Life. I reckon, no *old men* live with less esteem than those, who, when time was, were the *bravest Sparks*. What! Would you have me stay, till inglorious *grey hair* misbecome my mortified Limbs? Till my *bloodless Carkass* is scarce able to creep a high-lone? Till these *glorious* hands of mine shall not be able to feed or dress me? Oh! how sad, how dolesome 'tis, to remember, what one *has* been in his *prime*? to tell a long *Tale* of the many scars one carries about him, and to serve up the cold remembrance of things past long ago? Whereas now, men will not believe, you were ever able to perform such *Exploits*, but you will be scoff'd at, even for your own *Memoirs*. No, I must leave the World upon a *push*, while my Body is *active*, and my Spirit *brisk*, whilst Men are loth to part with me, and when I shall be miss'd; and for all this, I would fain be beholding to my *own* Hands, to my *own* Courage. Let all that is in *Heaven* and *Earth* favour me. I have found the *Port of Death*, whilst I bear the Name and Credit of a Man, highly deserving by his Valour.

But this *Plea* is common to others as well as *myself*. I come now to what's more *peculiar* to *myself*. If the *Astrologer* had fore-told, I should

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have lost some of my *Limbs*, or that I should have a *Sick languishing Body*, you would all pardon me, if I avoid so great *misfortunes*, tho' they had been *uncertain*; but what I dread, and tremble at, is far greater: He threatens me with my *own* Valour, and that nought but my *own* Courage, shall be my ruin. So he has left me not a *moment* of Life, wherein I may rest or be secure. I am destin'd to run out my whole *Glass* in *Frights* and *Pantings*. What room for the least hope or comfort? I must Dye as a *Felon*, if the *Fortune-teller* say *True*, and I must Dye as a *Wretch*, if he say *False*. Did he say, I should be a *Parricide* hereafter? Shall we consult another, for *Experiment* of his greater skill? Would you have me dispute the *Points* afterward, whether *Futurities* may be fore-told, or no? To what purpose is it? So many Men, so many Minds. Why should I be toss'd up and down, according to every Body's *talkative* humour? He gives it under his hand, I shall kill my Father: If I can abide to live after such a *Response*, I shall not be *Innocent*, tho' I never do it. Let me appeal to you, all that are *Children*, and to you, all that are *Parents*, What Courage can I have, after so dire a *Presage*? I am the *Man*, whom the *Deity*, being angry perhaps with the *Age*, wherein I lived, has singled out, as a fit *Subject* for such a *mischiefe*: As soon as ever I was born, 'twas said, That *Valour* and *Villany* should be my *Lot*: I am, as you see, capable of all things, tho' never so *strange* and *repugnant*; I stand out for no difficult, no unheard of, *Practices*; I am destin'd to wretched *Pranks*; *Guilty*, if I do not kill my self; one, in whom you ought to prize even his very *Bravery*. I know not what prodigious

prodigious *Barbarity* flings and throws me against my *Father*, as against some Weapon, or some vast weight ready to fall. A *Villany* attends me, hardly to be believ'd, that will be no advantage to me, and which I my self am clear against. Not a word of the *Time*, *Place*, or *Reason* thereof is fore-told: Judge you, whether I ought to *Dye*, for I think, 'twas pity that ever I was *Born*. My *Father* himself is sensible of the *Monstrousness* of my predicted *Crime*, and therefore strives to prove, That there is no *certainty* in the *Astrological Art*: Sometimes he urges, That there is no such thing as *Fate*, but all comes by *chance* and *hazard*: Otherwhile he contends, That if there be a *Governing Providence*, yet man's knowledge is too shallow to *fathom* it. I lay both before you, and in the mean time desire your *Wisdoms* to consider, That my *Father* was sensible of something in the *Art*, even because he was afraid of it. I have given a *Proof*, that the *Astrologer* spake Truth, and He thereupon believ'd what he said.

I beseech you, *Dear Father*, do you think, That this great *variety* of things, compacted into one *Systeme* out of disagreeing *Principles*, could be *buddled* together by chance? so that the *Orbe* of *Fire* is plac'd aloft above all *heavy Bodies*, by reason of its *hot* and *burning Nature*; the Element of *Water* is seated below, that the *hot Bodies*, above it, might draw nourishment from its *moisture*; the *Globe* of the *Earth* hangs poiz'd between the *Firmament* above and the *Abyss* below, that so a *successive* series of *Ages* might spin out themselves, through perpetual *vicissitudes* of *Times*, by their own *Laws*. What shall we say of this *Glorious*

Prospect

Prospect of sparkling *Constellations*? some *fix'd*, compacted, and still shining from the *Place* they possess'd at first, others *wandering*, and performing their *Planetary Courses*, in a set *Order*, in the whole *Firmament*. Can you think, the disposal of them was made at *random* and by *chance*? Pray, what could that thing, called *Reason*, do better? No, no, 'Twas *God*, *God alone*, the *Maker* of the *Universe*, that drew forth a comely *Order* out of the first rude *Chaos* of *Confusion*, and afterwards divided it into its several parts. And when he had bestowed a beautiful and uniform *Aspect* on the *World*, then he sent a *Spirit* from above to animate it: So that whatever is brought forth in the *World* hath a *signature* of some *divine Property* born with it, and being thus ordained and made for a short *Life*, by a firm certainty of dependence, it receives its *Fate* as it doth its *Life*. I believe, *Dear Father*, this *Doctrine* was somewhat terrible to *Mortals*, when it was first broach'd, but when the *Novelty* of it was worn off, they all to *admire* it. Thus by degrees, what Men were frighted at at first, when they took Heart seriously to consider, their *deep insights* pierced into the *very Recesses* of *Nature*, and made such *Collections* from *dayly observations* and oft-recurring *marks* in *secret Effects*, that at length they arrived at their *Causes*. Do you think it strange, *Sir*, that a *Man's Destiny* can be fore-told? You see, the *courses* and the *Eclipses* of *Sun* and *Moon* are so: Men can fore-tel *Storms* and *Calms*; they tell what *Constellation* threatens parching *heat*, and what, pinching *cold*; what bearded *Comets* portend, what their extraordinary *Lustre*, and what the

the mighty *shootings* and *trajections* of Stars. What stronger *Argument* for the *verity* of the Art, than to foretel what shall come to pass, and it comes to pass accordingly? So that if *Nature, Reason, and Experience* do joyntly prove, that there is such an Art as *Astrology*, nay, and my *Father* himself, who thought fit to consult the *Artist*, what remains, but that I may yield, he spake Truth in what's to come, seeing we cannot accuse him of a *Failer* in what is past.

The first Proof of the *veracity* of the Art, is this, when the *Wizard* was consulted about the *Child*, he did not make a *confus'd* or intricate *Answer*, as if he had a mind by *ambiguities* to beguile his *Querent*: He said nothing that might be interpreted several ways, according to the *fancy* or *humour* of the respective *Hearers*. For that's the main design of *Fuglers*, not to make a plain downright Answer to *Demandants*, but to *amuse* them with such blind hopes and promises, that whatever comes to pass, yet the *Answer* may seem true. Was this the way to put a *Trick* on my *Father*, to tell him of such common and usual *Events*, which might easily follow, and He was as glad to hear of? *Thy Son*, says he, *shall be a brave Fellow*. Where, I beseech you, could he have broke off handsomer, if he had a mind to *cheat* him? But, Oh *Heavens*! What *Impressions* had he received from above; that he could not chuse but tell my *Father*, when he ask'd the *Question*, *That I was destin'd to murder him*. Alack, dear *Father*, do you think I admire his *Art* so much? No, Sir, I rather wonder at his *Courage*; I stand amaz'd at his *Fixedness*, He shall be, says he, a brave Fellow

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first, and then a Parricide. Pray, tell me, was there any *Policy* in this, to speak that in the close, which takes off from the Credit of what was delivered before? In the *Parricide*, that the *Astrologer* fore-saw, if he would have *cheated*, 'twas his only way not to have told it. I grant, in other *Consults* a Man may be deceived or mistaken, but in such an heinous *Villany* as *Parricide*, an *Astrologer* can no more doubt of it, than an *own Father* suspect it. For all the *Professors* of that *sacred Art* do agree in this, that men receive their personal *Qualities*, and the future *disposition* both of *Body* and *Mind* too, from the *Nature* of those *Constellations*, which were predominant at their *Birth*. To instance, if a Man be influenc'd by a *Wandering Star*, or *Planet*, he will live a *roving Life*: He that was under a *benign Star* at his *Conception*, will be a modest *sweet-natur'd* Man. He that was Born under a *Fiery Constellation*, will be a *sprightly Hot-spur*. He that at his *Birth* had a *Star* that was declining, and hastning to the *Western Angle*, shall not be so *brisk* in his *Youth*, but *heavy*, like those that are *aged*; but if a *Princely Constellation* (*Cor Leonis* suppose) influence ones *Birth*, he is Born to *Empire*. For my part, I think that upon the monstrous *Day* of my *Birth*, all the angry *Stars* conspir'd together, and thrust down my prodigious *Soul* into my *Body* with the united contribution of their *hottest Flames*. If the *Doctrine* be true, that after many *Ages* and a numberless *Series* of *Years*, *Souls* shall be reitor'd to other *Bodies*, then in me there appears perhaps one of those, by whose wickedness, the *Sun* being affronted, suddenly changed the *Face* of *Heaven*,

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and who were driven all the World over by the scaring of the *Furies*, and the terrors of all-avenging *Conscience*.

Those *Futurities* must needs have fuller *Signatures*, that come not from *blind* and *unaccountable* Originals. So the *noise* of the Sea, and *hollow* Winds in Woods foretel a *Storm*. Thus *Comets* shining in the *Heavens*, and bearded *Meteors*, fore-run the *Fate* of *People*, near to destruction. This was *my* Case, I was predicted by an *Antecedem* War, I was pointed at by *Arms* of all sides, the unnatural *Fury*, that was to follow, drove those publick *Calamities*, as *Prognosticks* before it, and as a *Complement* of all these *mischiefs*, Enter *Parricide*. Can any Body think, this was foreseen by *chance*, not by *Art*? Perhaps, what happens hand-over-head may come by *chance*, but that which is *foretold* cannot do so. I beseech you, *Father*, consider his whole *Answer* from first to last and then tell me, whether ever any Bodies *Fate* were more clearly predicted? *He shall be a Male Child*, says he, so it was: *He shall be brought up to such and such an Age, tho' a destin'd Parricide*, I was brought up: *He shall live to be a lusty Youth*, I did so: *He shall be notable for Prowess and Martiall menace; there shall be Wars, so there were. He shall turn Soldier by thy consent, and shall do bravely in the Field, all true: He shall be a Parricide at last*: but stay there, it must be, if I live to it. Dear *Father*, if you would have an account of this profound and secret *Art*, methinks his *Responses* have a great agreement even in their *unsuitableness* and *diversity*. He said, *I should be a valiant Man, and withal a Parricide*: These things are too near,

tho' they be so different; they are *alike* for *strength*, tho' the *Principle*, from whence they proceed, be plainly *dissimant*. For what was it made me so much taken notice of in the *War*? 'Twas because I was all for *killing*, never satisfied with *Blood*; I would rejoyce over an heap of Dead *Carkasses*, I would trample upon the *Wounded*, tho' yet panting for *Life*. This is called *Valour*, when 'tis acted against a *Publick Enemy*; but 'tis *Peace* that *Arrests* me; when I want just matter to execute my rage upon, then my *sprightfulness* (forsooth) must be at leisure to break out into Villany. 'Tis true, *Peace* is restored to the *Commonwealth*, but I am still practising with my *Sword*: I grasp it in my hand all day long; I view my *Armour*, I praise my *Weapons*, I admire 'em, I make *Apostrophe's* to 'em. *Sir*, be assured, 'tis as easie even to murder my own *Father*, as to kill mine *Enemy*, when I am *predestin'd* to both. But why do I insist on *reason*, seeing the *event* hath already verified the thing? And what the *Wizard* said without any *circumlocution*, can it be evaded by any *Art*? You have already seen *part* of his *Answer* verified in another business, and that which increases my torment, my *Valour* must be an *Argument*, to make my *Villany* believed. The Authority of his *Answer* is sufficiently manifested, when of *Two* Predictions, *One* is already come to pass; neither can you make any doubt of the Truth of it as long as *Experiments* agree with what is predicted before. That *Response*, in which every thing as yet prov'd true to a Title, can't be presumed to be false only in the last clause. You'll say; 'Tis impossible, there should be a *Parricide* committed.

mitted. 'Tis no wonder, *Father*, you don't believe a *Villany* may be done, which will hardly be believ'd, when 'tis done. You are much mistaken, if you imagin, that 'tis fence enough against inevitable necessity predicted, *That I am a dutiful Son, and you the best of Fathers*. 'Tis pity you should know it, I had almost said, I my self am loth to know it. What is *Fate* then, but something come to pass, when we know no reason, *Why*? How then, says he, can that be avoided, which must of necessity be done? Ple tell you, there is but one only way if I kill my self before I do it. *Sir*, you Conquer *Fate*, if you resist it; it Conquers you, if you make slight of it.

For my part, I thank the *Cruel Fates*, only upon this account, that they designed not this great *Villany* for me in the leading part of my Life, that I had opportunity to do *Valiantly* for my Country before, and that my famous *Atchievements* preceded in a great *Train*. I hope, a *Parricide* may be avoided, which is foretold shall be, and yet shall not be, till last. Suppose, *Father*, the *Astrologer* should speak false, as to this one part of my Life only? 'Tis not worth the while to believe it, that so I may spare my Life. A mans own *Father*, one would think, cannot be murdered. But what if the doubt be not clear to me? The misery is inexpressible, when I cannot trust mine own *Innocency*, when I am jealous night and day, when I suspect my own Heart, when I arrest my Hands, indite mine Eyes, when I plot *Parricide* in my Thoughts. I have a greater Argument for my Death, if I believe I shall commit that *Parricide*, which is impossible to be committed

committed almost by any. Alas, *Father*, what a hard *Task* do you lay upon me? How uneasie is the *Patience*, which you exact? I tremble at your very *Salutes*, lest I should crush your *Ancient Limbs* by my too rough embraces. I cannot endure to sit at *Table* with you, lest the meat, I carve you, prove to be *Poyson*. I dare not travel in company, nor dare I be alone, with you, lest some mishap or other should intervene. How long shall I be jealous of my own Heart? Death can ensure me that I shall commit no *Parricide*, Death can ensure the World that I am not likely to do it. But, -oh unhappy man that I am, how many things appear, that I ought to be afraid of, tho' I resolve to the contrary! How do I know but the *Idea* of some great danger may transport, and so fright me out of *Wits*? Perhaps I may fly out, as if I followed the heat of an *Alarum*, as if the noise of the Fall of my Country, and the schreiking of a Taken City rous'd me. I can perhaps govern my self by day, but what can I answer to the night, what to casualty, what to mistake? The *Astrologer* did not say, I would murder my *Father*, but that I should.

And for your part, *Father*, you must needs suffer far greater *Agonies*, by forbearing and letting me alone: 'Twere better by much to kill me without any more ado, when you stand in fear of your Life by me. When you lie sweetly satisfied in my *Presence*, *Company*, and *Embraces*, you must needs call to mind, will ye nill ye, your silent thoughts of the danger foretold. And tho' you compose your self to a gallant resolution, yet 'tis a natural *Infirmity* in man, to

fear the *Murderer* as well as *Death* it self. Rid me, *Dear Father*, from so sad and greivous a *straight*, and, by a *short Act* of *Patience*, cut off your *Long-liv'd* anxieties. 'Twill appear fairer and more becoming, to *dye* if I shall be *innocent*, than to *Live*, if I must be a *Parricide*.

Ple tell you plainly, *Father*, I am driven to confess it by a *Fatal* necessity: My *own* hands, I cannot now govern: My *right hand*, I can neither command nor countermand it. The *Transport*, I spoke off, comes upon me, I know nothing, I discern nothing; Then, and not before, I understand, things after they are acted. What! Do you think I overcame my late *Enemy* in the Field by the regular strength of my *Arm*? What have the very *Prisoners* said of me? They dreaded my *Aspect*, as if it were some *monstrous* appearance. Alas! I did not lay about me *so much* with my Weapons, as I was acted by the very *sting* of the *Furies*. My *Breast* was not fenced with *Coat of Mail* or *Breast-plate*, but with those dire *Serpents*, that buck'd about it. I can't call it a *Fight*, or a *Skirmish*, when I *Conquered*, 'twas not as a *Soldier* but as a *Furious Parricide*. My Acts exceeded the reach of *Mortal strength*, whatever was done was *downright rage* and *Fury*. I protest, I proclaim to all the World, I was *not my-self* when I did so *Gallantly*, and I shall commit the *Parricide* too, when I am *not my-self*. I beseech this *Honorable Bench*, if by any means it can be brought to pass, that *Presages* shall not take effect, let the *Glory of Innocence* accrew to *me* rather than to my *destiny*: Let me be said to have *Conquered destiny*, to have *burst* the bonds of

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Fatal necessity; Let my *Duty*, I pray, let my *Integrity* have the sole praise. *God* forbid, I should stay till the *Issue* decide the *Controversie* betwixt the *Response* and *me*. I had rather defeat the *Astrologer*, than venture to find fault with his *Predictions*.

What shall I do now, *worthy Senators*, how can I apply my self to be your *Humble Suiter*, either as a *Gallant*, or as a *Parricide*? Can I say, *Favour* me? Can I say, *Help* me? These *Forms* are used when we pray *against Death*; Men in my case must *court* their miseries after a *new* and *uncouth* way; unless I *dye*, I am in fear and danger. Men think, I have given the *reasons* of my *Resolution*, only that my *Father* might say, *Nay*; and, if I rightly understand *malign* interpretations, they will say I aimed not at my *Exit*, but at an *Excuse* to prevent it, and to cease the tossing of my wretched *Shame*, by appealing to the *Publick*: A *Parricide* will never be deem'd *willing* to dispatch himself as long as he *yet* breaths. And therefore, *Dear Father*, I chuse to fall down at your Feet, I hold up my *Hands* to you, as yet *Guilty* of nothing but *Chivalry*. I beseech you (if I may presume so far,) by what I have done, by your very *affection* to me, which makes you still *fearless* and *secure* of me, have pity upon me: A *Son*, that would willingly die out of dutiful *Affection*, don't let him make a *Parricide's* end. Make use of that *Patience*, whereby you were content to be without me, when you let me go to the *Wars*. Imagine, I had died there in the *Bed of Honour*, and that my *Carkass*, hack'd in peices, was carried

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to

to its *Funeral*. Instead of a *Son* I bequeath to you all *good Parents*: That *affection* you have to keep me with you, lay it out on my *Funeral*; lay out my *Body* with your *own* hands, build the *Funeral Pile* your self, and perform the *last Office*. When you have had enough of your Farewel Kisses and Embraces, *then* and not before, lift up your hands to *Heaven*, and cry out, *Wizard, Thou art a Liar*.

So have I done with my *Plea*, and ended my *Supplications*. As for the rest, Help me, *Hands*! Assist me, *Countrymen*! Not that I may die, I can do *that*, tho' you deny me: But my *Galantry* commends to your *Inspection* and *oversight* the care of my *Death*, if perhaps I do not presently give my self a *mortal Wound*. If, I say, my *hasty* blow lets not out my *Life* and *Soul* with the *stream* of my *Blood*, be so kind as to help my hands, thrust the *Weapon deeper*, and be sure you keep off my *Father*. I know not, *how far* I may fling my hands in the *Agony* of my *Death*, and *whereabout* my *Sword* shall light when I pull it out my *Bowels*, and upon *whom* my *Body* may chance to fall, when I sink under the *stroke*. Would you know, how great *Fear* I am in, in case I should *live*? I am afraid, I shall kill my *Father*, now I die.

Æger



Æger Redemptus:

O R,

The Sick-Son Ransom'd.

DECLAMATION V.

The Argument.

The L A W, Children *must* maintain their Parents *when they fall to decay, or else be committed to Prison*. The C A S E, *There was a man had Two Sons, one Thrifty, the other a Prodigal: They both went to Travel, and were taken by Pyrates, where he that was the Prodigal fell*

fell Sick. They both wrote back to their Father to be Ransom'd. The Good Old Man sold all His Estate to raise a Sum for that purpose, and made a Voyage to them. When he came, The Pyrates told him, he had brought Money enough to redeem but One of them, and bid him chuse which he would. He pitch'd upon the Sick Spend-all, who died in his return homewards. The other Son soon after broke Prison and came home. His Father requires Maintainance of him, he denies it.

For

For the Father against the Son.

THÔ, My Lords, I have already undergon such a train of *misfortunes* that now 'twill be no *News* to me whatever can befall me, in regard my *miseries*, accruing both from *Comforts* and *Cures*, have left me no kind of *Impatience*, yet I confess that I could never foresee, either by my *Fear* or my *Remembrance* of past *calamities*, that, after I had to do with *Pyrates*, after I had lost my *Son*, and after I was reduc'd to *want*, the return of my own *Child* from *Captivity* should add to my *misery*. Alas, I made a shift to Live so long, that I might *once more* have the *sight* of him. And being *buoy'd up* only by the expectation of his being *Alive*, I procrastinated my *ardent* desire of *Death*, by a *resolv'd* *Beggery*. But now, I am e'en asham'd of my *Resolution*. The *Youngster* says, he returned, *only* to be vindicated by his *Brothers* *Death*, and to *mourn in Sack and Claret* for my *loss* of him: Yet I would have him to know, that by this *base undutiful* *Carriage* of his, he justifies the *more*, what I have done. Now he makes me *more sensible* than ever, what an *unworthy* thing it would have been, if I had not *ransom'd* him that was *Sick*. What! do's he complain, that he was *left behind*, yet, you see, he was able to get *away*.
How-

However, *My Lords*, my *Son's* present ill-carriage justifies me for chusing his *Brother*; his cruelty shews, that I ransom'd the *Best* of the *Two*. Yet I will not, on this occasion, aggravate things against him as I might, neither will I chuse to defend by complaining, whatever I did in the *Impatience* of my *unhappy* affection. At that *nick* of time I could not consider or scan the *minds* and *manners* of my Children; my *condition* was so sad, that I could not stand to argue the *Point*, nor compare the affections of *either*: 'Twas *mere* necessity, 'twas only the *miseries* of them *both*, that were my *motive*. Of *Two* Sons, a *Father* loves *neither best*, that, of the *Two*, redeems him that was *Sick*. I confess, *my Lord*, this is the *saddest* circumstance of all, in my woful case, that my *Son*, by his harsh Carriage, and his slighting my *Poverty* and desperate *need*, hath question'd the *Name* of his good *Brother*. A Person, that could break *Prison*, and strike off the *Fetters* of the *Corsairs*, 'twas handsom for him to get clear by no other means, to chuse. For seeing he ransom'd himself with so much *Prowess* and *Hazard*, he would have deserved the admiration of *Him* too, who a little before could not get off, without a *ransom*. Good God, what praise, what renown had he deserved, if he would *relieve* his *Father*, or if he had ransom'd his *Brother*? Being now telling you, *My Lord*, the issue of my *Troubles* in order, which are so many that the *cruelest* and *hard-heartedst* Man alive that hears them, cannot but allow me *maintenance*, my very private disdain and grief prompts me *first* to address my Speech to my *Son*, who complains that

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he was *undervalued* by my *chusing* his *Brother*. What d'ye mean, you wilful proud *Tonker*? You can't tell your self, which of the *Two* I would have ransom'd, if you had been both *well*, or both *amiss*. The Truth is, *my Lords*, my *Two* Sons were of very *different* dispositions and qualities, as to *Body* and *Mind* too: And, as afterwards their *cruel* Captivity made appear, they were wholly unlike, as to their *Course of Life*. One of them was *hardy* and could bear any thing, he was not easily *soften'd* by a *prosperous*, nor broken by an *adverse*, state: He was such an undervaluer of *Pleasure* and *Follity*, that even *thence* you might have known he was able to bear *both* conditions. This *hardiness* of his *Mind* had taught his *Limbs* to be *hardy* too. But 't'other was soon *glad*, soon *sorry*, he never knew what *care* meant; he could not bear the least trouble, a *nice* peevish Fellow, and as good as *sick*, when he was *well*. Yet this very disagreement did *equally* endear them to their *Father*, his affection was so far *equal* to their *different* tempers, that he lov'd *one* with a real *complacency*, and 't'other with a kind of *pity*. But alas! what availed this *equal* and *undivided* affection? 'Twas clear enough, do what I could, whose Company I desired most, and which of the *Two* I had rather see and converse with. Even my *Sons* very complaint, *my Lords*, will he, proves, how his *Father* stood affected towards him. For to be angry and quarrel, that he was not prefer'd before his *Brother*, who was *sick* and *weak*, is the *Pet* of a Person, who was lov'd best of the *Two*. But, *my Lords*, if you would have a further *Proof* of the *equality* of my affection

affection to *them both*, pray consider, I did not cull out *one* from *'tother* to send him beyond Sea, no, I made them go *both* together, I set out his *Brother* to be his *Companion*, and thus I stript myself of them *both*, as believing they were most *with* me, when they so enjoyed one another. And when they fell into disasters, my love continued the *same* to them *both* still. They were *both* taken Prisoners by *Corfairs*, and *both* sent Letters to me to *ransom* them. Tho' thou dissemble never so much, yet thou canst not but confess that I lov'd thee *best*, even when you were *both* in a *woful* plight. When you were *both* in slavery, he that was *sick* (I suppose) could have least hope from his *Father*. Tell me, thou proud *Tonker*, prithee, tell me, What could a *Father* do more than that did his part to ransom you *both*? All my *Estate* went to make up *Mony* to *redeem* you; I sold my Land, my Slaves, my House, and all my *valuable* Goods, with as much haste as a *Father* *ther* could possibly make, nay I'll tell you, the deepest affection in the World could mount no higher, for I reserv'd nothing for *myself*, to keep me, when I grew Old, I laid up *nothing* for *Calamities*, which might possibly happen, yea (unadvised was I, in my *affection*) I left *nothing* no, not for him that I ransom'd. You may understand, *my Lords*, what a large *Sum* I carry'd to the *Pyrats*, for now I have not a *bit* of *Bread* to eat: If you say, the ransom was *mean* and *low*-priz'd, yet 'twas *my All*.

Take the *richest*, or if you will, take the *poorest* Father alive, no man ever gave *more* for his *Children*, than he that left *nothing* for *himself*.

Whether

Whether the reason were, *my Lords*, that *one* of a mans Sons is counted *worth* his *whole Estate*? Or whether it were the *Cunning* of these cruel *Bucaniers*, to set a value on their *Prisoners* heads, only according to the *ability* of those that are to *ransom* them? Good God! How arrogantly, how proudly did the *Corfair* accost me! *Grimsire*, says he, *Thou hast brought too little, one of thy Sons is Sick, Man*. Sure, *Heaven* and *Earth* were angry with me, that, when he was resolv'd not to *release* them *both*, he did not make the choicce *himself*? The cruel *Fellow* was willing to put me to more *sorrow*, and therefore said, I could not have them *both*? But to make my *Circumstances* more sad and deplorable, *Chuse*, said he, *which of the Two, thou wilt*. You see, *Tonker*, that the very *Pyrats* cruelty is a *material* Witness of my *Affection*. He would not have propounded such *Terms* to me, but that he thought I came to *ransom* you *both*? I know, *my Lords*, that, in that very Instant of my sad and tottering necessity, you could not but reckon, that I should have run presently to the *sick Youth*, and upon the very *proposal* of the condition, *immediately* have knock'd off his Chains: But I'll speak the *Truth*, tho' I incur your displeasure thereby, I was at a stand what to do. I was entangled with such a *woful plunge* of grief, that my Love held a long debate within *my poor self*, what 'twas best to do: so that I shall never be able to answer it to my Son's *Ghost*, nor to my own *Conscience* neither, because I did not presently pitch upon him that was *declining*, as if he had been my *only Son*. Tho' now the loss of my *Child* might

might make me hold my peace, yet, I fancy, I added much to his *weakness* by my *delay* in chusing him, so that the unhappy *Youth* easily saw, in this *pinch*, which of the *Two* I would certainly have chosen, if they had been both in health. At last, which was the *only Motive* he could urge, this very *desperateness* of his Case prevail'd with me. 'Tis true, I *ransom'd* him, that when he was *releas'd*, was not able to follow me home, one that took no joy in his *Releasment*, nor in his being *preferr'd* before his *Brother*, and tho' I embraced and encouraged him, yet he was *dejected* still. If there had been any *mercifulness* at all left amongst *Mankind*, I might have pleaded *merit*, even to the *Pyrats* themselves, that they ought to have released them *both*; I wish, *my Lords*, the *young-man* had so demean'd himself in his Life and Conversation, that my *love* not my *compassion* might have put me upon chusing him before his *Brother*. But I count my self an *unhappy* Man, because I had so much to justify me herein; my *Justice* in preferring him is sufficiently accounted for, because he Dyed, even immediately after he was *ransom'd*, he was a *Dying* Son before, and that was the *only* reason, I chose him. *Poor Man*! I had a hard Game to play, even in point of *Credit*! My *Son* (you'l say) Dyed a Natural Death, of a *Consumptive* Disease: Grant it, yet his *Father* had been guilty of his Death, if, *Sick* as he was, he had left him behind. As for *another* Son, *my Lords*, when I saw his resolvedness in bearing his *Imprisonment*, it presently gave me great hopes, he was not dismayed at his *Bondage*, nor at my *delay* in coming to him, nor at his

Brother's

Brother's *Sickness*: so that seeing him so hardy, I had good Ground to hope, that, if his *Sick* *Brother* were releas'd before him, he would be the freer to make any attempt for his own *escape*. At last, *Providence* smiled upon us in our distress, and even in spite of the *Pyrats* cruelty, devised a Way how to return him to me, whom they denyed to release. I confess, *my Lords*, I cannot challenge any thing to my-self, as to the *contrivance* of the *Time*, for I did nothing by *deliberate* advice: yet notwithstanding, the deliverance of *both* my *Sons* gives a sufficient reason for my necessity. He that I *ransom'd*, is *Dead*; and he that I left in *Prison*, hath made his *escape*, and is come home. Perhaps, *Poor Child*, thou look'dst on thy *Father*, when thou found'st him *begging*, as if he had begg'd for *himself*; but thou wert mistaken, I was *begging* to make up thy *ransom*. I appeal to the Clemency of this *Charitable City*, whether I did not use such *Supplications*, and *Motives*, as these. *Sirs*, have pity upon me, give your *Charity*, be as liberal to me as you can, for I am to go back to *ransom* him, who was willing his *Brother* should be *ransom'd* before him. As for thy self, at thy return, you should have call'd out to your *Father* with a loud Voice, *Dear Father*, be of good cheer, bold up your Head, we are now reveng'd on the cruel *Pyrats*, you have now *ransom'd* both your *Sons*. I demand *maintainance*, I need not say, as a *Father* from his *Son*, but as a *Beggar* from the next *Man* he meets, or as a decrepit *Old Man* from one that's *young* and *lusty*. For what Affection hath a deeper root in the sacred and venerable *Principles* of *Nature* it self,

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that

than that of *Pity*? What more common or usual, even between *Children* and *Parents*, than one Man to feed his Neighbour, when he's hungry. It is the *Command* of *God himself*, who's the *Author* of our frail *Life* here below, that we should *help* one another, and by mutual Offices of Assistance supply *others*, with what in time we may want *our-selves*. This doth not yet amount to *Charity*, nor to *Reverence* due to Persons, No, 'tis only a provident *Fear* of the like *Accidents*, and a Religious *dread*, lest such common misfortunes should fall to our own Lot. Every one that fills a *starving's* Belly, in so doing, relieves *himself*. Thus in *Seiges*, when *Provisions* are scanty, one Man's *dole* serves two; and in a *Voyage* at *Sea*, they oft come to half-allowance. Hence also arises that common *Pity*, we bury *Dead* Carcasses, tho' we know not *who* they are, and no *Traveller* is in so much *Post-haste*, but he will Honour *him* with one *Shovel* full of *Earth*, that lies unburied in his way. But as for *Parents*, their *Children* do not oblige them by their *maintainance*, they only repay what they have received, and, *God knows*, full short of what they owe for the many and great *expences* they have been at about us, first in our *Infancy*, then in our *Childhood*, and at length in our *Youth*, tho' we are brought up never so frugally. The Truth is, if *Nature* would but allow this kind of Duty, when *Parents* fail, or are Sick, we might well spare them even part of our very *Lives*, so that a small Portion of that *Soul*, you first had from them, might well return to them as its *Original*. Would you know, what great Duty, what high *Veneration* is due to the *Authority*

of a *Father*? Ple tell you, 'Tis no *Courtesy* at all to allow them *maintainance*, but 'tis an horrid *Impiety* to deny 'em it. What do's the *Law* say? *Children must maintain their Parents*. I am even ashamed of those *Sacred Names*; is all the *Religion* of *Mankind* come to *this*? Must *this* be a *Positive Law*? What *Curse* shall I imprecate on that Man, who first made *Filial* duty to be a *Vote* of *Senate*? *Children must maintain their Parents*. O Cruelly done! O *Famine* of all *Famines*! What, no *maintainance* but by force of *Law*? But, says my Son, *You deserve none*: For answer, Ple set by the consideration of *affection* and *merit*, a while, and at present insist only on *this*, that I am to be rewarded only upon the account of my *weakness* and *poverty*. First of all, the *Law* is made so *severe*, that we may demand *maintainance* with greater *Confidence*. They go off from the *beauty* and *sanctity* of *Nature*, who think that the *Law* provides only for such *Parents*, as stand upon good terms with their *Children*; No, the *Law* takes care of them, even in case of *variance*; and between such *Sacred Relations*, a just *Provision* is made, that even *hatred* should be bound to some Duty. You complain, fume, and are angry with me, for this very reason the *Law* takes hold of you. What! would you have me stay, till the *merits* of our *whole Life* make up an agreement between *Parents* and *Children*, and till Duty, Nature and Blood do, as it were, tie a daily Knot of *Friendship* between them? so that unless *Parents* oblige *them* by compliance, flattery, and forbearance, presently *Children* renounce their *Birth* and *Dependencies*. My Lords, if you

would save the *Veneration* due to a *Father's* Name in *all* Cases, let it be thus, Let the *Son* maintain the *Father*, when he is good, and let the *Law* maintain him, when he is *otherwise*. I won't wrong *Nature* so much, nor the *Law* neither, as to make any *Apology* even for the *worst* of *Fathers*, or to think that *Sacred Name* is *precarious*, and stands in need of *Favour* to bolster it up. No, let me be as *cruel*, and as *bad* a *Father* as he can make me, yet I have lov'd him, I think, *long enough* already. Tho' I shut him out of *Door*, tho' I strike him out of my *Will*, and he has no hope to enjoy a *Foot* of *Land* after me, nay tho' I load him with *Irons*, tho' I beat him *black and blue*, yet such a *bad Father*, as *this*, can hardly be requited. What if I be *Proud* and *Impetuous* to my *Child*? must I, think you, *earn* every *Day* that, which was my due the *first Day* he was *Born*? Am I *pliable*, *gentle*, *indulgent*, these are *terms* of a *loving* affection; for *such* qualities as *these*, a *Man* would maintain an *Acquaintance*, or keep a *Stranger*. The *Truth* is, when sometimes we are not so, 'tis our *Childrens* fault, and (which is a clear Evidence, that their *miscarriage* makes us *uneven* in our deportments towards them) we never meet with a *Parent*, that is harsh and peevish, but where the *Son* began *first* to play his *Pranks*. What is't you say? Am I *rigid*, and *hard-hearted*? Let me not starve *tho'*, I ask only a *bit* of *Bread*, I desire no more for the *Reverence* you owe to the *Name* of a *Father*. Whatever you do for a *Father's* maintainance, whom you pretend to be *unworthy*, against your *Wills*, *discontinue* it: that is maintained, but rather all

all *Fathers* in him. If *willing*, you shew your dutiful *affection*; if not, you must comply with the *Law*, that *forces* you. You don't maintain a *Father*, if you respect only *Virtue* in him. Prithee, *Young Man*, be quiet, defer your *Complaints*, 'twill be time enough to *Quarrel*, and to twit me in the *Teeth*, when I call for the *Respects* and *Largesses* due to an *happy* and *prosperous Father*: Now, I don't submissly kneel before you, that you may be afraid of me; when a *Father* is in distress, he can be cruel to none. Thou seest, I am a *ruin'd Man*, all kind of misery overwhelms me; nay I cannot well be more miserable, for I have *lost* my *Child*, and I go a *begging*. My grey *Hairs* are *clit* on my *Head* for want of *Comb-ing*; I did look fresh, but *now* my *Eyes* are sunk in my *Head*, and can scarce dart a poor *ray* through my nasty *Hair*, that hangs over them. I am so lean, that my *Skin* even *sticks* to my *Ribs*, *Famine* hath quite destroy'd the *Man* in me, I am now a mere *Skeleton*.

I hope in this condition I shall be a *Good Father* again, and deserve my former *Respect* and *Reverence*, even from the *pitiousness* of my *Case*. What! Is not this *creeping* of mine to my *Son* punishment enough for me, that I am fain to entreat, to crave, that I am no better than his mere *Beggar*? Nay, O *Heavens*! How *many* things are there that the *Laws* themselves cannot make good to us? And how *many more* do we come short of, when men do for us against their *Wills*. Stay, I don't *require*, that you should feed me with your *own* *Hands*, or that you should *make much* of me and *cheer* me up; No, *throw* me

something that I may catch; cast it under the Table, that I may take it up. You may be reveng'd of me in some sort, if you relieve me, and yet don't pity me. Yet, my Lords, if any Plea can be legally allow'd by you for so great an Impiety, and if you think it possible, that a Son, who will not maintain his Father, can give any reason at all for it, then, I beseech you, weigh with yourselves, what horrid offence that must be, that a Son cannot revenge but by *Famishing* his own Father. Oh, says he, *You would not ransom me, when I was taken Prisoner?* Who can but think that the Father should rather complain of the Son? Can a Father bear, his Son should tell him, I am not at all in thy Debt for giving me Life and Being once, because thou didst not add a second kindness, to give me my Life and Liberty once again. Truly, we are in a very bad Case to deserve so highly of our Children, if we must add more or else lose all; 'tis a very ill Example, if we fail in what's to come, to have no thanks for what's past. I did not ransom thee. Thy obligation to me was never the less for bringing thee forth, as a piece of myself, into the Visible Scene of this World. 'Twas long of me, that thou canst make use of Sea and Land for thy advantage, and serve thy self by the unwearied Courses of the Stars, yea and of the bright-shining Firmament of Heaven. Those very hands, which thou draw'st back; the very words that deny me maintenance, thou hadst them both from my Substance and from my Loins. Thou should'st rather have rejoic'd and been glad at Heart, that thy Father's unkindness and severity gives thee opportunity to shew thy self a

good

good and dutiful Son. He only is before-hand with his Father, who complains of him, and yet relieves him. Yet, my Lords, how many Answers could I give to his Complaint, which would wholly take off any reflection upon me, for not *ransoming* him? It were an Excuse tolerable enough, if I should say, I made all the haste I could, but Old Age, my Poverty, and my Weakness, were a great hindrance to me? Besides, I could not get up Money enough to ransom you so soon: I could not equip my self for a Voyage in so much haste; 'tis difficult for those that are younger and lustier than I, so to do. Besides, being a lone Man, and stricken in Years, I did not thrive so prosperously, as I expected. How many Fears, how many Jealousies did I undergo in my hasty Voyage? Good Son, be not so wrathful, I did no more for him that I ransom'd indeed, than I did for you. I don't owe you the good hap of success in all that I do, I owe you only my good Will; I do what I can for you, but I cannot undertake for a fair Issue. I rais'd Money to ransom you both; I put to Sea in behalf of both; I came and supplicated the Pyrats for both: suppose, they had released both, pray tell me, which had I loved best then? Go too then, Yunker, (if thou wilt) aggravate things against thy Father, give out, Thou pretendest starving, but 'tis Luxury, Prodigality, and voluptuous Courses, have brought thee to it, like an Old Fornicator thou hast spent all thy Estate upon Misses and Sluts: If it were so, yet you ought to succour me. The Law is content only to say, That a Father, when poor, is to be relieved; it doth not tend the Son to enquire into the Causes of his Po-

erty. But what will you say, if I laid out all on your Education, on your running up and down, and on your ransoms? 'Tis a horrible wickedness, and without Parallel, to make one's Father a Beggar, and then not to relieve him.

My Lords, the Youth now endeavours to load me with another Imputation, for not redeeming him. You prefer'd, says he, my Brother before me. Suppose, I plead Guilty to this Indictment, suppose, I acknowledge the Crime. Thou Impudent'st of Mortal Race! What, can'st not endure that thy Brother should have a little Love, more than thyself? Whereas 'tis plain, thou prefer'st the Love of I know not who; the affection, that takes up the Room in thy Heart, proceeds from far less Obligations. Thou dost not care, I should respect him, who drew Life and Breath from my own Bowels, as well as thyself; and who alone might well have taken up the All of a Father's Love. He is the worst of Men, that thinks his Brother cannot be loved, but he must be hated. Wilt thou Watch, I trow, and keep reckoning, whom I Kiss oft'nest, and whom I embrace most affectionately? This is no discontent, or pious quarrel, which was best beloved of the Father? do it thou think, that Brother of thine was lov'd too much, whom, thou didst not love at all? Thou art mistaken, Poor Youth, and ill Principles have led thee a to'side a true understanding, who supposest, That part of a Father's affection is lost to one Son, which by reason of some cogent Circumstances inclines to another. There is an equal, nay the same, affection to all the Children, yet sometimes he may have proper motives of Indulgence to one

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of 'm; and, the equality of Love being sav'd still, there is something, for which, by a secret Instinct of mind, we again love each one, as if he were the only begotten. One obtains the preference, as being the First-Born; another, because a Young-Infant; One is commended for a brisker Countenance, and a prettier look after a Kiss, or so; A grave look, and honest Face endears some; others again are better beloved for unhappy Accidents; Corporal defects, and an helpless state and condition are the greatest Objects of Commiseration. Yet Fatherly affection, in gross, is safe and intire, when what we think wanting in one is supply'd in another. Be content, those affections are not wholly lost, they do not quite perish, but prevail in their turns, as we see good, one while one is serv'd, and 'tother while another. Nothing can be prefer'd before a Son, but a Son as good as He.

My Lords, Let me make the best of my Calamity awhile, and plead so, as if I had found both my Sons amongst the Pyrates, in good plight. Doubtless the Ransom, I brought, was enough for both, yet They would not Release both, but bad me, Take my Choice. Pray, advise me, what shall I do in the Case? What say you? Would it be the compassion of a Father, to get me gon, to pack away, to take per, to make my means, and by this means strive to make the Pyrats, Odious? Children all, I put the Question to you! Parents all, I interrogate you! Is it not a plain Crime to Ransom neither, because I cannot Ransom both? 'Twere a great peice of Piety, sure, to make my Children all alike in an equal state of Despair,

Despair, and because I cannot relieve *both*, therefore to bereave my self of *both*. But you, *Poor Grandfire*, take what's given, be glad of what's offered, whilst the fierce *Pirats* are in a good mood, till their cruel Temper doth abate so, as to suffer *both* to be redeem'd. In the mean time, many things may casually step in; hope the best, you may come *again*, or you may hope, that *perhaps* he may make his *Escape*. That which cannot be done by the *Lump*, yet may be perform'd by *Peice-meal* and in *parts*; and 'tis easier to take in peices those *parts* that are separate, which in the *bulk* must not be medled with. As far as I understand, *My Lords*, my *Son*, that would have had little benefit by my *chusing* him, is *only* angry at this, that I Ransom'd his *Brother*. Who, *My Lords*, can endure such a peice of *Impudence*? He accuses me, that, I should make any *distinction* between my *Children*. Then he complains that *himself* was not chose, so that, tho his *Brother*, beside his *equal* share of *Relation*, had also an *additional* advantage, *viz.* the *respect* due to his *Weakness*, yet he is angry, because that *Scale* did not weigh heaviest, wherein the *bare* notion of *Son* was *only* put.

I see not, *My Lords*, how I could have avoided the *odiousness* of this *Fault*, if I had rather chosen to release him. A *Father*, that could not obtain *both* of the *Pyrats*, must needs redeem either the *Weak* one, or *none*. Nay but, *says he*, You preferred my *debauch'd* *Brother* before me. Not so fast, good *Son*, forbear your *reviling* language. These *distinctions* are not seasonable *here*, those *Vices* of *his*, and these *Vertues* of *yours* may be considered

red at *home*, but not before you come *thither*. In the *Interim*, I look upon you both *alike*, as *Brothers*, as my *Children*, *both* under *Captivity* and *Misery*, the difference between you is *swallow'd* up by your *common* share in calamity. You see, how unworthy 'tis, that *one* of you should be of *less* account with me, than 't'other? The *Pyrats* car'd not, *which* of you I chose. You have left, *says he*, your *deserving* *Son* behind, and redeem'd the *Spend-thrift*. I could have born the comparison, *d'e mark me*, if the *dispute* had been about *Estate* or *Preferment*, then I wou'd have own'd, you should have had the *Preference*. But we are at *this* Pass *now*, we are not to consider *Probity* of *Mind* and *Manners*, but *only* to make an *Estimate* of your *Persons*. Alas! How should He live in so *delesem* a condition? How could he endure the *nastyness* of a *Prison*, and the *hunger-starv'd* diet of *Pyrats*, that could not endure the *near* and *sparing* entertainment of his *Fathers* House? Could he ever have liv'd in the *solitude* of a *Dungeon*, that was always us'd to *Company* and *Good-Fellowship*? You, who were accusom'd to *honest* *Patience* and *commendable* *Labour*, were better able to stay *behind* awhile; you *your self* do answer your own *Objections*: 'Tis you, that I left behind, and 'tis the *Company-keeper* that I Ransom'd. What wou'd you have? I preferr'd him, that I complain'd of to *none* but you; when I punish'd and rebuk'd him, you know, I us'd to commend and admire you. Aggravate your *Brothers* faults as much as you will, call him *prodigal*, *deboist*, as long as you know that thereby you do the *more* confirm, that 'twas not his *Fathers*

Fathers greater Love, but only a *Consideration* of his *Misery*. He is truly said to *Chuse*, who takes *him* that was *best* before. Prithee, *Youth*, forbear to misinterpret *Adversity*. 'Tis no *choice* to take *one*, when a man has brought the *Price* of *Both*. What *difference* there is, 'twas not *I*, but the *Pyrat* made it. Whatever I acted for *either* of the *Two*, proceeded from the *Affection*, where-with I lov'd *you both*. I, being a man, who valu'd my *Son* only for the sake of his *Misery*, did not prefer *him* before *you*; but if *you* had been in *his* Case, I had done as much for *you*. Do you think, This was done by me out of *design*? No, 'twas *mere Chance*, that *you* were *both* made *Prisoners*, that *one* of *you* fell *Sick*, and that he did not *recover*, even tho' he were *Ransom'd*. When I came to redeem *Two*, that which the *Pyrat* granted me for *one*, 'tis as much as if he had deny'd me *both*.

But how long shall I conceal the true *reason* of my *Fact*? *This* it was; I plainly *chose* him, because he was *Sick*. Tell me now, if you please, that he was a *lowd* and a *debauch'd* Fellow. Pray, speak *softly* of his *Memory*, lets have a devout *tenderness* for his *last Askes*, perhaps I should have been *sorry* if he had liv'd. I tell you *once* and *again*, (seeing you put me to it) I make my *defence* from my very *Accusation*. 'Tis my *Sick Son*, I *redeem'd*. For the truth is, there is no *difference* between *Children*, but where *calamity* intervenes; amongst those, whom *Natural Piety* hath made *all one*, you can find no *distinction*, unless on account of *Misery*. I don't now consider *Course* of *Life* or *Morals*. I found him *panting*, I

heard

heard his *weary-groans*, 'twas to *him* I came, not as soon as I should. Again, O *Fortune*, thou hast *devis'd* a *Way*, how *Charity* may *super-erogate*, and what *accession* may be made to the *Sacred Names* of *Father* and *Son*. This alone is a *greater affection* than to *Love all Sons*, to have *compassion* on *one*. If any man should ask me, *My Lords*, the *Condition* was not *truly meant* nor *honest*, but *favour'd* of a *Pyrats* barbarity. I might by no means leave my *Sick Son* behind me, but, I hope, I may take the *Weakling* with me. Do you think it likely, that they would release *you* on as *easy* Terms, as they would your *Brother*, that was a *dying*? Or that *Fellows* of such *inhumanity*, that had the *Heart* to share and share alike of *Children* with their *own Fathers*, would suffer *him* to be left on *their hands*, who they knew wou'd die even by *this*, That his *Father* left him behind? My *miserable Piety* was sorely put to it, and they were pleas'd to add *this* also to my *calamities*, that I should bear the *shame* of such a *Condition*, where no side could be chosen. When a *Sick-man* is offer'd, in competition with a *sound*, he is *therefore* offer'd, that he *alone* may be chosen.

My Lords, if I mistake not, there is *one point* behind. That seeing he complains his *Brother* was *prefer'd* before *him*, you your selves would judge, *which* of them, in those circumstances, my *Piety* ought to have releiv'd? Certainly, this is the *Infirmity* of *humane Nature*, that of all *misfortunes* every body thinks those the *scorest*, that he *himself* undergoes; for seeing we are sensible of *other mens* sufferings only by *Reflection* on them

in

in our *thoughts*, but of our own by *actual pain*, of necessity *ours* must make a deeper Impression, tho' they be less, in regard of our *impatience*. But *this* was a *languishing* and *consumptive Sickness* which outstrips all other *calamities*, for in all other *Miseries* a man may have some glimpse of *ease* and *comfort*. Let a man's *hands* be *manacled* under a *merciless Jaylor*; Let his *body* be shut up in the *Hole* or *darkest Dungeon*, yet some can *play* even with their *Chains*, and *clear* their *Limbs* from the *links*, and it hath something of *contentment* in it, to be able to manage a *contest* with *ones Punishment*. The rage of *Kingdoms* lies in *Racks*, the rage of *War* in *Wounds*, yet whatever we are able to *go thro'*, doth not trouble us *so much*; and when *Crosses* fall upon us in *prime* of *Age* and *Spirit*, they are *master'd* by our *stout* striving against them.

What *Torments*, what *Pains*, can you compare to a *languishing Sickness*? when a *Consumption* seizes inwardly on the *Bowels* and *Vitals*, and sends the man every day *piece meal* to the *Grave*? When his *Stomach* calls for *meat*, *drink*, and other accommodations of *Life*, and yet *loaths* them, when they are brought to him? When we *long* for *Attendants*, and cannot endure them *neither*? When we bespeak the help of hand, and yet when it *comes to*, are loth to be touch'd? When our *Body* is tumbled and toss'd all over the *Bed*, as upon *burning Coals*? The very *light* is offensive to his *almost-spent Eyes*, and no *Voice* he has, but what he utters in *groaning*? When of *Two Captives*, the *one* is *Sick*, a *Father* can do no wrong, but in *this only*, if he chuse the *sound*.

Hitherto,

Hitherto, *My Lords*, I have discoursed of him as if he had been *Ill at home*, and in his own *House*, amongst his *Parents* and *Freinds*: But, Oh, *My Lords*, a *Prison*, and a *Thousand diseases* attending it, are enough to make *any one*, *Sick*; I don't mean a *Prison*, that the *Severity* of the *Law*, or the *Justice* of the *Magistrate* sent him too; No mortal fear, nay the wit of man can't sufficiently conceive, what I saw. *First*, you have, under the *Precipice* of a *vast Rock*, a *doleful hole*, which was dug so deep by all the skill, the *Pirats* had, far beyond the *natural darkness* of the *blackest night*; next, the *vast Ocean* encompass'd it about, and when the tempestuous *Fury* of the *Sea* dash'd against the *Rocks* on all sides, it *frighted* us as if it would *fall*. Every place look'd *doleful*, having *Gallows's* erected in it; the neighbouring parts were full of *floating wracks*; wherever we look'd, nothing but *melancholy* or death, and to comfort the *Hearts* of *Poor Captives*, (the *clean contrary way*) no going out, but to *Execution*. There was only a little *Breath* left, by which they made a shift to live, which was drawn in and breath'd out by *groans* of *Prisoners*, and was as 'twere *made up* by so many *languishing Captives*. *This* was the place where my *Poor Gentleman* lay; such was the *Bed* and *Furniture* the *Pyrat* had prepar'd, ever since he began to set up the *Trade*. That *Body*, which could scarce endure the *tendrest* touch of those that *ministred* to it, lies in *Fetters*, which the *cruel Pyrat* bound him in, as if he had but *newly* come into his *Clutches*; and tho' his *emaciated Limbs* slip from the *Gives*, yet they still gripe him as bad,

as

as if his *Flesh* fill'd them up, they fall lower and lower in a *knot* as it were, the *Prisoner* not being able to hold them up. In *what* condition was he under a *Chain*, whose *Consumptive* hands could scarce endure the *softest* wear? What *rest* could he take amidst the *groans* and *yawnings* of his Fellow-Prisoners, that could scarce sleep when all was *busht* and *quiet*? Who could minister a word of *comfort* to him in his *sad* condition? *All* about him were in the same case, and every day, to the *Old* *Standers*, came in a *New* *Captive* to increase the *din*. Now, do you compare, if you please, your *Circumstances* with your *Sick* *Brothers* Case? You complain, the *Pyrat* did give you no *Victuals*, he could not but put it by, when it was offer'd him: The *bare* *ground*, and *naked* *lodging* is *all* that afflicts you, but he at every motion of his *Hetical* body tumbles into his *smarting* *Chains*, and which way soever he turns himself, tired out with *pains*, he *renews* his *Punishment* by a *fresh* exercise of his *Patience*. Briefly, you may consider the *height* and *utmost* of his *miserable* affliction, even by *This*, *Poor* *man*, He could not be *cur'd*, no not after his *Father* had *Ransom'd* him. Now, *Good* *Son*, examine me if you please, and ask me every foot, Why I made choice of your *Sick* *Brother*? Do you think, I can give you a *reason*, why I did it? I protest, I could not, if I had redeem'd *your-self*. What if he should call me to *Answer*, Why I laid out *all* my *Estate* upon his *Funeral*? Why I invited such a *Train* of *Friends* to the *Solemnity*? To what purpose did they dwell so long on his *Funeral* *Pile*? What, never part from his *ardent* *embraces*? To

all which I say, I avow, and care not who hears me, *You* are a *Fool* or a *Madman*, if you ask me such *Questions*.

But, says he, This then is my *great* complaint against you, *That* you *preferr'd* a *Dead* *man* before me. Prithee, *Yongster*, don't impute so much *Savageness* to me, as to suppose I thought his *Case* was *desperate*. May I not *hope* he would live the *first* time that I saw him, and embrac'd him sick and weak, and whom even the *Pyrat* was content to have *left* *behind*? If you ask a *Fathers* *Judgment*, whatever it be that torments and troubles the *Poor* *man*, I do not think it *Weakness* so much, as *Impatience*, a *longing* to go home, and *greif* that he stays so long there. He that is detain'd by *Pyrats*, his only *Remedy* is his *Ransom*. But by your leave, *Sweet-heart*, there is no reason I should fly to this *Plea* for my calamitous *Piety*, as to say, *I* *thought* *he* *would* *live*. Ple rather aggravate my *Crime* in common with *thee*; Let me confess I *Ransom'd* him, who could not brook *dilatory* *Put-offs* and *delays*, so that, the *Pyrats* sold me only some *short-lived* *Kisses*, and a small *scantling* of *Life*. Upon my word, if you had been *both* *Sick*, I would have *Ransom'd* him that Sickned *first*. If you had been both *cast* *away* at *Sea*, I would have lent my helping hand to him, that was *most* *weary* with striving against the *Waves*, and readiest to drown. If you had both returned *Wounded* from the *Army*, I would have sooner bound up his *Wounds*, that bled most cruelly. Forgive me, O *Heavens*, tho I know not which to chuse of my *Children*, yet I know which to chuse, when they are in a *wretched* condition.

dition. Moreover, I give thanks to my Fate, thanks, I say, that my Sick Child hath yet the use of his senses, that he knows how kind I have been to him, otherwise I had got nothing but a Carka's, and had paid the Ransom of Two for the last obsequies of one. You don't know, how much I was confounded, and how much was added to my grief, that my Children should be in the same condition under such different circumstances. A Sick Brother is all one to a Pyrat, but he is not all one to a Father.

But, Oh, my unhappy age! Whether I will or no I must confess, that what I did on good grounds and with an high degree of Piety, yet it was with difficulty and regret. What, d'e think, my thoughts were at that time, and what trouble of mind was I in, when, Poor man, I was fain to run between both my Children, as uncertain which to Chuse? When I kiss'd one longer than ordinary, I thought 't'other would die for despair. When I appropriated my Groans and my Tears to thy Sick Brother, thou look'dst, as if Thou wouldst have been Sick. How oft did I make an attempt to loose thy Chains? But my very preference of Thee did the more endear to me thy Brother, whom I pass'd by. How oft did I take off his Chains and then put them on again, when my mind was to release thee sound, rather than him sick. I can't dissimble the difficulty of that Condition, known only to my-self. I ought to Ransom thy Sick Brother, but I had rather it had been, Thee.

My

My Lords, I would willingly place you in the present straits and necessities, I my self then was. Behold, the unhappy Youth, at first sight of his Father, endeavour'd to rite up, and a little lifted his Hands, discolour'd as they were with filth and nastiness, as if he wou'd have embrac'd me, but the poor Heart swoon'd before he could bring them to my Neck, and so fell back again upon the Place he lay on. All the rest of the Prisoners were still, and lest the terrible noise of the Chains might drown our Discourse, they held their wearied Limbs with much ado, and stir'd not. Perhaps, 'tis too late to put on my Gravity, yet now, if you please, I'll begin. Thou debauch'd Knave, thou deserv'dst to be left behind. Alas, that Man doth not know the hurrys and tossings of paternal grief, who thinks it any comfort to him to complain of a languishing Son, and to upraid his Course of Life and Manners. Tell me not of Virtue, pardon me at this time, O Probity; he, of my Children, is dearest to me who is upon the Point of Death. Yet, I confess, it was some comfort to me in my Childs weakness, that the unhappy Youth liv'd as he would himself, and that his Life, tho' short, was yet merry and jocund. Believe me, Tonker, I had rather now, even for thy own sake, that thou hadst been a Prodigal too: In what time of his painful Sickness wouldst thou have me brow-beat and chastise him? He is a very impatient Man indeed, that will go destroy his Son, because perhaps he may have some reason to be angry with him. Dost thou think, I was wrought upon by his Prayers and the Intercession of his Tears? No, the poor

K 2

Sickling

Sickling prevail'd upon me, by saying *nothing*. I fate by the *poor Fellow's* side, he hung down his *Eyes*, I ask'd him a *Question*, his *Answer* was in *sighs* and *groans*. While I was *considering*, he behav'd himself as one given up for *lost*; when he went about to *embrace* me, presently his feeble *Hands* fell down into my *Bosom*. And when we had mingled our weary *Groans*, and breath'd out our very *Hearts* in *warm sighs*, answering one another with united *Sobs* and wearisom *Tears*, without speaking a *Word*, at last he recollected his *Spirit* with much ado into these few *Words*. Truly, *Father*, says he, I give you *thanks*, that you came hither to *ransom* us *both*; yet my *sickness* hath not *soblunted* my *Senses*, but that I know the *issue* of this my present condition. I am an *Hecter*, I am a *debauch'd Fellow*, and I Dye under the *Infamy* of that *Name* and *Report*. Yet, I wish, that the *Fates* at last would bestow this *Boon* upon me, that I may *breath* my *last* in your *Arms* and *Embraces*. But if to stay for a *Dying Man* seem long to those that are in *haste*, then depart ye *survivors*, happy *survivors*; only speak a *Word* for my *Corps* to the *Pyrats*, that it may not be *drown'd* in the *deep*, or *thrown* into the *boistrous Sea*, then I should *end* as if my *Father* had never come and attempted to *ransom* me. For how can I hope, that ever you should come *again* to *redeem* me? Then upon some *broken Speeches* he quite fainted, and was spent, and his *Vitals* being gathered together where his *pain* was, his *Limbs* grew *stark* and *stiff*: I confess, I cried out, *Poor Youth*, How do'st do? Why do'st *sink* down in *Despair*? Lift up thine *Eyes* a little, take *Heart*, hold

hold out a while, *Thy very Brother* hath *chosen thee*. At this *Word* the *bargain* was struck, the *Pyrat* presently took off his *Chains*, and loos'd his *Bounds*; would you have me deny now, that I *chose* him? when he was brought forth into the *open Air* to see the *Sun*, would you have him return'd to his *darkness* again? For my part, I had not a *Word* to say, that I might *consider*, or *refuse* the *Person*, that was releas'd.

Pray distinguish between the *Father's Act*, and the *Act* of the *Pyrats*. The *Father* releas'd *both*, but the *Pyrats* would let him carry but *one* home with him. Ob, but, says my *Son*, You ought not to have *redeem'd* my *Sick Brother*, for, you see, he dy'd presently after. O thou *cruellest* of *Flesh and Blood*, who do'st not think thy own *ransom* was lost, hear how much the *Pyrats* restor'd to *me* even in my *Dying Son*. Your *Brother*, who fainted away in his *Shackles*, had some *breathing-time* when he came to a *Bed*, and liberty at last to toss and tumble his *unmanack'd Hands* *all the Bed over*, after his *baleful Prison* he shifted himself of his *filthy nasty Rags*, he was so *happy* for a little while, as to see his *Neighbours*, to speak to his *Friends*, to lay his *Charge* on 'em, and *bind* 'em to it, and tho' he were *sinking* under his last *Fate*, yet he had the *priviledge* to breath in the *free* and *open Air*, before. *Fortune*, whether she would or no, hath bestow'd on me a great *comfort*, even in the *loss* of my *Son*; if I had left him behind, he would have dy'd with some *envious* reflection upon *my-self*, but *now*, I have not *kill'd*, I have only *lost* him. What say you, *Son*? If I ought not to have *redeem'd* my *Son*, that was going the

Way of all *Flesh*, don't you think it punishment enough for me, that he is *dead and gon*? Perhaps you might have been *angry* with your *Father*, if your *Brother* should have liv'd; then if I had demanded *maintainance* of you, you might have answer'd, Go to my *Brother*, who is *more* in your *Books*. As far as I see, you are reveng'd of your *Father's Beggery*, and you are also an *Enemy* to your poor *Brother's Liberty*? You don't know the right way of *aggravating* things against your *Father*; your *Cause* would be the *better*, if you did take *piety* upon me. But, Oh *Heavens*! how different was the *affection* of the poor *Youth*, that's gone! For I declare, and proclaim, so that all the *Town* may hear and bear Witness, He gave you many thanks even at the very *Instant* of his *Dying*. I verily believe, the poor *Man* pined away with grief, upon this account, that for his sake I had lost all that *Money*. And therefore in his *languishment* he spake to you, as if you had been by, *Dear brother*, I beg of you by that sacred and venerable *Tye* of our *Birth*, by our *joynt Travels* together, by our *common misfortunes*, by this very *Sentiment*, That *sickness* might have been your *Lot*, if ever your *Courage*, or wearisomeness of *Pyrrats*, shall set you free from this *confounded* place, I commend to you our *ancient Father*, whom both of us have even made a *Beggar*. I call the *immortal Gods* above to Witness, yea and the *Infernal ones* too, I would have maintain'd my *Father*, if he had ran on'd you.

But I may thank my self, says the *Youth*, for my return home. The Truth is, *Young-man*, I would no whit detract from the commendation of your
Virtues,

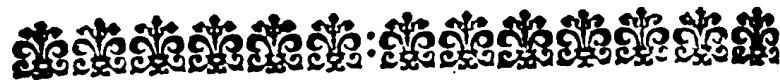
Virtues, yet I am bound to tell you the *Truth* in this deed of mine, and you *must* hear it. You *ungrateful Wretch*! do you give out, that you made your *escape*; No, I tell you, you were released, and the *Piety* of my *Election* was the *Cause*: How came it else to pass, that, during your *Imprisonment*, you could not make your *escape* before? Crack as long as you will of your *breaking Prison*, and shaking off your *Chains*. Would you know, what made the *Pyrrats* so secure and negligent in guarding you? 'Twas because I paid 'em *Money* enough to ransom you both.

The *Young man* himself, my *Lords*, doth now also understand, that he is not able to cope with the *justice* of my *Calamities*, and therefore he *Pleads* as if he were not bound at all to maintain me: So that he passes over his defence to this *Plea*, That he is not in *Case* or *Ability* to do it. What say you, my *Lords*, will you endure a *Young sturdy Fellow* with such pretences? Grant, thou hast no great *Estate*, yet thou hast *Limbs* and *Lustibood*: I don't expect any *hard labour* or any difficult undertaking from you, I am content, Son, with your *good will only*. Don't think, I desire *maintainance*? Nay, I rather desire *shoulders* for my *weakness* to lean upon, *hands* to warm my *Breast* that is so beaten with my *knocking* of it, and a *Bosom*, where to lay the remainder of my even *exhausted Tears*; I desire, that you would bury me, and lay my *Bones* by those of your poor *Brothers* deceased. I seek not for *maintainance*, but I seek for a *Son*. Moreover, I require no long and burthensome business in your *last Duty*? Alas! I would not live long, tho' you main-

tain'd me both. Rest secure, in a very short time my Groans will deliver you, and my Vitals that are even worn away by my daily waylings: Why do you send me to the Charity of the Croud? Why do you again make me burthensome to all my Neighbours? I have spent my stock of Tears already, I have worn out all the pity of the Town. Other Folks will never relieve a Man, that his own Son is bound to maintain. Son, what means your harsh dealing with me, which is unbeseeming my calamity, and also unbecoming your virtuous Education? You have made me past shame in my miseries. Whatever I did, since you came home, 'tis Impudent Beggery. Yet the Youth persists in his hard-heartedness, neither doth the Memory of his Brother, nor the sad Estate of his Father incline him to any pity at all. Another Man would here cry out, on this occasion, Oh thou absurdest of Mortals, who return'dst to grieve and torment thy Father, thou art worthy to be cast into Bondage again. And thou insult over this my Confession, yet I shall not press it; why d'ee shew me such miserable ways of Revenge, and such sad means of Relief? A Father would do so, that was never willing to redeem his Son. Come now at last, thou over-long-liv'd Age, let's come to our Prayers, and, which is the only thing a Paternal Piety doth own, let's beg and entreat. Dear Child, I beseech you by this Age of mine, which you mutter is too long, by those common misfortunes of Mankind, which we have all Experience of, for thy poor Brother's sake, who had not the happiness to see thee return'd, and to stand by him at his Death, maintain me now, because I did

did my best to redeem thee. Maintain me, because I did actually redeem thy Brother. I don't desire, thou should'st. Work till you are weary, nor do I desire to be idle my self; nor do I assign soil and sweat to your labouring hands, that I may lie still and be idle the while. No, let us joyn together in duties of mutual Piety, a mournful Pair, a Pair to be reverenc'd in all Ages, and upon all accounts. We have to do with a very merciful Government. They will give more chearfully, when they shall see those, who are jointly and alike miserable, to have both their share in mutual Alimony. For my part, I'll beg, as I use to do, and the People shall throw their Alms into your Lap. Whatever my Prayers and Tears shall obtain, that take you, keep, and distribute. I am solicitous for your Credit, that you may be a dutiful Son. I will beg, and you shall maintain me.

Corpus



*Corpus Projectum, five
Anus Caca.*

A Corps thrown into
the Sea:

O R,

The Blind Old Woman.

DECLAMATION VI.

The Argument.

The LAW. *He that forsakes his Parents
in their distress, when he Dyes, his Body
is to be cast out unburied. The CASE.
A certain Man had a Wife and a Son, he
himself*

*himself was taken by Pyrats, and wrote
back to be ransom'd. Upon reading his
Letter, his Wife wept out her Eyes, and
his Son, much against his Mothers Will,
went and redeem'd his Father, putting
himself Prisoner in his stead. The Son
dyes in Prison; his Body was thrown into
the Sea, and, by stress of Weather, was
carried back into his own Country and there
cast ashore. The Father would have him
Buried, the Mother withstands it.*

For

For the Father against the Mother.

Altho, my Lords, in this woful plight of frail humane Nature, whercin every Man living hath his share, all are of this Humour, to count their own sufferings greatest and most intolerable, yet of necessity this must be a Truth, evident to all Men, That my misery doth so far exceed others, that, it alone ought to be lamented, even to the loss of ones Eyes. For what have I suffered so light, but that even the disasters of others, compar'd with mine, may be counted Felicities? Oh, 'Tis a grievous thing, to be clapt into Chains by Pyrats, which they have the greatest reason to say, who know, how suddenly, such persons, when taken, come to their ends. Poor Man, I was a Prisoner indeed, but I count my self more unhappy, that I was releas'd. Want of affection to ones own is very unworthy, yet how much of it appears in this matter, you all see. Nay, I have more, I must complain of this too, that my Wife and my Child, both lov'd me too too well. What could I imagin was possible to be found in the whole World, harder to be born, than total loss of Children? Yet that which is the most miserable to others, could never be my good hap, to follow my Son to his Grave. 'Tis but a light thing, that I was the cause of Death

to

to my Son of so extraordinary and exemplary Virtue; and that being redeem'd by so precious a Person, by his death I yet live an Aged Odious man. 'Tis but a small matter, that the Waves brought me News of my Greif, and, when I was thinking of nothing less, a Poor Fathers loss was driven a shoar, and that I buried the Carcass of my Poor Son, after it had been wasted and tosd at Sea, so late, tho no body at all had hindred me; I am still forbid to perform the last Office, and that not a crumb of Comfort may fall to my share, I have lost also the Pity of my Wife. See, a Woman arrests a floating body, more cruel than Pyrat or Storm; and to fill up the measure of my greif, Who is it that acts thus, but my own Wife? And that no Stranger may be mistaken, 'twas not a Step-dame, but an own Mother. Oh woful, how is Nature it self changed by my misery? A Mother denies Funeral Flames to her Son, a Woman so distress'd that she wants her Husbands help in the Case. Who would beleive this of her? She is utterly undon, and yet she bewayls not her Son, she, I think, is Pistol and Thunder-proof. Let her compare her Greif, she lost her Eyes for a lesser Cause by much.

My Lords, judge you, I pray, of the quality of this Crime and Punishment by the very Death, that follows. 'Twas I, only I, that Prison'd my Son, and disgrac'd him, and that he might meet with Repentance, the usual attendant of great sorrows, 'twas I that plung'd him into that dismal Hole. What hap had the Poor Youth to meet with such Parents, that his Father should bereave him of Life, and his Mother deny him Burial? For

to

to tell you, once for all, of the *Piety* of this *Son* of mine, 'twas he that redcm'd his *Father*. If my *Wife* be angry, because I came home, let her give a *reason*, why she *wept* at the *Receipt* of my *Letter*. But how could the *Poor Youth* better divide his *Duty*? The *Law* commands him to help his *Parents* in their distress, *both* of his *Parents* were distress'd: 'Twas more than *one* could do, to help 'm *both*; yet his *aristful* *Piety* found out a way, to releive 'm *both* with his *own* ruin. He came to his *Father*, and he remitted me to his *Mother*. If this be a *Crime*, I know what I have to do; I will plead my *Cause* with *Complaint* and *Wayle*, for the *Law*, I hope, allows a man to *Weepe*. Otherwise 'tis not convenient I should be *long* in praising him, the *Duty* of his *Burial* would be *delay'd* thereby. 'Tis not the *Interest* of my *Plea*, to be overdiligent in my *defence*; I stay too long, before I get leave to bury him. Whil't we wrangle and quarrel about the *Corps* of our *lost* Child; whil't we *Plead* the *Cause* of the *deceat'd*; whil't we stay for an *Order* for his *Burial*, whil't we take up a great deal of time in *Declaiming*, the *Body* taints and is not in every part dry and sweet. Were it not for the *Good Company* of those that stand about it, the *Corps* would be *prey'd* upon by *Birds* and *Beasts*. *Parents* of all sorts flock to him, a crowd of *People* run in thick to the *sight*, even *common* *humanity* makes a kind of *Funeral* for the *Body*, tho' of a *Stranger*. All grieve for and bewail him, but the *major* part say, that *The Poor Youth* has *no body* to bury him. The *Young* man, sure, hath neither *Father* nor *Mother*. He hath

lain

lain so long, that the shape of a *Body* is almost spoiled: The *Corruption*, that comes from him, moistens the *Earth*; His *Bones* now begin to appear thro' his *Skin*. Tho' you were never so *hard-hearted*, yet you could not endure to *see* such a *sight*, you may perhaps endure to *hear* of it. This is our *Son*, whose very *hopefulness* we loved, for whom we prayed to the *Gods* in all *Temples*, who were *deaf* to our *request*, that he might *outlive* us: This is *he*, we desir'd should bury us. That *Lovely Infant*, that *Pretty Boy*, and that *Youth*, before this *accusation*, most *Dutiful*. He, that when the *Fortune* of his *Parents* were both *equal*, was propense enough to *Love* you. Let me not be believ'd, if, when my *Voyage* parted us, he had not *rather* be with his *Mother*. When I travest all the *Sea* over, to leave a *better Estate* to my *Son* behind me, lo, *Pyrats*, crueller than the *Stormiest Sea*, way-laid and took me. Shall I give some description of their *Prison*, it hung over the *Sea*; the *Chains*, *strait* at first, hung looser and looser by my *leanness*; the *Ship* it self, that knew all my *Misery*, was worn away by the *pressure* of my *Sides*, and the butcherly *Dungeon* envelop'd with *perpetual* darkness? No, out of *modesty*, I must conceal all this; otherwise, who would pardon me, that I accepted my *ransom* by leaving my *Son* in my room; nay, I am sorry in my heart, that ever I *writ* about it. Oh *Letters* writ *crying*, and with a *shaking* hand! Oh these hands of mine, that had too much *Liberty*! Oh *Epistle*, to be blotted out by the *Tears* of my *Wife*! Why did I acquaint them, why did I write the *last* lines that my *Wife* or *Son* should ever read;

That

That I know not, which of the *Two* cost most, to *redeem* or *bewail* me. My *Wife*, a woman of a *Thousand*, and worthy to be the *Mother* of such a *Son*, as soon as she heard of my miserable *Case*, quite wept out *both* her *Eyes*, so that nothing, but *stark* *Blindnets*, stop't up that ever-flowing *Fountain of Tears*. If she had not kept back my *Son* from coming to *redeem* me, she had *exceeded* him. Even after that, there was continual *Mourning*, *Sorrow* beyond *beleif*, *Lamentation* all day long. I know not whether the *Youth* would have been more *Undutiful* to me or to you, if he had not *ransom'd* me, that was so much mist by you. Whereupon he prepares for his *Voyage*, that so, because he could not restore his *Mother* her *Eyes*, he would send her her *Husband*, that was *Dearer* to her.

But we see sometimes, that *calamitys* terminate in a certain *madness*, and our very *Prayers* at length are turned into *Fury*. She kept the *Young man* back, alleging the *Law* in opposition to my *Letters*. O *Vain Fancies*! O the *minds* of men *lost* and *confounded* in *deep mistake*! Every body thought she was solicitous for her *Sons* safety. Therefore the *Youth* did what he thought for her comfort, he commended the *Tuition* of his *Mother* to her *Freinds*, and left his *Kinsfolks* her *Guardians* in lieu of *himself*. For otherwise the *Poor Blind* woman would never have liv'd, till my *return*. He did what the *wit* of man could do. Such was his *Piety*, that if he could have *redeem'd* his *Mothers* *Eyes*, he would have *spent* his *own*. He entred on his *Voyage*, having no company at all, but an honest heart, a pious intent,

tent, neither did he judge he went without a *Ransom* to the *Pyrats*, tho he carried nothing but empty hands. But, may *some* say, What, did you leave nothing at home? Had you liv'd so long, and laid up nothing against a *rainy day*? If it had been so, I call *Heaven* to Witness, I had never *wrote* back to be *redeem'd*. I had enough, and more than enough to *ransom* me, My *Lords*, but my *Son* left it all at home for the releif of his *Mother*. Whereupon he sailes thro the *Tempestuous* *Waves*, -by the *Groaning* *Shoars*, and *Foamy* *Rocks*, and whithersoever the *Poorfellow* was carried up and down, he had an *unlucky* *passage*, as if he had been *ominously* retained by his *Mother*; his *wishes* being also turned the *contrary* way, he sought to be made a *Prisoner* by those *Pyrats*, who must be miserably *harass'd* tho he *scap'd* them. This is the *Impious* *Youth*, you speak of, who coveted and sought to do all that for his *Parents*, which one *Brother* would not do for *another*, nor a *Wife* for a *Husband*, nay, let me speak it out, nor a *Father* for a *Son*. O ye *Immortal* *Gods*, *Presidents* of *Heaven*, *Earth*, and all under the *Earth*, who have been so unsufferable to *none* but me, I make my *Appeal* to you alone, *How unwillingly* I was *redeem'd*. He, *Poor* *Youth*, was undone, who was first made acquainted with it. For as soon as the *Young man* came to the *Pyrats*, bringing *himself* as the *Price* of my *Ransom* he skipt out *nimbly* from the *Fatal* *Vessel*, and offer'd *his* hands to the *Chains* for *mine*; he *threw* himself at all their *Feet*, and, as his earnest desire found him words, he beseech'd them with all manner of *supplications*, by his miserable

L waylings,

waylings, and by *Tears* almost equal to his *Mothers*; never any man was heard, who so earnestly bid, not for release but *bondage*. And 'twas not such a hard piece of business, to obtain slavery of the *Pyrats*, no, he had more ado with me. 'Twas a *fight* not fit for *Rogues* and *Raskals*, to behold a *Father* and *Son* contending about their *Chains*, and both alike challenging a *Prison*. I pleaded *Usage* and *Premier Seisin*; I urg'd, that one of my years was ripe and ready to knock off. He alleg'd on the other side; what! Shall I forsake you in your distress? Shall I leave you in *Fetters*? With what Face then can I return to my *Mother*, who, *Poor woman*, for lack of you, spends whole days and nights in nothing but weeping? And who cannot so much as *Live* without you? Neither did he tell all out, and when he had mention'd her daily *bewayling*, and her restless *Tears*, he added, *By this time she is almost Blind, but perhaps, if you return, she will recover it. In fine, I will not go back. I hope, 'tis lawful for me to do Piously even without consent of Parents. Again I say, I will not go back. If you are resolv'd to stand it out and not to return, the Pyrats must make a Gain of us both. I will be one or 'toter, either your Substitute or your Companion. With these words, how many Tears did he shed? How oft did he Kill and Murther his Eyes? If I had persevered and held off a little longer, I had made Mother and Son both Blind. The very Raskally Pyrats stood amazed at so great Piety, and tho' their Countenances never flinch'd before, I observ'd Tears to trickle down. Perhaps they would not have retained the Young man, unless they*

they had believ'd, his *Parents* would have redeemed such a *Son* as *He*. He took the hard *Iron Chains* upon himself, the *Son* was merrier at his *Imprisonment*, than the *Father* was at his *Release*. Yet at last, to my *Eternal reproach* be it spoken, he embrac'd me with his now manacled *bands*, and after he had don taking care for me, now, said he, by these *endearments* I commend my *Mother's* Estate to you. Pray, maintain her, protect her, love her, never forsake her; so shall we be quits. There, if you please, you shall be my *Substitute*; if you do so, perhaps my *Mother* will not be so angry, That I went a way from her. Thus, being an *ill-exchanged Passenger*, I went aboard my *Sons* Vessel, and as far as ever my *Eye* could ken, I look'd back from the *stern* to the *Pyrats*, I ran back by the *slanting shoars*, and left a vast Tract of *Sea* and *Sky* behind me, and *Towering Rocks* that *Fronted Cities*. Alas! Said I, How long do's it seem to me to sail away from the *Pyrats*, even when I return? Yet, dear *Child*, I observe your *Injunctions*, I minister to, I support, your *Mother*: Nay, but to speak truth, *Son*, tis rather you that minister to and support her; 'tis for your sake, that my care of her is so great. I am unwilling to part from my *Wife*, and that's the reason, I have not ransom'd my *Son*: But in the *Interim* he is almost choak'd with the continual nastiness of a *Prison*, his *Chains* fret to the very bone, he, at whom all *Sons* may light their *Candle*, dies in a *Gally*. Now, I hope, *Madam*, you have enough, even a *Punishment* beyond the rigour of *Law*. No *Pyrats* so *Barbarous*, but would have buried such a man, if a guilty *Conscience*

ence and fear of *Punishment* had not deterr'd them from coming ashoar: But we see, they did all that they could, they threw him into the *Sea*, when the wind serv'd for his *own Country*. A *gale* entertain'd him, kinder than his *Mother*, and (if any felicity can be in misery) wasted his *Carkass* with a prosperous course even almost to the *Sepulchres* of his *Ancestors*. The *Historians* of our time may tell of a Thing, so strangely *Vari-ous*, that I know not which side is most to be admired, *The Sea brought back a Sons Corps to his Mother, and the Mother return'd it to the Sea again*. I confess, 'twas my Fault in great part; For 'twas I, that brought my *Wife* thither, I was loth to hinder the *Poor woman* from shewing her *Grief*; and therefore I carried her (tho' now she be my *Adversary*) to the *shoar* upon my back. To speak truth, her *first* words about him did deceive me, for I thought they had proceeded from the *sense* of her *loss*: For who would not think it an affection of *Grief*, when the *Mother* said to her *deceased Son*, What business had you a *Ship-board*? Why did you go to *Sea*? Why would you seek out the *Pyrats*? As for that *Speech, Son*, Why did you leave me? I thought it the *common Oratory* of all *women*, in *those* circumstances. Nay when she lay *all along* upon the *body*, I thought she had *embrac'd* it; And when she laid *hands* on the *Bearers* that were *taking* it up, I *excused* it, saying, 'tis the *Guise* of *Mothers* so to do, that they may enjoy the *sight* of their *Children* a little *longer*, before they are put away never to be seen more. But alas! She urges *Law* in the *Case*, and makes a long *Oration* over the *Carkass*

of

of her *Son*. Peace, *Poor woman*, Peace? Is all your *wishing* come to this? Our *calamitys* were free only from this blemish hitherto, that when even amongst the *Prosperous, hard-heartedness* is highly to be *blam'd*, she should shew her self such a *Monster* as never *was* heard of. That the wretched cruel woman should desire to destroy with her own hands, what the *Angry Gods* had left untoucht, and what cross *Fortune* forgot to sweep away. *Fortune* may well be acquitted from *all blame*, when a *Mother* shall think herself not *wretched enough* in the *loss* of her own *Sen*. For my part, I lose my very *Tears* at last, if I bewail any thing it must be an empty *Bier* at home, the abus'd *Verger* returns with a *Flam*, and the *Funeral-wood* is carried back again. Amidst all this, the *Mother* gives not so much as *one* Groan, not a *Tear*, nor any complaint at all. One would think, that 'twas some *Pyrat* callt ashoar. How came she to be so spirited? If she be not sensible of her misery upon this account, because she cannot see, if *blindness* have such an *advantage* in it, I wish some good body or other would pull out my *Eyes* too. But alas, *blindness* of *Body* doth not hinder the *passion* of the *mind*. Pray, tell me, can such a woman as this, be my *Wife*? Or can that, be my *Sen*? I would call it in question, if it were possible. For truly *Time* hath so disguis'd my *Sons Corps*, that I hardly know it to be His; but alas, his *Chained* hands, swoln *prints* made by his *Fetters*, and his *wasted Body*, a proof of his long *Imprisonment*, are so many unhappy Arguments to convince me: *Poor man*, 'tis too sure I mourn for the

right person. I own my Son, my Wife I cannot own. But seeing, our contest, in point of Law, will take up *too much* time, and I desire to make *hast*; I will begin my Plea with *supplications*. Draw near, ye Parents all, of both sides, while I Pray and Intreat a Mother to do right to her Son in Burial. By our old Bond of Matrimony, by that mutual Love which cost both of us so dear, I add further, by the Son of both our Loins, by all those years we have liv'd together, that, by the blessing of a Son, do seem more, by my *tenderness* to your self; Pity me now, as heretofore you have don. Beleive me, what I now suffer is worse than a Prison, 'tis crueller than any slavery whatsoever. You do not punish him, but me. Pray, what great injury have I don you? Wherein have I offended you? Sure, you know, 'twas not I that forsooke you. Now if you have spent all your Affection upon this Husband of yours, and all your Compassion is extinguish'd with your Eyes, grant that our Son hath suffered deservedly, tho' it cost him his Life: Let us not rip up Old Sores: But as Cicero begg'd of that cruel Tyrant of Sicily, let Death, I pray, be the Period of all sufferings. Which when he could not obtain, some Friends watch't all night at the Prison door, and bought leave to bury him with their Money? What was the Issue? You Fathers and Mothers all? That which Marcus Tullius obtain'd at last, do you, Wife, sell me at least, which was the Cruellest part that Verres ever plaid. For my part, I am resolv'd to ransom my Son, and the Price is not far to seek, my own hands shall do it. Don't you put in now, and object your

your loss of sight. Sure, you desire to be pointed at, and to be the talk of the Town, when your own Husband could not obtain so much of you as to bury your Son. Get you gon then, if you will, and push back his Corps into the Waves; Or if thou thinkest 'twas but an obscure place he was cast up in, lay hands on him, and, lest another mans help should not please you, rather drag it along your-self, to chuse. Lay one hand upon the Corps, and with 'tother hale him to the tracks where most Carts pass, and where 'tis the deepest dirty way. Let an overloden Wain crash the Poor thing, and let the Feet of the Oxen tread out his Guts. As for Thee, because you want your Eyes, use your hands, grasp and gripe his bruited Skul, and his Bowels when they are squeez'd out of his Body, nay if you have the heart to do it, tear him peicemeal with your Teeth. We Quarrel, we hold our own, we have our several Pleas. Let me tell you, when you have got the better, there will be little difference between us, except in our affection. How! You say, I shall not bury him. Prithee take heed, take great heed, I say, lest, while you are a wrangling about it, the very Waves may throw upon him sand enough to bury him; or some merciful good People cast mould upon him. What! Do you hinder them? If perhaps some compassionate person put him in the Earth, let me see you dig him up again, and seeing you are such a Piece for a Mother, lets see you fume and cry out, Oh, He lov'd the Father best. Criminals that are hang'd, are cut down to be buried, and when men are Bebeaded, even a common Executioner permits them a Grave. Yea the

Pyrras themselves do no more than cast a *Corps* into the *Sea*. A *Mother*, (tho' I profane that *Sacred Name* and *Relation*, to call her so) if she continues to be a *Step-dame* to her *own Son*, that is not sensible of her loss, deserves the *Curse* of being *hard-hearted*, if, beyond the *Antipathy* of the *Enemy*, who oft interr *those* that are *Slain in Battel*; if beyond what any *Tyrant*, or any *Banditty*, would do, she be so far from *burying* him *herself*, that she also hinders *others* to do that *last Office*, and *quenches* the *Fatal fire* with *Water*, in a manner fetcht as far as the *Sea*; she shews by *this*, that she did not so much *care* as *tumble* him into the *World*, and by such an *unlucky birth* discharged the wearisome burthen of her *Womb*. Let her tell me, as oft as she will, that she is before hand with me in *conjugal Love* and *Duty*, (a charge she can never make good) yet give me leave to speak my mind freely, it had been more *Excusable* in her, to have *hated* her *Husband* rather than her *Son*. Tho' indeed as to our *mutual Love* one to the other, we may even cry *quits*; she did not value her *Eyes* for her *Husband's* sake, nor I *then*, my *Son's* loss: My loss of a *Child* ballances the loss of her *Eyes*. And yet amidst these *misfortunes*, I must needs be grievously troubled even upon a *private* account. She hath *lost* that *good Name*, she had formerly got. Now my *Enemys* triumph, and spare not to say, This is that *exemplary Woman*, the *Glory* of the *Age* she *lives* in, Lo, she is unwilling her *Husband* should be *ransom'd*, or her *Son* *buried*! Certainly, *My Lords*, in my opinion every man living should *Plead* for the *burial* of the *dead*, for this is the

only

only thing that concerns the whole *race* of *mortals*. And therefore such a punishment is exacted from none, when they are *dead*, unless from a *damn'd Parricide*. Nay, tho' some *Laws* are against it, yet if there be but a *chink-hole*, tho' never so *narrow*, that *common humanity* may creep thro', true *Clemency* will lay hold on the *occasion*. I will not dispute, whether deceased *Persons* are *sensible* of any thing, or no? But that the *dead* are covered with *Earth* for the sake of the *Living*, to put *noysomness* out of the way, and *remove* the *Object* of *Grief* out of sight: Or, when the *Soul* passes to the *other World*, she cannot have the *Honour* to be waisted over to the *Elysian fields*, (as *Poets* fancy) unless the *Body* be buried, nor can enjoy the *felicities* there, which I, *Poor man*, hope and beleive are *true* and *real*, being *quickly* like to go *thither* to my *Son*. The truth is, as *Dame Nature*, in *begetting* and *maintaining* of *man*, hath of *herself* provided before hand a *full* and *sufficient* stock, so, when she takes her *own work* alunder again, she makes halt to reduce our *Bodies* to their *first Principles*, so that even in *desert uninhabited* places some *Earth* is brought down, even by *showers* of *Rain*, and *swells* about a *dead Carcass*; the force of *Winds* heap, and make a *banke* of *dust* about it, and in *tract* of time, by little and little, the very *Earth* sucks in the *putrefied Limbs*, tho' no body *bury* them at all. Yea the *Bones* and all at last sink into the *Earth*. And in us *Men*, she hath begotten not only a *Compassion* towards the *deceased*, which works in our *thoughts*, but a certain kind of *Religion* too. Hence it comes to pass, that *Travellers*, as they

pass

pass, will bestow a hasty *burial* even on *Corps*; they do not know; and *Strangers* will heave *Earth* upon them. If this be so, *Unworthy Fact!* My Son had been *buried*, but that he had a *Mother*.

My Lords, I do not make this *Plea* to *bias* your judgments; I don't prescribe to You, 'tis my *Sub-Adversary* that I *upbraid*. As for that *Law*, I have a great deal of *reason* to *dread* it, seeing this is the *only* thing objected to the poor *Youth*, That he did not *forsake* his *Father* in his *distress*: but because I am question'd in Court for my *mourning*, I must dispute the *Point* in midst of my *Tears*, and she frets at her *loss*; let's out-do her, if we can't entreat her. Did you ever see two persons so miserably entangled in a *Suit*, if the *Father* prevail here's a *Son* to be *buried*; if the *Mother* hath the better, here's a *Son* to be cast out without *burial*: What says the *Law* in the *Case*? He that *forsakes* his *Parents* in their *distress*, must be cast out *unburied*. In the first place, my Lords, all the stress of the matter lies between the *Words* of the *Law*, and the *Meaning* of those *Words*; and whether our *Suit* shall be decided by the *Ambiguity* of the *Letter*, or by the true *Intension* and *sense* of the *Law-giver*: My *Adversary* alledges on her side, that she was the *Parent* in *distress*, and that she was the *Party* forsaken, the punishment of which is to be thrown out *unburied*. But what may be the *Cause* he left her, what followed thereupon, and how the *Law* is to be properly understood; all this she cunningly conceals, she stirs not a jot from the bare words, contenting her self only with the naked *Rehearsal* of them too. But I, on my side, say, That the *Law* doth not reach all persons in general;
no,

no, nor all those that are *blind* neither; and that the *Young-man* had just *Cause*, and such as will bear him out, to be gone: I alledge further, he did it with a good intent, which is enough to *Justify* a just *Law*; And Lastly, Such a going away is not properly called a *Forsaking*: So that I put the *Case* upon this *Issue*, that the *Youth* is not only to be acquitted, but more than that, to be highly commended too: He that makes a doubt, whether it be not convenient to stick to the meaning of the *Law*, seems to me to commence a dispute about he knows not what himself. And therefore I will be the shorter; for (if you go on, as you begin) the same *Ambiguity* of words will make me ready to cavil too: it seems to me, that the very recital of the *Law* overturns the whole of my *Adversaries* *Plea*. For when the *Law* saies, He that forsakes his *Parents* in their *distress*, and when it saies again, Let him be cast out *unburied*: certainly this can't be the meaning, That he may not be *buried*, after he is thrown into the *Sea*, and cast ashore again. And therefore Gentlemen, either allow me to plead as I will myself, or (which more becomes your *Piety*) forbid this catching at words on both sides, as unworthy of your sacred Ears. And when I shall have prov'd, that my Son was a very *Non-such*, let your judgments be further confirmed, That our *Ancestors* never made any *Law* against *Piety*.

Now as to the first *Point* I propos'd, that the *Law* doth not reach this *Case*: I will but touch upon it, for 'tis clear of it self; to raise doubts would but waste time. For I am not at all of the opinion, that if *Age* hinder an *Infant*, or weakness a sick

a sick person; if the *Commonwealth* employ a man to be their *Ambassador*, or a *Captain* retain his *Souldier* in some service, that the severe punishment, prescrib'd by the *Law*, should take place notwithstanding, without admitting the *Plea* of *meer necessity*; and if it once appear, that that *Door* of *Defence* is open, then I may be fully assured of the goodness of my *Cause*, and need never fear, that my *Son* shall be *Cast*, for not helping of us both, as long as he had an *Eye* upon the very *Law*, in what he did. The *Father* was a *Prisoner*, the *Mother* was *blind*, they had but *One Son* between them both; they were at a vast distance one from another. The *Law* hath a *Debtor* in the midst of both, lead him to which of the *Two* you will, for to *Both* you cannot, unless you will tye the poor thing up to such hard terms, that, do what he can, he must be thrown upon the *Dungbil*. If he take his *Journey*, his *Mother* will deny him *Burial*; if he stay at home, his *Father* will do the same. I suppose there can be no doubt at all, but the *Equity* of the *Law* reaches me as well as her: unless perhaps (for I perceive you seek all *Occasions* against me, though never so unjustly) you imagine, that, here also, by reason of one single word, you think it one thing to help *Parents*, and not to forsake them, another, that is, that you'll make it a doubt, whether *Parents* are to be relieved in all places, be they where they will, which is my opinion; or else, that no *Father* deserves *Relief*, but he that is in misery under his *Sons Eye*. For if to forsake *Parents* in distress, be interpreted by us to be nothing but a bare departure from a poor *Parent*, then we allow two *Impiety's* at once: The first

first is this, That he, that doth not budge, hath done his duty well enough, only by being there and standing by, for he is absolved by the *Law*, which bids him not stir: This would be the way to make *Children* not *Helpers* to *Parents*, but only *Spectators* of their miseries. The next is worse than the former; for as the necessity of our Affairs doth almost every day separate us one from another: If any misfortune seize upon *Parents* on a sudden, tho' a *Son* be but a little way off, yet he may have a lawful *Excuse* not to relieve or assist: For why? He may make use of this Pretence, I did not leave, I did not forsake, I stir'd not a foot, (as the Phrase is) from my *Parent*: A *Son* will be discharg'd of all obligation to help and relieve his *Parents*, if your Interpretation take place; that Absence is an occasion of *Impiety*. But my opinion is, That the Intent of the *Law-giver* was this, That they who came out of our own bowels, should help us (*Parents*) by their labour and duty, where ever we be, in lieu of that life they receiv'd from us, unless any man should be so absurd as to say, that we are not *Parents* but when we are at home with our *Children*.

What then is the true meaning of, Not to forsake? 'Tis to assist, 'tis not to be wanting in what we can do. All tends to this, That *Parents* may be safe by the assistance of their *Children*. This being so, the *Law* was made for Me, as well as for the *Mother*: Both of us call'd for aid, let's see, to which of the *Two* ought he to go? I might make use of the Authority of a *Father*, and boldly say, your *Father* commands you. The name of a *Father* is above any *Law*. If my Child be a *Tribune*, yet

I have

I have power over him ; If he be able to bear Office, yet his Father may chastise him. We have power even of life and death over our Children; If my Son won't do as I bid him, I'll serve him the same lawce, no burial shall he have at my hands. The Youth was compell'd to obey his Father ; he did not forsake you willingly, but I pluckt him from you by meer force. Believe me, if you please, 'twas not out of disrespect to you in the least, that he came to his Imprison'd Father. Let's stand, I pray, upon even terms, and let our Son be set in the midst of us both ; I'll make no comparison between Persons, tho' all Nations give the preference to a Father, let him be lookt upon only as our Son in common ; I'll claim no advantage for giving him his Name, for making him of so creditable a Family, for spending so much money upon him, for being taken Prisoner while I was getting an Estate for his use : I won't vie with her as to matter of Indulgence, she, of herself, grants me that point already. All this I might do, but I reprimand myself, I won't press things as far as Lawfully might. His duty stands as indifferent between his Two Parents ; First ask, First serv'd. Sure I am, in point of time, I had the better on't, for I fell into distress before you. When you were at your Freedom, I was a Prisoner ; you were safe and sound, and had a good House over your head, when I did almost rot in a Jayle ; you needed not yet put up any request to your Son, but I ask'd when I had need. As for your calamity, it hapned not till after the receipt of my Letter ; and unless your Son had been willing to apply some comfort to you in your Crying and Lamenting State, he had took his

Journey

Journey before you had been stark Blind. Don't wonder, if I got more favour than you ; Alas ! I had prevail'd upon my Son, before ever you open'd your Mouth.

If a man should make a Mock-Affize and Fancy a Judge in so woful a Case, (for, God forbid, any body should really experiment it.) Pray tell me, whose Calamity would he think the greatest ? 'Tis true, overmuch affection cost you your Eyes, of your five senses you lost one, you are a dark woman, you say : Why every night that passes over your head, you may say as much, tho' your Eyes are safe in your head. But was not this a greater misfortune, that deserv'd to be so grievously bewailed ? For tho' she may deservedly complain that the Pleasures of Life are taken away, and that the Acts of sensation are hindred, yet if we are not unequal Judges, nor vaingloriously miserable in the disasters we our selves are able to cure, I will tell you, not only how she is to be comforted by me, but rather how she is to be comforted. For when all Bodily pain is away, and the aking of our Limbs, that takes up all our Thoughts, is happily at an end ; it follows, that too much Idleness and continual Rest would torment one, except in such Acts, where the very Necessity brings a Pleasure. The loss of our sight may be made up by other delights, as Smell, Taste, Touch, Hearing, wherein tho' we must grant the greatest Pleasure is wanting, yet a Felicity, not consummate, is far from being a deep Calamity. A House of ones own, a Marriage-Bed, the Society of Kindred, Conference with Friends, a calamity not to be ashamed of, (which seldom happens,)

happens,) and *Liberty*, which is a *Blessing* in any *State* whatsoever, so many *Pleasures* together may well *stifle* one *Grief*. For the desire of having your *sight*, if compar'd with my *miseries*, favours of *Wantonness* and *Curiosity*, in regard *Nature* is not likely to produce any thing *New*, as an *Object* of the *Eyes*; whatever we are like to *see*, be it never so *Specious* and *Beautiful*, we have *seen* it already. Every day comes *Night*, and the *Darkness* thereof wraps up one half of our *Time*; so that *Nature* herself is, as it were, *Blind* on one side. He that can have the use of another mans *Eyes*, he that can *Hear*, he that can *Command*, he that hath diligent *Servants* to tend him, (so had *she*, if she were not too *high*, and made so much account of her *misfortune*) is not a *miserable* man; especially, if he be well satisfied in the *Cause* of his *Blindness*; or if he be *miserable*, 'tis for default of a good *Principle*. He need not be troubled for a thing, that can *boast* thereof at the same time: Tho' indeed, whoever is *struck* *Blind*, and on *whatever* occasion, yet such an *Affault* of *Fortune* is lighter on a *woman*, than any. For *yee*, *women*, don't travel *beyond* *Sea*, you perform no *Embassies*, you do not see many *fine* *Sights* by frequent *gadding* abroad, no *Military* *Employ* can you pretend to, nor no business at *Court* of *Common-Pleas*. But rather you are always *within* doors, for the most part in one place, tied to little *petty* *Offices*.

For your part, if I am well acquainted with your *humour*, you lamented your *Blindness* for no *Cause* more, but because you could not go to *ransom* your *Husband*. This was your *calamity*,
let

let's now take an *Estimate* of *mine*. Alas! No body was affected with it, more than your-self. Yet, pray observe, how many things I could not mention in those *Letters* of *mine*. O my Son, in what a *crowd* of *miseries* did I leave thee? *Liberty* (that *Great* and *Principal* Gift *God* gratifies *Man* with, which is fix'd and innate in the sense even of *Bird* and *Beast*) was the first thing I was strip'd of: I lost my own self, I am in hold, a *Market-Slave*, being a *Citizen* of *Rome* I am become *Chaffery*. Being an *Old* man I am forc'd to forget my *Freedom*, and being born *Free* I wish I were a *Slave*. 'Tis scarce worth the mentioning to say, we dwell upon the *Sea*, the *Stormy* *Winds* beat in upon us. We have never a *Harbour*, nor *Seat*, nor *Rest*, but (which is the greatest part of our *misery*) our very *Patroons* and *Masters* are as *wretched* as our *Selves*. But I must slip over the mention of these things, as being greivous to my *Wife* for my sake, and also to *Me* for my *Sons* sake. I forbear to speak of the *grim* *Looks* of my *Enemys*; I pass over the *Brutish* *grumbings* of those *Savage* *Barbarians*, and that I was daily in *fear* to *suffer*; what a *Poor* *Prisoner* was able, and what a *bold* *Pyrat* durst *insist* upon him. Nothing is more greivous to a man, than the *Absence* of his *Friends*, yet I was even afraid to see *mine*. Nothing more terrible than a *Tempest*, yet I wish't to be cast away every *hour*. As for *death*, I confess, my *Servile* *weakness* wish't not for that for this one reason, I was afraid no body would bury me. What *Cloth's* d'e think they left me, but what were not worth taking away? What *Diet* could they afford me, who themselves

M

live

live upon *rapine*? As for those things, which I must not pass by, who can speak them to the full? A damp Prison, The Vessel smelling strong of the Pump, my restless side laid upon a bare board, my Hands bound behind me, and my Feet fetter'd, as if I could run away? 'Twas *Darkness* alone that eas'd me in Prison. I was often sorry I had Ears, which tho' they were cover'd with my unkemb'd hair, did yet receive in the Noise of the Whip, and the Groanings of those that were beaten, sad examples of what I might expect. Wretch that I am, thou, my Son, art lost by *Sickness*. Compare now the Land with the Sea, your House with a Ship, your Bed with a Prison, your Liberty with my Slavery, the loss of Eyes with the suffering of the whole Body. But how far do's this woful vying of our calamities draw me? Those that are Blind can quarrel, we see, but Prison'd Slaves can hardly live. But these things if put into an even Scale, yet ought to weigh much more on one side, and favour me more than you. We must spare no pains, where the effect will answer. 'Tis a foolish care, where we hope for no advantage. 'Twas I could be ransom'd, but your Eyes could never be cur'd: Your calamity possibly, be it what it will, was incurable, it could not be help'd, 'twas capable of none to take your Place. 'Tis true, my Son, after the Receipt of my Letter, in a silly kind of officiousness, might have sat by your Bed-side, and put Finger in Eye with his Mother. When he went his Voyage, he releiv'd the Captivity, tho' but of one of his Parents; whereas if he had staid at home, he would have had a Mother Blind, and a Father Prisoner too. I add, that your

your Sons presence was not so necessary neither, to sit by you, to send you at Meals, to lend you his Hand, that any body else may do. Let me not be believ'd, unless it came to that pass, that when I was taken Prisoner, I was to be ransom'd upon such hard Conditions, because 'twas sufficiently known, no body would ransom me, but my own Son.

Here my Plea runs, as if my Son did these things only for my sake; tho' in this Action you have forgot you are a Mother, and tho' you make it your business to drown the Merits of your Cause by your Injury done, and tho' you put on a strange Unnaturalness, yet I admit your Testimony. 'Twas you that sent your Son to ransom me, when you took on to grievously, when you wish'd for death, when you cry'd out, You were rob'd of all your delight, when you oftner sigh'd for my Bondage than your own Blindness. He had not an Heart of Iron or Flint, that he could brook these things with Content: You first taught your Son, that he should venture himself, rather than sit weeping immoderately, and rather than expect to recover your Blindness. He went, it seems, and by that means sent home your Husband. O Crime unpardonable! If he had done so a little sooner, you had not lost your Eyes. But, say you, you could not keep him back. Here I will not say, That all natural Piety bath its Efforts, and that sometimes Affection knows no Master; neither could he keep you (you see) from passionate weeping. Ple tell you that which is more true, he had something else in his Mind. He thought it incredible, that you would be against

my *ransom*. He reckon'd it to be the *care* of a *Mother*, he believ'd it to be the *danger* of the *Sea*, which our *Family* hath had such *sad Tryal* of; fearing if he had not been *obedient* to *you*, every body would have thought, you had put a *Sham* on the *World*. But was he able not to go to *ransom* me, when you cry'd out, I am *blind*, I have lost my *Eyes* for my *Husband's* sake, I cannot bear my *Loneliness* and *Solitude*? So had he gon more excusably to *redeem* me, if you had made less *moan* for me? Is it a *Question*, whether he did it for *your* sake? You could not have your *Son* and *Husband* both; he sent you home *him* that you loved *best*. Cease then your *weeping*, take your *Husband* return'd in safety. Why are you *angry*? How so much *alter'd*? Who could *believe* it? You complain, that he went *from you* whom *you* *loved*, and yet you would not have *him* return, whom you *pretend* to *love*. But if He *forakes* his *Parents* in *distress*, who doth not *relieve* them (as I have prov'd *before*,) and if this *best* of *Sons* ransom'd me to be an *Assistant* to his *Mother*, by *suffering* in his *own Person* (as I shall *now shew*) then certainly he did *relieve*, (i. e.) he did not *forake* them. For if, as I said *before*, a Man must not *wag* a foot from *Parents* in *distress*, then he cannot *stir* from those he *helps*, no not to *fetch* 'em *Meat*, or to provide them other *necessary Accommodations*, that they want. But when a *Parent* is *relieved*, if it be no great matter *where* the *Party* that *relieves*, is, provided his *Care* be *present*; then, whatever I did for you is due to *him* that *ransom'd* me, as the *Author* of the *Gift*. Indeed, I *sate* not by you, I us'd no *comfortable* word

word to you, I did not *tend* you, I did not *fetch* and *carry*, I did not return an *entire Beneficiary* to you. To confess a *Truth*, after all this, if you reckon your self *forfaken*, I cannot deny it, 'tis *my* fault.

But now 'tis time to defend, with greater *Ardency*, the things which are so far from needing an *Excuse*, that they are very *splendid* and *magnificent*; and when an *exemplary Judgment* is upon giving, we should understand at *length* the *Merits* of the *Cause*. Ah, poor *Child*! this *Privilege*, at least, thou wilt obtain, usually done to *Noble Femerals*; *When you are dead, you shall not go without your Praise*. Let us summon in hither all past *Encomiums*; tho' the *Tongues* of all *Poets*, and *Orators* too, should make a *joynt Agreement* to *chant* out the *Praises* of this *one Man*, yet the *Subject* will *pose* an hundred *Tongues*; nay, it would *baffle* even *Eloquence* it self, if it could possibly lodge in *one Body*, tho' I alledge *nothing* but the very *Objections* made against him. Here's a *Son* that gave *Liberty* and *open Air* to his *Father*, and (what was never heard of *before*) he lov'd me more than I desir'd. He went to *Sea*, where *Storm* and *Tempest* was the *least* of his *Hazards*; and amidst *all*, (which was most difficult,) in *Love* he surpassed his *Mother*. Peace, *wicked Tongue*! What have you to do to *praise* such things as these? He offer'd himself *voluntarily* to be a *Slave*; and tho' he knew how *grievous* a thing it was to be *fetter'd*, yet he *would* come in his *Father's* stead, and undergo such *Hardships*. His *Piety* did chearfully undergo those *Miseries*, which were *grievous* even to *Felons*. I profess, *Wife*, you

did better, when you *wou'd not* let him go. Compare *Cases* now, if a Man carry'd his *Father* thro' the *midst* of his *Enemies alone*, and receiv'd all the *Darts*, aim'd at him, in his *own Body*, yet he dy'd but *one downright Death*. We read of *one*, who offer'd himself for his *Father*, not to the *Py-rates*, or to the *Sea*, but where there was hope of *Ransom*. *Who is me!* I must say, that, by *this very Example*, we are put in mind, that 'tis for the *Honour of Filial Piety*, that even *those* that are *Executed* are *buried*. Some like these things, but I don't. As for you, *Young Man*, all *Ages* to come will speak of you; and *winged Vertue* will carry up aloft to the *Stars* such an admirable *Example*, that *Posterity* will never forget: But this thy *Praise* costs me *dear*. Had it not been better for thee to have fate by thy *Mother's Bed-side*; and, *devoting* thy self to her *Service*, to have liv'd in *Security*? 'Twas your hap only, that you could excuse it to your *Father*, and yet not *redeem* him. In the mean time, a *lingring Consumption* would have *wasted* me, as it had *begun*: *Death*, which only could do it, would have *releas'd* the *Old Man*. And when my *dead Body* had been *cast* to the *Waves*, if the like *Tempest* should have hapned, 'twould have been *your turn* to bury me. But the *Love of Glory*, which is innate to *brave Spirits*, hath mislead you, the *Expectation of immortal Praise* hath impos'd upon you. Where is your *Vertue*? Where is your *Piety*? You are *undon*, and yet suffer by an *ill Report* too. I fate not by him, when he was a *dying*, as a *Father* should; I did not lay his troubled *Head* in a *softer place*, I did not turn his *weary'd Side*, nor did

did I receive his last *Breath*. *Absent* was I, *Dead and Ruin'd*, when I heard of your *Death*. No man untty'd your *Chains* when you were *Sick*, none freed your *Hands*, fully'd with your *Fetters*, to take your *Food*. You were loosed, as a neglected despised *Creature*, only to save your *Chains*. Why may I not call you the *substitute* of a disconsolate *Old-man*? Amidst so many *ardent desires* and longings of a *Fearful* person, you had *no body* to call to for *supply*: As you were *grapled* in your *Chains*, so you lay; you could only cast a *thought* on your *Mother, Father* and the *rest* of your *Kindred*. Do I please myself, that, I fear, you are *Dead* in my loathsome *Prison*? Alas, your *Mother* is not satisfied with your *Death*.

Because, *woman*, you demand an *exact* punishment from *dead Carcasses*, hear the *sequel*. *Death* it self made *Shipwrack* of your *Son*, his *Body* was *swoln* by being tumbled over so many *Waves*, by being *dash'd* against so many *Rocks*, by being *driven* thro' such *large* and *spacious Sands*, yet it was never more *unhappy* than when it came *ashore*. Oh, how *greivous* is it to *dye*, but how far more *greivous*, to *outlive* my *Son*? I live hated and abhorr'd by *God* and *Man*, but most of all by *my-self*. Besides, I lose the *Affection*, even of my *own Wife*. About her *Son's Funeral*, she hath *divorc'd* herself. I see those *Conveniences of Nature*, which I have depriv'd my *Son* of; Every part of *Age* calls upon me to *mourn*, *Old Age*, to which he *arriv'd* not; wretched *Childhood*, which 'tis true, now he *pass'd* over; *Youthful Estate*, in which *Age* he died. I *survive*, that, if things *cotton* right, I may see a *Funeral*, and the *all-de-*

vouring Flames about my *Sons Corps*: But if I may not be so happy, then I shall see a *foul black Carkas*, a *loathsome Spectacle*, even to those that knew him not. Amidst all these *miserics*, I think you will beleive me if I say, *I wish My Eyes were out too*. What shall I say more? Shall I *bend* my *supplications* to you, O *Wife*, hitherto vainly and fruitlessly attempted? Well, go you on, make use of your *Fortune*! Happy you, that you are not content with this condition! I must make my *recomend* to you, *Worthy Auditors*, by our common *misfortunes*, by my *calamity*, which is the *Standard or Idea of humane misery*, as your *Wives* may love you, as they may long for you in such a case, as you may have no other *Instance* of such a loss, but mine may be the last, as you may have no need of such *Pious Children* as mine was, *Take pity upon me*. If you will accept of a *Substitute*, cast me out. My *Prayers* are not *reflective*, yet Ple have it so. No joyful *acclamation* shall follow your *Sentence*; I shall not be led to the *Temple* but to the *Grave*: Tho I prevail with you, yet I must weep still; but if I prevail not, I will go to the *Sea-shore all-forslorn*. I will drive away the very *Birds* with my *groans*, or lay my-self as a *Tomb-stone* over my *Sons body*. We'll be *both a-like, unburied*. I will throw my-self out to *Wild-Beasts*, or at every bodies door. I will cast my-self at the feet of all *Passengers*, as *Poor Beggars* are wont now *adaies*; Ple not ask *Viſtuals* or an *Alms*, no, I will only beg a *Grave*, and a *clod* or two thrown upon my *Son*, by some *compassionate* hand or other; or else, (which, I hope, I may do) I will throw his *Body* into the *Sea*: Then ye
Cruel

Cruel Waves, and ye *Winds*, but too too *prosperous*, I return you your *kindness* back again. Carry it whither you will, let it be to *Savages*, let it be to the *fercest Enemys*, nay let it be to the *Pirates* themselves. Perchance some one of them will say, *Let it be buried*; sure there is none (that I know) will be against it.

Tormenta



Tormenta Pauperis :

O R,

The Poor man's Rack.

DECLAMATION VII.

The Argument.

*The L A W. No Free Denizon of Rome
was to be put upon the Rack. The
C A S E. A Poor man and a Rich
were Adversarys one to 'tother. The Poor
man had a Son, as He and his Son were
coming*

*coming home one Night, his Son was
Slain. Whereupon the Poor man says,
'twas the Rich man that Murthered
him, and offers himself to the Rack to
prove it. The Rich man would not
agree to it, alledging, 'twas against the
L A W.*

For

For the Poor Man against the Rich.

I AM very sensible, *my Lords*, that your *Commiseration* of my *Distress* will be much *abated* and *taken off*, because I seem to bring before you too *venturous* a *Grief*; and that a new *Accession* is made to the *sad* Loss of my *Child*, that, when I *crave* and *call* for such severe *Cruelty* against *my self*, I am *reflected* upon as if I required *another's* *Torture*: Yet I cannot *own* how *much* I suffer, because there is no room for the *faint-heartedness* of a *poor* *Father* left in me. I saw with my *own* *Eyes* the *Murderer* of my *Son*, and am more *wretched* now, than if I had not known, *who* 'twas that *murder'd* him. And I confess, *my Lords*, I wonder how it comes to pass that I should *appeal* to this *way* of *Probation*. I came hither, as if I were to relate a *plain* and *manifest* *Case*; neither did I expect any other *Consent* of this *Court's* *Opinion* concerning my *Son's* *Murder*, than as if you had every *one* of you seen the *Murderer* too. But *here*, alas! *here*, I found cause to desire, I might be *rack'd* *aforehand*. For after my *words* did not seem *sufficiently* to make out what I had seen, I resolv'd to *convince* you by my *Torments*. But what shall I do, if the *guilty* *Conscience* of *Defendants* will not endure, that I should rashly *engage* my self to such *Hardship*?

ship? Could I *construe* this to be any *Pity* towards me, that he would not have *me rack'd*, who desired it, since he knows, I would say the *same* thing on the *Rack*, that I did *before*. Neither do I think, *my Lords*, any of you do so much as doubt, *whence* it should proceed; from what *Guilt*, or from what *Fear*, that a Man should be unwilling his *Enemy* should be *tortur'd*. Little do you think, what *Torment* the *rich* Man is in *now*, and what *Pain* he is under, because he will not *consent* to what I *ask*. Oh, how fain would he *wish*, he had not *murdered* my *Son*, that so I might be *spar'd* the *Torture*! Can you think, *my Lords*, he doth this out of *regard* to *Law* or *Liberty*, or that he, that has *broke* the *Law*, would be careful, lest an *Example* be given against *Law*? But he is now *perplex'd* in *Conscience*, and so he takes the more *pleasure* in my *Grief*. 'Tis worth his while to deny the *Rack* to an *Enemy*, when he has brought it about, that he desires it *himself*. And therefore, *my Lords*, I, the *unhappiest* of all *Mortals*, do beg this, that seeing I have *already* suffered such *unheard of*, such *incredible* *Griefs*, That you would take no *pity* on my *Carcase*. 'Tis a more *cruel* and *intolerable* thing, not to *obtain* the *Torture* when I *desire* it, than to *suffer* it in good earnest. Even this is the *strangeness* of my *Grief*, that you cannot *succour* me any other way, than that, you would *hate* another in. Neither is any thing more *unhappy* than *be*, who of necessity *flies* to the *Torture*. I plead and contend, That I *saw* the *very* *Murderer* of my *Son*. 'Tis hard, you cannot *find* this out, if it be *false*; and 'tis as hard, I can't *prove* it, if it be *true*. As for me,
my

my Lords, I fancy my Son's loss, as if it were just now; and my *Thoughts* represent that dismal Night to me, a second time. It seems to me, that I have made my *Confession* already, even upon the Rack.

I had a Son, *my Lords*, as he was of an high and undaunted courage, so he had not as yet any Enemy in the World, and no body would have Murther'd him on any other accompt, had it not been to grieve his Poor Father. O wretched condition of us, Parents! To what strange and unheard of *Pitfalls*, do we lye open? We are the Persons, that provoke and offend, yet our Enemies make our Poor Children suffer. Who, *my Lords*, would ever have been afraid of such a cunning false disposition, when a man shall find out a new way how to Spare and Murther too? As for the rest, *my Lords*, you may expect it on the Rack, no more before. Those Parents are happy in comparison of me, who hear the report of their Children's death by others; but I am shot at by an unbearable of misery, my only Son was Murthered for the nonce, that I might see him Murthered. At night we were going home together, as indeed in the whole course of our Lives we were seldom asunder: For we were men, whose Fortunes did not enable us to keep Servants to guard us, and therefore we made a shift to defend one another by mutual Piety; we upheld one another, we lean'd on one another, and were hardly to be severed but by an expert Murtherer; when, behold, the Rich man sprung forward with a Sword in his hand in the dead time of the night, and, to the amazement of us both, ran him through, that was the

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better man of his hands; and who, if he had killed me, might have found him some Play. I confess, *my Lords*, the best Eyes I had, and the greatest care a Poor Father could use, stood me in no stead at that Time. The Murtherer himself was willing to have it known, who 'twas. You Countrymen all, I put the Question to you; and I ask you too, O all ye humane affections, tell me, What a Poor Father should do in this Case? This Blood you see about me, spurted out from my Son's wounds: With these hands of mine, I held up the Body of my only Child, as he was falling. Methinks the aspect of my dying Son sticks yet in my Eye; and the words, which his exulting Adversary spake over his dead Carcass, yet ring in mine Ears. Beleive me for my Torments sake, how long shall my Sons Murther haunt my Conscience? Open this Body of mine, and bring to light the dark business of the Murther out of my Bowels. I saw it, and yet I can't be beleived; I tell you, I saw it, so that I can say the same, when upon the Rack. Or, if you think I forge and feign, then let my Flesh be torn in pieces with burning pincers, and yet let me not prove it at last. Or if you think fit, *my Lords*, you may Rack me, that I may leave of this Prating.

My Lords, I am not ignorant, that 'tis a very weighty Action I have undertaken, tho' my Cause is clearly just and good. For I, that am but a Poor-man, do accuse one that is Rich, and one too that was my Enemy before, I, I say, that am the Murthered Youths Father; and I require that you would beleive my Testimony, which proceeds from the sense of my loss. And therefore I do not

not *Sue*, that you would not be *angry* with me, until I can prove it. *Rack* me, I beseech you, as a *Liar*. Ay but, *The Law*, says he, *prohibits*, that a *Free Denizon* should be *Rack'd*. I beseech you, my *Lords*, is not such an *Answer* fitter for the *Person*, who is call'd to the *Torture*. I beleive, my *Lords*, no body doubts, but the *Law*, that *prohibits* the *Torturing* a *Free-man*, aims only at this, That no body should be *Rack'd* against his will: yea the *Privileges*, which exempt us from the *Condition* of *Slaves*, are only to succour the *Weak-heartedness* of such as are loth to come to't. 'Tis the very nature of all *Exemptions*, that they must not be imposed by *Force*, but left at *Will*: Yea, that which was design'd for another's *Accommodation* and *Honour*, is no longer a *Privilege*, if it be forc'd. Run over, if you please, all the *Laws* that ever were; there was never any one of them so careful for us, as to push us per-force to what it indulges us. The *Law* allows a *blind Man* an *Action* of *Lex Talionis*, but it doth not force his hands to execute that *Law*; it allows one to sue a *Murderer*, but it compels him not, whether he will or no. So that, in effect, 'tis easier for a *Man* to let go his *Revenge* than his *Right* thereto. 'Tis a kind of *Bondage*, a forc'd *Liberty*; and if you help an *unwilling Man* this way or that way, you do him *Wrong* either way. Would you know what the *Law* had in its Eye? It says not, *I demand your Torture*; I admit it only, if you like it. Oh *Heavens*! How many things are there no less just than the *Law*? Some things are so *highly criminal*, that the *Law* allows to abate of its *Rigour*; and when a *Crime* is wonderful, the *Law*

is as wonderful in its *Execution*. Here's a *Son* murdered in his *Father's* sight: *Rack* me now without fear. A more wicked thing could never have been acted. Pardon me, if I think this *Act* hath out-done the *heinousness* of all other *Crimes*. And (whence the *Justice* of *Torturing* is *salv'd*) greater is the *Offence* to be inquired after, than the manner *How*. No kind of *Examination* or *Trial* must seem *unjust*, when there is no other to be had in the *Case*, and whatever conduces to the *strictness* of a *Law*, is no ways *prejudicial* to be put in *practise*. My *Liberty* is sufficiently *rever'd* and *salv'd*, that you are *unwilling* to torture me, and that no body else finds me *worthy* of the *Rack*, but my self. A *Free-man* must not be tortured, says the *Law*. That was the very reason, my *Lords*, why my *Adversary* was not afraid to murder my *Son*, even before my *Face*. I therefore urge and contend, that my *Son* was murdered before my *Face*. How say you? Would it not make against the *Credit* of this *Appeal* to all the *World*, if I should sit still and be quiet under my *misery*? Alas! when I saw this with my *Eyes*, would you have me give it a bare single-sold *Tellimony*? Can it be any great wonder, if I now rend my *Cloaths*, if I strip me bare, if I call for *Torture* by *Fire* or *Lash*. That *Father* must needs run mad that, in such a *Case*, keeps all to himself. He is mistaken, my *Lords*, that thinks my *Demand* proceeds from a *Carelessness* what becomes of me, or from *Fool-hardyness* either. No, my *Son* puts me to *Torture* by *Fire* and by *Lash*; and if you rack me, I shall be free of that pain. If I am such a *Liar*, when I desire to be rack'd, pray

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tell me what I shall do, when I speak *Truth*, and cannot prove it. *Thou lyeſt*, ſays he: Very well, that *you* alſo confeſs, that I muſt not be believ'd without being *tortur'd*.

But (in earneſt) what *Reason* doth my rich *Adverſary* give, why I do lye? Is it, That I did not know the *Murderer*, and therefore pitch'd upon him eſpecially, to accuſe of the *Fact*? Or, do I know him well enough, and yet, upon accounts of old Grudges, charge the loſs of my *Child* upon him? No, no; 'Tis evident, I could not be miſtaken. My *Son* was ſlain as we were both going home together. Could not I diſcern the *Murderer* in the Night, when the *Murderer* himſelf could diſcern *Whom* to ſtrike, and *Whither* to fly? How ſay you? Did another Man murder him, and I now wreak my *Revenge* upon you? Then, it ſeems, I accuſe you, that mean while the unknown *Murderer* may ſhew us a pair of *Heels*, and be gon. What a piece of *madneſs* do you charge upon me, that I ſhould loſe the *Avengement* of ſo great a *Villany*, by the *false Accuſation* of I know not *who*? If I cannot have the *Law* of you, Sir, whom, I am ſure, I ſaw murder my *Son*, I have left my ſelf *no way* to prove it upon another Man. O thou, that art utterly alien from all *Human Affections*, doſt think, I would forge an *Untruth* here? Alas! I have loſt an *Affection* that is ſweeter to us, poor *Parents*, than any *Revenge*. Do you think it comes now to my *Mind*, that we were ſometimes at odds? Oh! you are mightily miſtaken. He, that hath kill'd a Man's *Son*, is *Enemy enough* upon that ſole Account. Do you think a Man can cover a diſſembled Grief under ſuch

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lying words as theſe, *I will be rack'd upon it*? Soft, I would not offer my ſelf to the *Rack*, unleſs I had ſpoken the *very Truth*: For in the miſt of *Fire* and *Laſh*, 'tis enough for me to ſay, This was my *ſworn Enemy*, this was the Man that every foot gave me ill *Language*; This *unſufferable*, this *outrageous* Perſon. I know not, whether it will be enough for me, under *Torture*, to ſay, *That I ſaw it*, and therefore my *Enemy* ſays, I crave the *Torture*. I do demand the *Rack*. See, I pray, to what I am driven, who am *conſcious* to my ſelf, I may tell a *Lye*; There is no need of *Racks* at all, if they may be made uſe of againſt *Truth*, and *Mankind* will be depriv'd of this neceſſary *Expedient*, if they maintain and draw forth *Lyes* from thoſe that forge them. *Mens humours* do hold out to this piece of *Art*, and tho a man be never ſo much *reſolv'd* againſt making any *diſcovery*, yet his *Heart* fails him when he comes to the *Rack*. 'Tis to no purpoſe to aver what one forges, when twill avail little to confeſs the *Truth* it ſelf. Sure when a man is *Rack'd*, 'tis to make him ſpeak *contrary* to what he ſaid before. 'Tis no great matter how a man comes affected to the * *Equuleus*, or what motives of

*Or Eculeus, a ſort of Rack, uſ'd by the Romans to torture Malefactores, to make them Confels; It is thus deſcrib'd by Sigonius de jud. l. 3. c. 18. Eculeus Cataſta fuit lignea cohleata, ad intendendum & remittendum apta, atq; ad torquendos homines, ut facti veritas eliceretur, inſtituta. Tormenti vero genus erat bujuſmodi, ubi Cataſta huic brachia pedesq; ejus, qui torquendus erat, nervis quibuſdam, quæ Fidicula dicebantur, alligaverant, tum Cataſta inclinata atq; in alium erecta, ut ex ea quaſi cruce quadam miſer ille penderet, primum compagem ipſam offium illius divellebant, deinde candentibus ejuſdem corporis laminis admotis, atq; biſulcis ungulis ferreis lateribus laniatis doloris acerbitas augebant.

The effect whereof in English, is,

The Eculeus was a *Machin* of wood, in the form of a long Stake, or rather two Stakes or pieces of Timber, joyned together by *Screws* or *Pices*, to one of which the Offenders Arms being tied with strings or Cords, and his Legs to the other, the Engine was lifted up or down, and the *Tortur'd* person hoysed up or let down as pleas'd the Torturers, even to the dislocation of his Limbs, to make him Confess: And to encrease his pain they did often, with red-hot Iron plates and Pincers, burn and tear his Flesh from his sides. See also *Turneb. Advers. l. 4. c. 3.*

are but *Flesh* and *Blood*, and there's *no* man, but it goes *against* him, when he *comes* to't. Shall I *challenge* the *Torture* or shall I *refuse* it? What's the difference between *one* that's *Tortur'd*, and *one* that shortly will be like a man, that *confesses* against his *will*. *My Lords*, here's a new and *unusal* *Example* started in *human* Life. No man ever *therefore* ought not to be *tortur'd*, why? Because he *Ly'd*. But, *my Lords*, if it be fit to doubt of the *Truth* of such *Confessions* as are made on the *Rack*, some body *else* ought to be *suspected*. I mean, one that is *tortur'd* being of a *close servile Spirit*, and his *Body*, *Bond-slav'd*: When the *Torturer* is e'n at a *stand* what to do with his *hard brawny Limbs*, when he is *hardned* by *dayly* punishments, that his *Body* claims *acquaintance* with the *smart*, and 'tis no *news* to him to have his *Body stretch't* out upon a *Rack*. But on the contrary, they, who when their *Clothes* are *first* *rent* and *stript* off, can't well bear the *shame* of it, that know not how to *turn* and *wind* their *Bodys* at every *Lash*, and can't tell *how* to meet the *Blows* half-way as it were, 'tis they, I mean, even such as *we*, that the

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Law thinks fit should not be *Tortured*. For how can *we* be able to *keep Counsel* amidst such things? In *Torture*, a *Free-man* had need of a great deal of *hardiness*, that he may be able to *speake* the *Truth*.

But, says he, you ought not to be *Tortured*, because you *challenge* it. I answer, *Torture*, *Dear Sir*, is *one* thing, and to *desire* it, is *another*. *Happy* (*say I*) are *they*, who *chuse* to *shun* it. He deserves *Clemency* and *Favour*, who is brought with *Trembling* to the *Rack*, and *half-dead* already, whom the *Executioner* can scarce *raise* up from his *Knees*, and, tho' his *Clothes* are *rent* off, yet he can hardly *pull* 'm away. Shall I *plead* against the *Torture* as you *desire*, which, you see, I *challenge*. He, He, I say, may be *mang'd* without any *pity*, to whom the *Torturer* can say at every *Stroke*, 'Tis *your own desire*; It becomes not such a one to *supplicate*, who is thought to make *Out-cries* o' purpose, to counterfeit *Groans*, and of whom *Torments* themselves need *first* to be *re-veng'd*. I don't see, *my Lords*, what he can have in his *Eye*, who frames a *Lye*, and then demands the *Rack*. He, that is willing to be *rack'd*, we don't long *beleive* him tho' he *speake* the *Truth*. There is no reason, *my Lords*, you should *beleive*, that my sad and disconsolate loss hath so bereav'd me of all *sense* of *humanity*, that I understand not my request to be, that the *Rich-man* may be sure to *escape*; and that I my self may be *tortur'd*, almost instead of the *Murderer*. But what would you have to do? You must not reckon, I could possibly *lye*, seeing I am the man who was pre-

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sent, when my *Dear Son* was *Murder'd*. Yet I am willing for *Truths* sake, I desire the *Torture*; wherein I *know not* what I *shall* say, but, I have *seen*, and *doe well know*, what I *ought* to say.

Would you have me after this, to deal by *Arguments* and *probable Inferences*? No, *Torture* is the *shorter Cut*. I see no reason, *my Lords*, why the *Rich man* should deny me the *Rack*, so long as there are such *doubts* and *uncertainties* to be cleared. Possibly he would not have me *Tortur'd*, if, when I am so, I must be *beleiv'd* at last. O thou *cruellest* of all *mankind*, how long wilt thou *shame* me by counterfeiting *Fear*. I had more need to *Fear*, who call for my *Rack*; I, who could do nothing, alas, when I *saw* what I did *see*. My *Patience* is suspected by you. For, you see, that *strength* and *prime* of *Age*, and a well-set solid *Body* are an encouragement against *Pain*; but how easie, how ready a matter it, for a *Poor disconsolate Father* to be put to *Torment*? For I bring with me to the *Rack* a *piteous Body*, already *black* and *blue* with the *strokes* of my *Grief* and *Complaint*. How much of my *Life*, how much of my *Spirits*, hath the loss of my *Son* taken from me *already*? How much *weaker* are these my *Vitals*, wasted away by *dayly Lamentations*? Can then this *pale Visage* of mine, this *meagerness*, this *weak Estate* of my *Body*, as if I had been *rack'd already*, *deceive* any thing that's *false*? Besides, if you *lye*, under *Torture*, you can *long* say nothing *less* than what you *saw* with your *Eyes*; it is a short kind of *Confession*, to tell what you *saw*. Those are happy, *Sir*, whom the *Torturer* interrogates, examines,

amines, and who cannot *command* other mens *belief*. He can endure *little*, that can put an end to his *Torture*, when he will *himself*. But, *says he*, why do you not rather *prove* the *Fact*? Oh, *thou Confident man*, you know, that *no body* saw it but *my-self*. Without doubt, *Freind*, many *Arguments* might have been brought to *convict* you, if another man had been your *Accuser*; and you were most *clearly guilty*, if I were to *seek* for the *Murderer*. For who more likely to kill a *Poor man*, than a *Rich man*, and his *Enemy* too? Or, what *Wickedness* can be more easily found out, that hath no other *impulsive Cause*, but *Revenge*? He need not *many words*, to say, *He saw it*; Nor ought I to lose this *Probation* of mine, because it might have fall'n out, that you might have been *accus'd* by *another*. He requires *Proof*, who so laid the *Villany*, that it *cannot* be *proved*. What *Testimony* could *night* procure? What *Eye-witness* could *naked* and *lonely poverty* find? For your part, you had a *Servant*, but he was to be put out of the way, that he might not be *privy* to the *Villany*; and things being carried *so*, who could be present? *Who*, do you think, was there to be put upon the *Rack*? You brought the whole *Fact* to this *pinch*, that he *alone* was to *know* it that *did* it, and *one* more, who *now*, it seems, is not to be *beleived*. Would you make any doubt to *inquire*, if any *other* man knew of this *Wickedness*? Is it fit, that my *Son's suit* should therefore be *lost*, because I, *his Poor Father*, saw the thing don. Truly, *my Lords*, I have made good *one* part of *Proof*, even by *this*, that the *Rich man* refuses me the *Torture*. An *Accused* person will

never fear the *Torture* of his *Accuser*, unless he thought him likely to be *belov'd*, even *before* he came to't.

But, says he, if the *Feuds* between us were the *Cause* of the *Murder*, why did I not rather *dispatch* Thee? *Cruel Man*! I prove thee the *Murderer* by this *very Argument*, that thou didst let me alone. 'Twas thy *wicked Plot*, this, to *destroy* the *Son* and *save* the *Father*. This was the *very reason* for thy *sparing* of me, that thou couldst not have been *defended*, if both of us had been *Murdered*. Methinks, I seem to *overhear* your *very thoughts* and your *secret contriving* the *Murder* in your *Heart*, *What have I to do*, said you, to *wound* or *shed the Blood* of an *Old-man*, that is *spent*, and, as it were, *half-dead* already? Let me rather *make away* the *Young Fellow*, who takes part with his *Father* already against me, I am sufficiently *revenged* of the *Old Father*, when he sees his *Son Murdered* before his *Face*. Would you have me wonder, that you did not kill me? I believe, 'twas because you were *loth*, that a *short Life* should put an *end* to my *Grief*. You *spar'd* me, as *Tormentors* devise *ways* to *lengthen out punishments*, they *wreak* their *cruelty* more by *prolonging pain*, than by *speedy dispatching* out of the way. Now I see your *mercy* toward me that *Night*, tho' you *bated* me. 'Twas one and the *same reason* for both, that you would not have me *Tortur'd*, and that you would not *Make me away*. This man, *my Lords*, endeavours to make it utterly *incredible*, what I contend for, *That he was the person, that Murder'd my Son*. D'c think now *Please* say, that ther's *more of security,*

security, if a man will trust no body to do a *Fact* but *himself*, 'tis safer doing it before a *Father* than his *Enemy*, than a bare *Complice*. Nay I say more. To *Murder* a *Son* in the sight of his *Father*, 'tis then *worth* the while, if one do's it *ones self*. He *loses* much of the *Pleasure* in a *Villany*, that *commands* another to do it, and there's *less sweetness* in things we hear by *report*. Another man may *Murder one*, by your *command*, but in the mean time you can take no *pleasure* at the sight: Oh, 'tis a great deal more, to be *sated* with the *sobs* of a *dying Soul*, to see the *Blood* gushing out, to behold the man *groveling* and *grasping*, and this too while I *myself* am by. These things, *my Lords*, suit well together, *That the Rich man committed this Fact with his own hands*, and, *That I saw it don*. The reason of his *Cruelty*, was, *That he should be Murder'd in my sight, that was Murder'd for my sake*.

I beseech you, *my Lords*, do not think, I did not see the *Fact* committed, because I *stood still*, and *stir'd* not. That's the *grief* of *Slaves*, and of *half-Free-men*, when a *Murder* is perpetrated, to know presently *what* to do, to *screech* out, to *run* up and down, to call *God* and *Man* to witness the *foulness* of the *Fact*, and at last to *dissolve* in *Tears*. Would you have me *set upon* the *Murderer*? Must I *run* after him, as he *flies*? Mean while, who shall take up my *fainting Son*? Who shall support his *weak dying* Body? You know well enough, O *Homicide*, how to *lay* and *order* your *Villany*. To *murder* a *Son* before his own *Father*, is to do it, when *no body* is by. Take *pity* therefore

therefore upon me, *my Lords*, and even from hence make an Estimate of the *rich Man's* Guilt, that he is *content no Enquiry* should be made into the *Fact*, he hath not the *Confidence* of one that thinks I am a *Liar*; and, that which you ought to heed *as much* as if he had *confess'd*, he thinks it not *safe* for him to *deny* the same a *second* time. Pretend what you will, 'tis no *innocent* fear, that makes you *dread another Man's Torture*. What says the *rich Cbuff* now? Will he turn my *Loss* to this kind of *use*, as if the *Authority* of a *Father's* Grief would *fasten another Man's Wickedness* upon him? Next, you bring not the *Rack* your *self*, yo *your self* do not place the *burning Coals*. In earnest, you should say, *You were willing to be rack'd*. I rend my *Cloaths*, and you tremble at it: I make bare my *Body* for the *Lash*, and you look as *pale* as a *Clout*: I call for the *torturing Engine* and the *burning Coals*, and you have not the *patience* to see me undergo this *pain*. What, I pray, could he do *more*, that was the *Murderer*? *Wretch* that I am, what shall I do now? I have *deprived* my self of what was *commendable* in my *Confession*, even before I am *tortur'd* to *confess*. I know right well, how much more *credible* it would have been, if I had *started* this amidst my *Flames* and *Lashes*. I have also lost much of the *Authentickness* of my *first Crying out*, yet you must not think my *Torments* needless, tho I have told already what I know. I have yet many things to say concerning that *secret Fact*, which my *pain* will give the *force* of *Argument* to. 'Tis no matter whether I say, *I saw it*; I shall prove by my *Torture*,

torture, that I ought to have been *believ'd*, even before I was put to 't.

Oh my *Adversary*, How do I *torture* you now, *interrogating* you that in open *Court*, which you first not own to *my self* alone? But if I well perceive the *inside* of your *Consort*, you do not think you *deny* it, because I *saw* it. Oh thou, the most *presumptuous* of all, called *Murderers*, didst thou think thou shouldst *come off*, because only *we two* knew it? *Deny* this, Oh deny it, if thou canst, when I am under *Torture*, and while the *executioner* asks me thro every *Lamb* so *tortur'd*, hold out, if thou art able, thy *resolvedness* not to believe, when I roar out aloud, *I am sure I saw thee*, thou canst bring *no Counterproof* at all of thy *innocency*. He can in no wise expect to be *acquitted*, except he hears me *deny* it. And yet, *my Lords*, pray do not imagine, that I *beg* my *Torture* upon this account only, as if I *long'd* to be *miserable*. No; I will give you *Reasons*, why you should be out of *patience* with me, and *command* me to my *Rack*. He *Murder'd* my *Son*, that was *praise-worthy* of all and every one of you, upon whose account I thought my-self *happy*, and was as *proud* as the best. Oh my too great *innocency*! So may I not bring thee off the *Rack*, may I not free thee from the *scorching Flames*? Now thou do'st *vindicate*, now thou do'st *defend* me. Now, just now, my *Rich man* hath *Murdered* my *Son* by *trusting* upon thee. Gather your selves together, all ye *Children* and all ye *Parents* too, *scorch* and *tear out*, first these *Eyes* of a *Poor Father*, then pull these *Arms* of mine *apieces*, because

because they were *lazy* and did nothing for a *dying man*; rend this *Boay*, these *Limbs*, that came off with never a *Wound* after *grapling* with the *Murderer*. Whether you'll call it a *Punishment* or a *Favour*, I ought to be as *miserable* while I prove it, as I was when I saw it. I am a *wretched* man indeed, if I can possibly give a *Lying Testimony*, even from the *Rack*. With out doubt the *Rich man* aimed at this in *refusing* me the *Rack*, lest they should have *beleived* me. But hold out a little, prithee, thou *Conscience* of mine, Thou didst see it. And now let *unhappy affection* return to us, *miserable Creatures*: That which could not be don in total *destitution*, the *Courage* which *surprising Grief* hath taken away, let *Torture* restore. When my bare *Heart* and *Bowels* shall be *schorch'd* with *Flames*, then let that *night* come into my mind; when the *Rack-scourges* shall have *unjointed* my *Limbs*, let then the *looks* of my *onely Son*, as he was a *dying*, be again plac'd before mine *Eyes*: Let the *words* of the *Murderer* on one side, and the *Requests* of my *dying Son* on the other, stick by me. When I see my *Son* a *dying once*, methinks I see it *still*: Oh *unhappy Old Age*, thou know'st not how much *stickling* for *Truth* there must be, that the *Rich man* may heartily *repent* he did not *Murder* us both. Yet for all this, my *Lords*, I desire you to *consider*, and to *bear with*, my *Weakness*; For if perchance, the *Rack-lashes* shall make me *change* my *note*, yet, I am sure, I saw it; If I lose my *Voice* 'midst *Torture* and *Flame*, yet, I vow, I saw it: If *Pain*, assaulding me on every side, shall

all kill me *downright*, yet I saw it *still*. Otherwise, if you will not allow me to *beleive* by my own *Knowledge* and my own *Eyes*, I should have been *Dead* ere this of that *Anguish*, when I considered I was like to be *Tortur'd*.

Gemini



Gemini Languentes :

O R,

The dying Twins.

DECLAMATION VIII.

The Argument.

A Man and his Wife had two young Children, that were Twins, who both fell Sick : The Physicians, being consulted said, that 'twas the same disease, and that it was incurable, only one of them of
fer'd

fer'd to work a Cure upon one Child, if Liberty might be given him to inspect the Bowels of the other : Whereupon the Father suffers him to dissect one of the Infants, and view his Entrals ; by means whereof he cur'd the other. Hereupon the Wife commences an Action of Ill-bearance against her Husband.

For

For the Mother against the Father.

THÔ, my Lords, it takes off much pity from a Poor Mother in her distress, that, of Two Children alike desperately Sick, one is recovered, so that many, who at first view entertain her great sorrow, will be ready to say, *She is too covetous and greedy of Comfort, that being very lately like to lose both her Children, now she is not contented with the recovery of one*: Yet I cannot but present to your Piety this first Considerable in her sad calamity, which arises even from the very terms of the Comfort which is left her. The Poor woman, I believe, would complain less of her Husband, if he also, for whom his Brother was Slain, could not have been Cured. Now the unhappy woman is not able to stand under her grief, now she finds no kind of comfort, since she seems to have lost a Son, that might have liv'd too. It adds to her impatience under her sad loss, because she understands his disease was not without hopes of recovery; The Poor woman can never be perswaded, he was irrecoverably Sick, who could afford that, which cur'd another. Thô the cruel Father stretches hard to shelter the immunity of his Parricide under a greater Fear, yet I see no ground to infer, that both of them must needs have miscarry'd.

miscarry'd. Of Twain, that were Sick, he alone was lost that was Murther'd.

And therefore in the first place, the unhappiest of all Mothers prefers this request to you, that you would not abate any part of the Odium of this wicked Faël, because her Husband seems to be concern'd, as much as she, in the loss of a Child. A Father cannot be said to lose a Son, who destroys him; he quits himself of his Grief, because he thinks he hath don a brave thing; and his bragging of the Contrivance substitutes a Poor comfort, in lieu of his lost Son. But a Mother is otherwise, yea far otherwise, affected, she would not believe the Physician, and, by reason of the barbarousness of the Terms propos'd, she would never give way to make the Experiment. For as she fear'd, so likewise she hop'd, for both their sakes. I would not have you reckon him of greater Piety, who, by the death of one Son, thought to insure the Life of the other. You ought to detest the Father, as if he had kill'd both, sure 'twas no matter to him, which of them was kill'd. Yet, may it please you Religious Lordships, some body else, besides the Mother, hath cause to complain of this Cruel Parricide. For he reckoned Health it self among humane disasters, and he had the Heart, that his Son should endure all manner of pains and diseases, for Physick's sake. He slew a Son, (if you will believe himself) that perhaps might have dy'd notwithstanding; and he parts with a Child, whom he ought to have lov'd more dearly by reason of the desperateness of his Case, for some Poor uncertain event. This Motive, my Lords, doth not discharge the Cruel Father from Savageness, because he
O thought

thought he might *practise* an *unheard of* and a *Cruel* thing on his *Sick Child*. He can have but this *one Motive*, if the *one* might be cur'd. Oh, *great Prosperity*, how commonly art thou charged with a sad and *oppressing* load of *disasters* ! A *Mother*, that was *lately noted* all the *Town* over, is she *now* come to This ? What, she, that had such *sweet Company*, that never parted from her sides ? She, that made such *pretty Glances* with her *gladsom Eyes* ? Why d'ye tell me of *one* that's *lost* ? Alas, the *woful Mother* hath e'n *lost both* : For the *Poor Children* tell *both Sick* ; and without doubt they were in the same condition at once, not by their *Relation* or by *Sympathy* of *Body* or *Spirit*, but on the *common account* of *human frailty*, even as *Two Strangers* might fall *Sick* at the same time. I will not deny, but the *Disease* was *greivous*, *terrible* and *such* as might minister *Fear* to *both Parents*, yet 'twas *such*, as for which (to speak the *least*) a *Cure* was sought. Tell me not, that the *Physitians* agre'd, they would *both dye*, in regard, they said, 'twas the *same disease* ? 'Tis plain, they cou'd not speak *true* of *both*, for, you see, they were *out* in *one*.

Yet, at present, *my Lords*, we do not complain of their wretched *Prescription*, to throw the *Patients* on their *Parents*, when they thought they could not *cure* 'm *themselves* ? 'Tis more *plain* and *innocent*, to give a man *over*, where you don't know a *remedy* ; And I had rather have such *honest* ignorance, which says, We cannot *cure* a *Malady*, if we don't *know* it. But the *greatest Professors* among them, and such as *Mankind* were not able to requite, if they *knew* this kind of *Cure*,

Cure, yet would make no *discovery* thereof. Would you have me *prove*, in short, that they did no better than *lye* ? Why, they said, the *Disease* was *dissperate*, and yet *One* of *themselves* (if the *Father* speak *Truth*) found out the *Remedy*. Whether it were, *my Lords*, that the most *vain-glorious* of the *Ignoramus's* saw the *over-rigid* *Patience* of the *Father* in the *danger* his *Children* were in, and so look'd upon him as a man *careful* for a *Remedy*, even for *all Mankind*, in their *particular* *Dileate* ; or whether, he made this a *pretence* to *counterfeit* some *skill*, seeing he cou'd not *cure*, and therefore stay'd to cover his *shameful* ignorance under as *great an unlikelihood*, or whether it were, that he would be thought to say somewhat *more* than the *rest*, he interlac'd and flourish'd his *dispairing* words, with incredible *vapouring* ; and, keeping the *poor Parents* long in *suspence*, at last he thought it safest to *promise*, what no body living would *venture* to *say*. He *acknowledg'd*, that he understood not the *Cause* of the *Malady*, and yet (forsooth) he would undertake to recover *One*, if he might *slay* and *dissect* the *Other*, and *inspect* his *vitals*. This is your *Iron* *Man*, that must be *trusted* by a *pious* and *careful* *Father*. He *profess'd*, he *knew* a *Remedy* for that *Disease*, which he *knew* not a word of.

Now, *my Lords*, will it please you to take *notice*, that the *Father* did do nothing of all this, out of his *impatient Love* ? Ple tell you, he did not acquaint the *Mother* with it ; the *poor Woman* was driven from her *dying Son*, by the very mention of the *safety* of the *Other*. Neither did he take any *counsel* of his *Kindred* or *Friends*, but, resting

on his *own* and his *Physicians* persuasion, he gave him leave to *chuse* which he would, which is worse than if he had *slain* him *himself*. Now let the *Murderous* man tell me, how it came to pass, that of *Two* Children, alike *deplorably* sick, one should be thought more *desperate* than the other? If 'twere *indifferent* to the *Physitian*, which he *murdered*, 'tis plain from thence, that possibly both might have *liv'd*; but, if he did put any *difference* betwixt them, then 'tis clear, that 'twas not quite the *same* *Malady*. What a kind of *Cure* this was, and what the *Poor Youth* endur'd in a *Death* that an *Anatomist* must be present at, I presume 'tis plain to the *affections* of all *thinking* persons. And therefore I am *tender*, that the *Mother* should *bear* it; yet we must briefly *shew* you the *method* of his *long-lasting* Cruelty. Of all that he *suff'ed*, his *death* was the *least* and *easiest*. Nor must he think to procure *Pardon* for his *Cruel Cure*, because he made good his *promise* in *another* Brother. Whether the *Physitian* cur'd the *mother*, let *Fortune* decide it, *this* I am sure of, the *Physitian* kill'd one.

Here now the *unhappy Mother* flies out, and cries as loud as she can, Husband, says she, where is my Child that I committed to you, and to your *Physitian* both? Here is your *uncureable Child*, which you trusted to me, take him, this is the Child that's a dying, this is he, whom you allow'd your *Physician*, if he thought good, to *Murder*. You see, what comes of my distressed pious Vows, and of my careful Prayers? Whilst I foster and foment his cold Breast by applying my Paps thereto; when I put Life into his stark cold Limbs by incessant

Kisses,

Kisses, and the warm Breath of a Distracted Mother; when his almost closing Eyes did ope a little, at my noyse and schreiks, and so admit a glimpse of Light; when I cogg'd with him, when I promis'd him great matters, and told him that his Brother was Cur'd, he look'd up towards Life, he grew better, he was quite well. Yet I don't brag of any Piety, nor do I ascribe to myself the Event of that happy Cure; wou'd you know, what Cur'd him? I'll tell you, in a word, Even that, which would have cur'd them both.

The Laws, methinks, and Statutes may be ashamed for confining the Greif of our Poor Sex within such narrow bounds. What shall a Wife, when her Son is slain by her Husbands means, accuse him, of no more than Ill-Treatment, or Ill-Bearance? Those Wives go off from the Authority of this Law, who make the want of some Matrimonial Caresses a Ground of Action. For my part, I think Liberty is given thereby to wretched Wives only, to sue for a divorce from a wicked Husband, and it defends against such Injuries of an Husband, that you can endure no longer. It relieves those Wives, who cannot in Conscience part from their Husbands, but are lock'd in the hard and everlasting bond of the worst of Wedlocks; who, having Children by their ill Husbands, can neither well leave them, nor well stay with them. Possibly an Husband may have the better on't, because he would be condemned, if the Action were grounded on a less complaint. And therefore such a woman is past Shame, that sues her Husband, for denying her a Garb fit for her Quality, for taking off her Attendants, for restraining her

O 3

Bed,

Bed, or for a Flap on the Face, as if he had destroy'd a Child. I have said nothing as yet of those Circumstances, which make the Parricide to appear so heinous as it is. I say, my Son was slain by his Father, you may suppose, he was Lewd, Debauch'd, and Wicked; or you may think, his Father did it in Anger and Indignation? How heinous a thing 'tis, to kill a Son, nobody acknowledges more, than he, who would have us think he did it for his other Son's sake.

What, my Lords, can the wilful humour of an Husband, and the All of a sad Wifes misery be discovered by this? That he denys to be accountable to her for the of-spring between them. Do you like it, you men, that of persons, who derive more of their Life and Spirit from them, they should have no share but only of their Greif? Shall a Poor woman then contribute her waylings only? Must she be set aside from all the Cares and Counsels, which are requir'd for the trayning of their Youth, and for the disposal of their Life, and have no more concern for them than a Stranger, shall she be join'd to her Husband only in Partnership of Mourning and Tears for a lost Child? Certainly, if we duly estimate, to which of the Parents Children are most oblig'd, 'tis not without reason, that that affection should challenge almost all the Preeminence, that was set upon them, ten Months before the Father dream't on't: For you, Fathers, are made such only by the first gladfom sight of the birth, but we Mothers know our selves to be such, by our going with the birthen all that while. Is it fit that they should have less power over them, because they can do less for them?

You

You are they, who, when they are shooting up, send them to Travel; and when they are grown, after the Fashion of Grandees, (forsooth) you send them to trail a Pike. You are asham'd to seem sensible of their absence, as if it were a weakness of Spirit; and, (whence there is an easie Transit to severity and rigor) you love your Children, by putting them to hardships. How many things do you do with your Children, only because you may. You often Sin by bragging of your power, while you would seem to affect a grave humour. When you lose your Children, you cannot shed a Tear, your countenance is stern and unmoveable, even when you behold their Bodies a burning, you are easily comforted, and, that which surpasseth all Savageness whatsoever, you seek ambitiously to be praised for being unconcern'd in their calamity. Can there be any thing then, which you both perform, not with the same mind, with the same impatience, or, if need be, with the same rigor, towards your common Children? He's a Wicked Father, that won't let the Mother do as much as he. Grant, that our weaker Sex yields to you about Tutoring our Children; you may settle their Manners, their Course of Life, their Marriages, and other Acts, by your Counsel and Persuasion: But is there any arrogancy or presumption in the Joint-share and Partnership of both, when our Children are Sick? Nay: if you have any Shame at all, now give up all your Power to the Mother, let her sit nearest the Sick Child's Bed, let her apply fomentations, and let her band him his dyet: If his Impatience, or the Disorder of his Fearourish Bowels, call for any

thing, let the *Mother* deny it, or let the *Mother* give it him. If his *hot Fit* has thrown off the *Clothes*, let *her* lay them again on his *weary'd Limbs*; if he throws his hands up and down the *Bed* or *Couch*, let *her* keep them in with a *diligent care*. In vain do you seek, that this cruel *Act* should seem to come from your *great affection*, who are indeed *secluded* from all *obligation* to take *Care*. Where *Parents* do not agree about the *Cure* of their *Sick Children*; the *Cure* is to be *disfrusted*, not the *Mother*.

Moreover, the *Son*, that he *kill'd*, was an *innocent Child*; he could object *nothing* against *him*, neither had he any *Cause* to be *angry* with him; A *Son*, (if you will believe himself) that was ready to *dye* for his *Brother*, and whose last *Farewell* he could not endure to see. *My Lords*, here's a *new* and *unusal* *Fact* committed against us, *now*, *Piety*, *Love* and an *Impatience* to lose a *Child*, sticks not at a *Parricide*. I had rather a man should *bate*, *complain* of, and *curse* his *Children*, than *Murder* them with the *same* affection as he *Saves* them. What avails it, if the *Life* of the *other Child* be *redeem'd* by such an *Act*? If any *just* reason can be given for *Murdering* a *Child*, he must be *Murdered* upon his own account *only*. Now, *my Lords*, consider further, I beseech you, to inhaunce his *inhumanity*, he *kill'd* him when he was *Sick* and *Weak*. I conceive, all of us do entertain a *greater* tenderness for those, that are *Sick*; yea even *Malefactors*, whose *Executions* we otherwise *long* to see, yet we take some kind of *pity* upon them, if they be *weak* and troubled with any *violent Fit*. When men are in *holes* of *Prisons*, and in the

deepest

deepest *Dungeons*, yet the *swarthy paleness* of ones *panting Breast* is beheld, not with *such remorse*, nor do the *rattling Chains* about his *neck*, and a *Face begrim'd* with a *long nasty imprisonment*, so *move* and *strike* the *Spectators*, as that *Poor man*, who is ready to *faint* every *step* he takes; and who can scarce be *push'd* on by the *long train* of his *Fellow-Prisoners*, this *Sick Prisoner*, amongst so many *condemned* ones, and *dead in Law*, causes every one to look on *him* before the rest. What say you? Will you offer to *wound* one, or *kill* him outright, whom, in the *case* he is in, 'tis *cruel* to *correct* or to *reprove*, whose very *Ears* should not be *grated* with *hard words*; and one so *tender*, that, if you deny him any thing, you seem to *kill* him? You can't think to *defend* your self on this account, *That you devised this Expedient to save the other*. No, when *Two Children* are alike *desperately ill*, if you be a *good Father*, your *Affection* will incline to *neither*, you will *chuse* neither; but, to avoid the *hazard* of being *Childless*, you will rather *dye* your self.

In this place, *my Lords*, the *Cruel Old man* strives to *patch* up an *Excuse* for his *Rashness*, from the *Consent* of his *Physicians*; *They despaired*, forsooth, of *them both*. But Ple lay aside a while the *Savageness* of the *Father*, who, to escape the *hazard* of *Childlessness*, would give any *Credit* at all to them; and in the *Name* of *all* that's *Man*, I will complain against the *Men* of so *bold* and *daring* a *Persuasion*. How many *Tricks* hath the *miserable care* of *mortals* found out? 'Tis by *Fate*, we *Live*, we are *Sick*, we are *Well*, we *Dye*: What can the *thing*, call'd *Physick*, doe, but that,

accord-

according to her *Rules*, none may *despair*? Do you think, I will say, I don't beleive them when they give over a *Patient*; or that, I am not of their mind, when they utterly leave and forsake him: *Tush*, for my part, I'll not trust *Doctors*, no not when they promise and encourage me: Look upon the greatest part of *mankind*, and, in my judgment, that *Lustier* age, which liv'd in the *First* true Frame of *Nature*, knew no great *Professors* of such an *Art*; yet for all this, she could cure *Wounds* received in *Battel*, and the *attaques* of *diseases*, not by the *Learned* vanity of *disputing pro and con*, but by *more Experiment*, and by drawing *Observations* from *like and unlike* events, she succours us by the way she has been taught. 'Tis not the *medicinal Art* that *Cures*, but whatsoever hath the hap to *Cure*, that's *medicine*. How can I take it, d'e think, that an *Art*, invented (as you say) for *our Life*, forsooth, should take such a *guise* and *authority* upon her, as to foresee mens *Exits* long before? That it should pronounce *that Fate* to be at hand, which we *dreams* not of? When it begins to be the cheldest part of this *pretended Science*, to say, We are *past Cure*: Will any man leave a person that can *speak still*, that *breaths*, that *understands*, as he would give over a *dead Corps*? Or, will he think, that *presently* there is an *end of Life*, whensoever his *poor skill* is *gravel'd*? If we consider the *Frailty* of our *mortal Fabrick*, with the uncertain *hazards* that attend it, you'll find, that the case of *every Sick man* is *alike dangerous*. 'Tis unreasonable, to call those cases *desperate*, as often as *Physick* cannot find out a *Cure*, and to make the *scantling* of our

our *skill*, or of our *understanding*, to reflect upon the *Fates*. I think *nothing* concerns every body more, than that our *hope* for a man should hold out as long as his *Life*. Whence, d'e think, doth it proceed, that men are so *slow* in their *Funeral-preparations*? How comes it, that they are always *disturb'd* with *beating* our *Breasts*, with *weeping* and with *immoderate howling*? But that, it seems, we are *loth* to beleive, that *death* it self can *dispatch* us so *suddainly*? And therefore, we frequently see some return'd to *Life* again, after their last *Farewel* has been cry'd; some have *recover'd*, even by not being look'd too: *That* bath sav'd *some*, which perhaps would have kill'd *others*. Unadvis'd *Indulgence* has help'd *some*, and desperate *Resolution* has don as much for *others*. Perhaps this *Art* may be able to *foresee diseases*, and to *find out* what's *good* for them; but how can it possibly tell, how much *Life Nature* hath granted in the *Inwards*, in the *dark* corners and *recesses* of the *Breast*? What *property* the *Spirit* may have receiv'd, and *what*, the *Body*? There is not such a *difference* in our *Shapes*, nor so great a *variety* in our *Countenances*, as there is a *latent dissimilitude* in our *Breasts*. Whatsoever the *various* composition of the *Elements* hath fram'd us, 'tis *unsearchable*, and never like to be found out; And, as *more or fewer* of *Celestial Principles* are united with the *Terrine*, so by a *bidden* reason we *last*, or we *knock off*. Whether we ought to beleive such as give *men over*, judge you? They, who deny'd the *Sick Infants* were capable of a *Cure*, said not *true* neither in him that *escap'd*, nor in him

him that *miscarry'd*, for he dyed not of any *Sickness*.

Certainly, A *woman* might have had *just cause* of *complaint* against you, if you had gon a *new* and *unusual* way to work, tho' you had *saved* both. It never shews any *great Affection*, to make *Tryals* of *desperate Remedies*, tho' they *may* do us good. For in a very *hazardous* Prescription, the *unwisdom* of the *Trial* only argues a *desperate* resolution. What matter is it, of *what* condition the *Sick man* is? How much of *Hope*, or how much of *Life* remains behind? Let the *Fears* and *Dreads* of *Parents* for their *Children* be *sacred*. God forbid, that, of our *Children*, he, that is like to *die* should be *less* regarded. The *Physicians* *despair'd*! What's that to the *Father*? Pray, do you *hope* notwithstanding, and bid the *Mother* *hope* with you: Trust to your *own affections* rather, and to your *own ardent Prayers*. This shews, that you were too too willing to *commit the Murder*, when for your *Son's Sickness*, you chose to go *only* to *depairing Physicians*. Do you beleive *such* men, that give one another the *Lye*, and against whose *Opinion* you give *Credit* to *one single Person*, before *all* the rest. Again, I should think *very* hardly of your *Cruel-heartedness*, if in the *Care* of a *Son*, whatever it be, you did not acquaint your *Kindred*, and for your *Friends*, have regard to the *Mother's* mind, and did not *first* consult this *Impatience*, (on one side) and that *Fear* (on the other side) of the *Parents*. A *Father* ought to allow himself *less liberty* in the case of *no Son*, than of *him* that's e'n just upon *dying*.

But

But they were *Brothers*, says he, and *Twins* too, and therefore 'tis *probable* they *sh'd* the *same* thing. Pray, who can endure that any man should be *ignorant* and *positive*, in the *same* thing? He that *knows* not, what *kind* of *disease* 'tis, can't *know* whether it be the *same* or no. My *Lords*, *Nature* never made any thing in the *World* so *like*, but that some *property* or other did *distinguish* it. What matters it, that the *First* constitution of *Two* Bodys and *Spirits* springs from the *same* *Principles*? Yet, every man is compos'd and made by a *Frame* of his *own*; *Two*, or *more*, *Brothers* may be born, but their *Fate* may be *singular*. That *indifference* and *indistinguishableness*, that we behold in *some*, which men *admire* when they see, and all the *Town* wonders at, yet the *knowledge* of their *Parents* can distinguish them, the *Nurse* knows Which is Which, and tho' the *distinctive marks* are not easily *discerned*, yet there is something *again*, where even *likeness* it self creates a *difference*. In *some*, tho' they are not distinguishable by their *Countenance*, yet there is found a *different* Tone, another *Meen*, and a *distinct* Gate or *Face*; and suppose *all* these *differ* not, yet there is a *different* Wit, *contrary* dispositions, and *courses* of *Life* which are *quite* cross one to the other. Moreover, That *Twins* have not the *same* Nature is evinced by their *several* Fortunes; she *depresses* *one* with *constant* poverty, he *pranks* up *together* with an *Estate*, he could never look for: She conducts *one* to *Titles*, *Places*, *Offices*, the other passes his *whole* *Life* in *obscure* and *ignoble* privacy. All that *Twins* receive from their *Father* is *like* enough; but what from *Fate*, is

is *unlike*. Neither did they *slip* out of their Mothers womb *together*, so that the *same* birth *con-*
sign'd them. How much time, d'e think, did
 pass between the *womans* being *laid* of her *first*
Twin? Whilst her *womb*, having a little *delivered*,
 is open'd a *second* time for *another* bearing? Per-
 haps it may seem a small *Term* to our Eyes; but
 if you consider the *vastness* of the *Heaven* over
 us with a *groveling* mind, you shall know, that
 there is a *great Arch* of a *Circle* runs between *Nu-*
trivitiys. This *vast Frame* of the *Starry Heaven*
roles over our heads by a *swift motion* turning
 downwards, and, the *huge* distance between *East*
 and *West* being measur'd out by the *short* space
 of *Day* and *Night*, we meet with *different* Constel-
 lations from what rose at *first*, by the *continual*
revolution of the *axis*. Do you reckon *this*, a
small space of the *Heavenly Circumference*, that
 presents you with such *distinct* appearances. How
 much appears *above* the *Horizon* every *moment* of
 a *flitting* hour, and *how* much again doth disap-
 pear? And therefore, *when*, I pray, did the *Child-*
ren set out to *Travel* *together*; When did they
 list themselves for *Soldiers* *together*? What have
 they don, but when they were *separate* and *apart*
by themselves? When was it, that they were *Sick*
together, and when were they *conjoined* in their
last Funeral? And tho' 'tis necessary, that *Twin*
 should sometimes be *Sick* *together*, yet this hap-
 pens to them, not as *Brothers* but as they are *Se-*
veral. That our *Twins* were not *Sick* of the
same Fate, how would you have me *prove* it more
breisly than *thus*, That both of them were not *Mur-*
ther'd nor both of them *Cur'd*? But suppose this be
 true,

that the *Physicians* despair'd of them: Yet,
 I pray, You, who are the *Father*, leave us some *In-*
nocence in our *Calamity*, leave us an intire *Com-*
fort in our *Children*, whom you seem not to have
 lost, but by *Fate*. What *Parent* is ignorant, that
 he procreates *Children* under the *Fatal Law* of
Mortality? But *inhuman* and *unbecoming* *Exits* are
 worse than to be *barely* Childless. For this cause,
 we bewail those *more*, who hap to be taken a-
 way by *War*, or who chance to be burnt with
fire, or to be cast away at *Sea*. You may the
 better bear with the *loss* of those *Children*, who
 live with all their loving *Friends* and *Assistants* a-
 bout them; when we have said what we have to
 say, when we have given a *departing* kiss, when
 they have made their *last Will*, and when our
Conscience tells us, we have don all that we *could*
 to *save* *Life*. These are the men, if we speak
 truth, that may be said to *dye*, others are all but
 cast away.

Again, I see not, how the *Father* can fetch any
 excuse from the *Consent* of *Physicians*. Why this is
 that, which exceeds all *Parallel* of *Barbarity*. A
Father murders his *Sen*, for *another*, who, he
 thought, could *never* be *cur'd*. What a kind of
Monster and *Prodigy* have we here! Can you
 endure the *Murder* of a *Child*, and yet can't en-
 dure the *Loss* of a *Child*? Is it come to this, that
 when only you can endure the *Death* of your *Sen*,
 when you have added a *Villany* to it? Do you
 murder him, because the *Physicians* gave him
 over. For my part, I would have complain'd, if
 you had but let him alone, or if you had discom-
 mitted or remitted any part of your *paternal* *Care*;
 Then,

Then, it seems, *you* will do no more, than *they*, who go about to *visit* many a *Patient*, who are call'd away and taken off by *other Cures* in hand. Ah, *trust* your *Children* rather with their *Mother*, let *her* complain of *angry fortune*, let *her* cast an *Odium* upon the *merciless Gods*. That *woman*, which can't endure the very *thought* of your *giving* a *Child* over, you will never be able to *satisfie* her by his *Murder*. Oh, *my Lords*, who can endure this piece of *Impudence*? A *Father* would make you *believe* this unlikely *story*, That *every body* *despaired*, and yet *One* had *some hope*. 'Tis *ground* enough for my *complaint*, That the *Physicians* cou'd not *agree*, and when they had found *one*, who, against the *sense* of the *rest* that *gave* him over, pretended to *Cure*, 'twas not unlikely, *my Lords*, that some *other good man* might have been found, who would have given more *encouraging* and *effectual Prescriptions*. I mean, 'tis *this* that I *complain* of, and that *troubles* me, that in a *matter* wherein he should not have *bearkned* to the whole *Pack* of them, yet he *gave credit* to *One*. What if there be *some remedy*, if it be a *Sin* to *use* it. And where *Hope* brings along with it *as much* danger as *Despair* it self, that's the *best* issue, that preserves *Innocence* in *misery*. Why do we lay an *Odium* on the *former Physicians*? *None* *despairs* more than *he*, that professes he *knows* not, *What the Disease* is. What say you, the *Father*? Dare any man be so bold to *treat* with you concerning your *Two Children*, as of *Two other* ordinary *Sick* persons? Can you give up *either* of your *Twins* to be *Murdered*? I should not know how to *bear* it, if you should *part* them by *Expo-*
sing

sing *one*, or if you should be content to bring up *but one*: I should not endure it, if your *Son* were taken *Captive* by *Pirates*, that you should *redeem* him by sending his *Brother* in *his* room. What, will you *play fast* and *loose* with your *Children*? Will you make the *Case* of *one* reach them *both*? I should call it *Murder* of your *Child*, if, when the *Physician* promised to *save one*, you had *chosin* him that was *sure* to *dye*. 'Tis, near upon, *as Cruel* a thing, to *part* *Twins* as to *destroy* them. He, with all his *skill*, where he *must* be *believ'd*, says, *That he knows* not the *Cause* of the *malady*; and then forthwith, he *prescribes* something that *can* or be *don*, no not by *them* that do *know* it. This is his *method*, *Plu Kill*, says he, *then Ple try to Cure*. Remember, *you* that are the *Father*, he puts *Killing* into the bargain *before* *Curing*? 'Tis not so *great piety* to *save one Son*, as 'tis a *Villany* to *destroy* another. Do you think now, that this is an *circumum* of his *profound* skill in *Physick*? I tell you, he *wraps* up nothing but *words* of *despair*, the *Cautious Braggadocchio* lays hold on this short *response* to *circumvent* and *deceive*: You see, in how much *obscurity* the *Physician* involves his *Prescript* and *Experiment*? 'Twill never be known, whether a *Sick Child* *dyes* of his *disease*, if he *kill* him any *other way*: I *did not know*, says he, *the nature of the disease*? When he had *once* said so, in truth *you* ought not to have *trusted* him with the *Children*, tho' he would have try'd *nothing* but a *Potion*, or some *novel way* of *diet* and *fomentation*. I *don't know*, says he, *but if you will give me leave* to *rip ope* *others body*, and *break up* his *breast*, perhaps and *peradventure* I may find *some*
P remedy

remedy there. Well said, *Physician*, now you have excus'd your self to the *Mother*; for you us'd all the means you could, that you might not be believ'd.

I will defer awhile this my *Plea*, that the *Father* acted thus towards *Two Brothers*, *Twins* too, and that *without* the consent of the *Mother*; I will rather contend in the name of all that's *man*, that such a kind of *Cure* ought by *no means* to be admitted. Good Night to all mankind, if we must need the death of *one* man for the recovery of *another*; and all way of *Cure* will be lost, in effect, if *medicine* do's as much mischief as *malady*. What, shall I endure a man, that says, Give me another *Live Anatomy*, another mans *Heart-blood*, that I may find out the Cause of a *distemper*; when I have kill'd, then will I inquire after a remedy, then will I study out something, shall do good. Is it so indeed, can you not find out the nature of a *disease* on easier terms? How *Impudent* and *Shameless* is this *Cruel* service? He resolves, to kill a *Sick man*, that he may find out a reason, why he ought not to be kill'd. I appeal to your *Consciences*, my *Lords*, Nature hides no kind of *disease* in the *Inwards* only, but whatever *distemper* rises at the *Center* is diffus'd to the *Circumference* of the *Exterior Body*. Hence comes *Paleness* and *Meagerness* of look, because the outmost *surface sympathizes* with the *Pain* that is within. Otherwise, I see not, why you should *Probe* a man at his *wounds*, or why you should transmit your remedies to the *Heart* through the passages of the *Body*; and how *Physick* can reach our *latent Canals* through our *very skin*. Why therefore doth not a *malady* admit us to the *understanding* of it self, the same way, as it discovers its remedy? Hidden
and

and deep diseases are discover'd either by the too swift circulation of the *Blood* in the *Body*, or by the quicker drawing breath of a *panting Soul*. In these cases, *first* and *formost*, believe your *senses*, I say, believe your *own* eyes: Interrogate the *Sick* partys *one* while by themselves, *another* while both together, whereabouts the greatest pressure of their *disease* within 'em doth chiefly reside, and whence their *Feeling* pain, bursting forth into *Groans*, doth proceed? A *Physician*, who, by these *Indications* can't find out a *disease*, never did, nor never will, find out a remedy. But what if a *Physician* can give some reason to one, that he hath cur'd already? Is the inspection of *one Anatomy* enough, to make your *Physician* understood the Nature of all *Mankind* in general? What can you bring to a *Sick Patient*, which the *Experience* of so many *ages*, and of so many persons, hath not already found out? Will you chuse rather, in the same bold and dangerous way, to try your remedies, as you do find out the abstruseness of a *disease*? There is a shorter way of *Cure* for us, and a more compendious Expedient to *health* and *recovery*. If too much heat, of *Bowels* within, hath hardned the parts about it, use *Emollient* remedies: If the *Sick Patient* overflow with moist humours, *Recipe's* should be ready, whereby, the *Vins* being discharg'd and contracted, the *Body* may come again to a stronger and dryer temper. If *Abstinence* from Food will do little good, let him be cherish'd with good *Kitchen Physick*. If the *Spirits* be overladen with too much *Feeding*, let the *Body* be attenuated by *fasting* and refraining from Food, for the cleansing of the passages. Here's subject enough,

for all your *Experiments*, Doctor, in *Two Sick* persons, and their *diseases* the same. You must never look to get *various choice* of *remedys* by practising your butchery upon *one poor* man. You must try at the same time, what's *proper*, what's *different*, what's *contrary*: Here's no consideration of *Launcing*, of *Ripping up*, of the *higher Regions*: You can't know, how *one Sick* party can be *cured*, unless you have *first* *cured* the *other*. Besides, tho' a *disease* be never so much the *same*, yet it must needs be *diversified* in the *Variety* of *Two* persons. You can never find in *one* mans *Bowels* the *whole* of what you seek, for *another*; a *different Sick* person is a *different* disease.

Why should you *maintain* the *greatest* of *Crimes* by the *recovery* of the *other Son*? A man, in whom you *only* seek the *Cause* of any *disease*, is slain for the *Physicians* sake. Add hereto, that the *Cause* of any *disease* cannot be found out from *him* that was not *cured*. Whatever puts us, out our of *Natural* state of *health*, to *ailments* and *distempers*, is either a *Plurisy* of *Blood* in our *Vejns*, or an *excessive* heat, or too much *Phlegme*, or a *conflux* of *Spirits* running up and down their *secret Canals*, with a more than usual *freedom*. Now *in* which of these, upon an *Anatomical* Dissection, will not be prejudic'd in the *Sick*, when the passage of the *opened Breast* presently *vents* the *pain* of the *over-pressed Spirit*, and when the *Blood* gush's out of the same *Orifices*? Do you think it *likely*, that the *Bowels*, when *opened*, will retain their *natural* hue? That the intimate *recess* of *Life* and *Spirit* will lose nothing of its former *vigor*, when it takes *air*. Alas, we find our selves much *alter'd* in the *re-*
gion

gion of our *Breast*, even by a little *fear*. How, think you, do's *Carefulness*, *Fecundness*, *Grief* or any sudden *Passion*, change us? How *oft* do we see, while a *Sick* man is *preparing* for his *Applications*, and while he lays his *Body* in a *right* posture for his *remedy*, that he *Swoons* away? In our case therefore, at every *gash* of the *Knife*, when the *wounded* person thinks he will *never* have don, how much of the *whole* man is *alter'd* by his *Out-crys* and *Groans*? The very *Foundations* and *Fements* of *Life* must needs *all* suffer, as long as *Life* it self is prejudic'd; and in a person, who is *slain* for *better* understanding of a *malady*, the *malady* it self dies *with* him but by *piecemeal*. Oh, stay such *Cruelty*, you that are the *Father*, put it off, at least for a *while*; what *Experiments* you will *make* upon your *Son*, *make* them upon his *Corps*. If his *disease* may be *found out* whilst he is *killing* him, he may as easily *find* it when he is *dead*.

Here it were good to ask, *Which* of the *Two* chose out *him* that was to dye, The *Father* or the *Physician*? The *Physician* says, 'twas all one to him, *which* he *kill'd*: So by this, if the *other* had dy'd too, he would have prov'd, that *both* would have dy'd. And therefore, say I, when *one* recover'd, he would have prov'd, that *both* would have *liv'd*. Of a truth, the *Father* might have found him a *subject* for his *butcherly Cure* with more *ease*, if he had had but *one Son* only. Now he must endure the *torment* of *comparing* and of *relolving* to execute, *one while* whether *This*, *another while* whether *That*, be *decrer* to him, or like to be *better*? Where is the *impatient affection* of a

Father, that can scarce *endure* to follow his *dead* Son to his *Funeral-Obsequies*? That is loth to part with his *dead Body*, but stands *embracing* it *again* and *again*? Good Heavens! How *Cruel*, how *Merciless* is this your *deliberation* and *delay*? All the while you stand considering first *one* then the *other*, you shew your *Murderous inclination* to *both*. 'Tis a sign you care for *neither*, when you can suffer *either* of *Two Brothers* to be *Murder'd*. Never, *my Lords*, that I could hear of, was there such an horrible *Butchery* and *Inhumanity* acted. A Father destroys a Son for that Son's sake, which *very Son* also he could as willingly have *destroyed* too. The Defendant, *my Lords*, labours to put off the *Odium* of the *Election* upon his *Physician*. 'Twas He, says he, *That gave his judgment of both*, and 'twas he, *that pitch'd upon one*. 'Tis plain then, that 'twas not the *same* disease; of the *Two*, he had *more hopes* of *that one*, for whose sake he *Murder'd* the *other*.

Have *patience* a little, *You poor unhappy Mother*, let *me* declare, how the *Cure* of your *Son* was. O happy, ye *Sick persons all*, whose *hap* it is to *dye* by *Natural diseases*, who *gasp* your *last breath* amidst the sorrowful *Farewells* and *Embraces* of your own *Kindred* and *Freinds*: But our *Poor Youth*, as he was tormented *first* by the *uncertainty* of his *Lot*, and *afterwards* by the *Fatal choyce*, so the *first* thing to be don was to *turn away* his *Mother* from him, and the *Officious* assistances of the *Servants* were chang'd upon a sudden into *preparations* for his *Funeral*. The *Clothes* must be strip't from his yet shivering *Limbs*, and that his *whole Body* might lye open to their *butcherly* hands,

hands, his wonderfully *pitcous Sceleton* must be *stark* naked. Next, he must be *stretcht* out as far as the *Bed* reach'd; he must not *stir*, but lye *stock-still* to *bear* it out, and to *endure* whatever they did to him *there*. See, *now* the *Butcher* takes his *Instrument* in his hand, not to give him his *Death-blow* at *once*, but to *carve* him up by *inches*, and so to keep his *dolorous Soul* *long* a *hovering* between the *confines* of *Life* and *Death*. Now the encouraging *Speech* they made to the *dying Child*, was *this*, *Well said, bravely don, Flinch not, thy Brother will be the better for't. Be not disheartened, nor faint away for the Pain; Oh, take heed you do not weary your self by Outcries, nor displace your Bowels by your Sighs and Groans, for if you do so, you'l spoil all; your Brother will be never the better for it.* Hereupon the *Poor Child* underwent all the *Cruel* traces of his *wandering Knife* through *every* part of his *dissected* body. D'e think, the *Physician* could be *satisfy'd*, at *first* sight, to learn his *Experience* from the view of his *whole man*? No, no, he *pull'd* out his *vitals* *once* and *again*, he felt them *over* and *over*, he parted them *one* from *other*; his *Hands* were *more* cruel than his *Knife*. Where stood the *Father* *now*, but just by the *Physician*, *gazing* upon his *dissected entrals*, and whilst he *tumbles* and *tosses* his *bleeding Heart*, the *seat* of *Life*, with his *gore* hands, he charges him not to make too *much* *hast*, he bids him be *sure* to make a *deep* and *careful search*; he stands to put *Questions*, to raise *Doubts*, he *Disputes* with him, he gives his *Opinion*, he takes the *minuts* of his *Sons* death. While the *unhappy woman*, falling on her face at the

door that was shut, with *all* the weight of her Body, breaks ope that Cruel Conclave, and crys out, as if it were for his last Funeral. Hear me, Oh my thrice miserable Natch, if thou hast any sense yet left, bear me : 'Twas not your Mother that gave consent to this, believe my sense of Childlessness, believe my tears : nay, Ple tell you, your Brother himself did not desire to be Cured, at so dear a rate. While she said these words, the Poor Natch was refresh'd as with a Cordial Potion, he hearkned to his Mothers comfortable words, the rest of his Blood was stanch'd, and his *op'n'd* Bowels were clos'd again. No man ever suffer'd such new-coyn'd methods of Cruelty, he was Kill'd, as if he were to be Cur'd. Where are ye now, that ask the Question, Whether he might have liv'd under the Physicians Cure, who you see, liv'd so long, while he was a Killing. D'e think, that the Physician, at that time, did seek for the Cause *only* of that disease ? No, he sought for *all* that he did not know before, and, making his best of so rare an opportunity, he would have benetited himself for any *novel* Cure. Oh Heavens ! What a portion of Spirit, Blood and Life fell to this Poor Childs share, that he cou'd endure the method of such a long tedious Cure ? The wretched Thing could scarce find a way to dye, his Soul was hardly parted from his Body, no not by all his Torments. D'e think, his malady was found out hereby ? Nay, it was found, that he might have been Cured too. Go too then, you Proud Old Fellow, boast of your Project, you have don *something new*, to say, you have oblig'd Children, Parents, yea the Age you live in, you have made a Physician more expert,

pert, than he was before, by practising a Murthe-
rous Experiment upon your Child.

I have a mind truly, to survey this Young Pair. You have one of the Sick persons as given over, not by the salubrious hand of the Physician, nor by that Art, which was found out for Lifes sake, but by the fierce and cruel Bitings of Wild-Beasts, and by the satiated ravening of Birds ; you have another of them, rising up to new strength with a full briskness. Would you know, my Lords, whence came this great diversity ? Why, the Father look'd after the one, but the Mother, the other. How much Pain, says she, did I, Poor woman, undergo, whilst I made much of so sad an object ? I did not try it out with the disease, nor did contend with an Obstinate distemper, that would yield to no remedy : He was given over to Tears and Melancholy, he hated the very Light, he could not eat nor drink, nor could he brook his Life for shame of the Murther. In all his loud Expressions and Lamentations, you could hear nothing, but, Brother ; 'twas He that troubled his Thoughts day and night, 'twas He that haunted his Eyes. Of what Sick Persons then doth this Lawless, more than Audacious, Physick tell us such a Lye ? He would never, never, have dyed of a mere disease, when even his Brothers death could not kill him ? Why then, says our most wretched woman, O thou Cruel Old Fellow, dost thou, after the memory of so sad a loss, turn thy self to these Locks ? Without doubt, 'tis your Son, and, after the sorrowful threatnings of the Physicians, restor'd to Life too. But let Nature and Affection pardon me, 'tis no comfort to a Mother to see One for

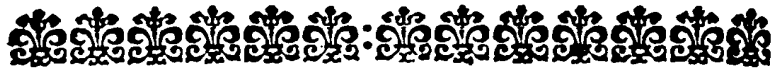
Two.

Two. More happy is *that Greif*, which may have its *due* paid it as long as we have our *Eyes*, that is *renewed* and *refreshed* by them, and that *fancys* it sees, every day, *'tother* perishing in *this Childs* looks. Nay, he *himself* neither, can take no *Pleasure* nor *Joy* in the recovery of his *Health*; nor can he believe, he was preferred before *'tother* out of any *Love*, when he was left only to the *Physicians* choyce. The *unhappy Child* perceives, of how great a loss he is the *Relief*, with what *Tears* his *Kisses* were bedewed, and with how great and profound *Sighs* his *Embraces* were shaken. *Miserable* is the *Shame* of so *unwelcome* a *Recovery*, it seems to him, that all's well, now he is alive, tho' his *Brother* was *Killed*.

In this place, *my Lords*, the *unhappy woman* turns about, and, as if her *lost Son* were in presence, she thus bespeaks him: *Whether*, says she, you, being at last delivered by an all-securing *Death*, do rest in some *modest Eternal Seat* of the *Blessed*; or whether, as an *Excluded and Vagram* shade, as yet in fear of the *Fabulous punishments* by *Dilaceration*, you wander up and down amongst the *Dreadful Terrible Ghosts*, hear the *Lamentable complaint* of your woful *Mother*; I was not permitted to break into that *Chamber*, which was your *Execution-place*; nor was I allowed to cover your dear *Body* by the prostration of mine on your *Wounds* in your *Bowels*. This is all I could do, poor woman, I gathered together into this my bosom all that body, which the *Physician* and the *Father* had left; I again filled up that empty *Chest* with your cold and cast-away *Bowels*; your *scattered Limbs* I hugg'd and
joyn'd

joyn'd together; I set the parts in order that were torn in pieces, and, of a *Gastly Horrible Spectacle*, I made up something of the appearance of a *dead Corps*. Yet, this is the principal thing I can't endure in my sad loss; 'Tis plain, you were *Murdered* for your *Brothers* sake, but it can never be made appear, that you did recover your *Brother*.

Gladiator:



Gladiator :

O R,

The Roman Gladiator.

DECLAMATION IX.

The Argument.

The LAW. *A Father may cast off, renounce, and turn his Son out of doors.*
 The CASE. *A Poor man and a Rich were Enemys one to the other, but they had each of them a Son, that were great Freinds and Chronics. It hapned, that the Rich man's Son was taken by Pyrats, whence he wrote back to his Father to Ransom him. His Father making some delay in the business, the Poor man's Son*
undertook

undertook the Voyage, and not finding his Freind amongst the Pyrats, who had sold him to a Fencing-Master before, he went to the Town where a Prize was ready to be plaid, just at the nick of time, when the Rich man's Son was entring the Lifts, as a Combatant. The Poor Youth agrees with the Fencing-Master, to redeem his Freind by putting himself in his stead: And of his Comrade he desir'd only, that if his Poor Father where ever in want, He, at his return, would maintain him. The Poor man's Son fell in the Combate. The Son of the Rich man, finding the Father of his deces'd Substitute in want, when he came home, did openly releive him. Whereupon his Father renounces and cast's him off.

For

For the Son against the Father.

I AM persuaded, *my Lords*, you will easily beleive, that never any body, no older than *myself*, suffered *more* by *Land* and *Sea*, than I, in my *last* Voyage, either *endur'd*, *fear'd*, or *saw*, considering, that, of *all* the men I know, there can be but *one* instanc'd in, *more miserable* than *myself*, and *him* 'twas I that made *so*. Yet even in this *hurry*, wherein *Fortune* strives to do me *all* the *mischiefs* she can, I confess *this* Fear never came into my *mind*, that, after I was *ransom'd* by another mans hands, my *mercifulness* should *displease* my *Father*. I was rather afraid of what they commonly said *openly* of me, who accused me of *Cruelty* and *Savageness* before many *pious* and *worthy* persons. I could not make any *Excuse* to them, that I was *Ransom'd*. They *Objected* to me, that I had made an *Old man* Childless, and that *he*, who, whil'st his *Son* was *safe* at home, was able to *make head* against the *Rich man*, now having lost *all* his *Means*, in *one* *Young Son*, he is fain to creep, as a *suppliant*, to the *House* of his *Enemy*. For tho' we call in the *whole* power of *Fortune* to heap *Envy* and *Hatred* upon *one* *Poor* *Old man*, and tho' we trample upon him with the *whole stress* of our *Greatness*, yet, after *all*, we must confess, that we have preju-

prejudiced him *more* by being his *Friends*, than while we were his *Enemies*? Yea, my very *Clemency* in prolonging his *unhappy* days, by bestowing a small *Pittance* upon him, seems to have something of *Malignity* in it. For what *obligation* can it be to a *Man*, to be the *Cause* of his being *Childless*? Yet I can Apologize for *one*, tho' a greater *Crime*, by reason of my *unfortunate* chance to be *cast out of doors*, my *hand* was so niggardly and *sparing*, that I could scarce give him *Food* enough to keep up his *Spirits*, I only gave him what just kept him from *starving*, and no more. I hope now, all of you will *pardon* me, if I could do *no more*, whil'st my *Father* was *unwilling*.

Tho' indeed, *my Lords*, sometimes even this suspicion rises in my *mind*, that 'twas not the *maintenance* I gave to *one* *Old Man*, that *always* uses to live *sparingly*, (which was not very liberal, neither could I hold out long in giving it) that drove my *Father* to be *offended* with me. For you may be sure, 'tis but a small *Modicum* of a *Rich Mans Estate*, that the *Heir* of a *Family* can dispose of under a *Close-fisted Father*. Or, if perhaps he has a *greater* allowance, yet what *Parent* is so *hard-hearted*; as, for a little *expence*, to *debar* himself of his *Son*, because I did not make him *acquainted* with it, because I did not commend the *poor Man* to his *Charity*, and because I did not ask *his leave*, especially since I never *prefer'd* any *request* to my *Father*, but he *granted* it? But yet my *modest* delay, in putting off my *Suit* to him, should not be *Chastised* with so *Killing* a *Sentence*. In regard, whil'st I *waited* for

for a *fit* time to speak to him, and for an *easie* access to his *Worship*, when he was *jocund* and in a good mood; in the mean time, I was willing the *poor Man* should *live*, that *one day*, perhaps, might beg his *Pardon*. Yet I will not deny, but I was *backward* than I ought, tho' I am *like* my *Father* in nothing more than *this*. But if *Repentance* be any *amends*, here I publicly beseech him to forgive me before you all, as my *Witnesses*. I did not run in debt by my *high spending*, neither did I squander away my *Estate* in *lewd* or *extravagant* courses. Nay, I am *indebted* for the very *sum* of my *ransom*. If I obtain my request, then I'll grant that to be true, which *some* imagine, my *Father* ambitiously seeks to publish the *Mercifulness* of his *Family*, that it may not be said, *Poor Men* only give up their *Lives* for their *Enemies*. If he persist to *hunger-starve* me for giving *Meat* to a *poor Man*, and if he treat his *Son* as his *Enemy*, by expelling him from *House* and *Home*, then, I fear, too hard *Censurers* will cast the *blame* of that *unpardonable* and *oft reproved* hatred on my *Father*, who can be so *easily* angry. But so *Folks* will have it, Men differ more in the *Manners* that *Fortune* gives them, than in their own *natural* dispositions. If you see a Man in a *mean* estate, that's as *bare* as can be, yet he'll take *liberty*, rather than be *confin'd* as *contemptible*, even *proudly* to *affront* the *best* o' th' *Parish*: And a *great Estate*, if with a *good* cause, takes an *inferiour* *Adversary* more heavily. So *Chance* many times sets *Enemies* together by the *Ears*, whose *Piques* last long from *small* beginnings, whilst a *Mean Estate*, is sooner sensible of an *abuse*, and a *Great Fortune*

Fortune resents it deeper. Neither was there any *Emulation* between them, (for how can there be any such thing between *Persons* so *unequal*?) but by *some fate* the same sort of contention arising from *different Springs*. The *one* was *stiff* in his *Anger*, the other *stout* in *provoking*. Tho', unless it had pleas'd my *Father* to extort the *last* Confession from the *yielding* Party, there were *many signs*, of asking him *pardon*, given, and a *desire* to end the discord. For what else could be the *meaning* of the *poor Mans Sons*, leaving all other *Comrades*, and choosing out *me* alone, to *love* and *respect*? Without doubt, while we were *little Children*, even in our *Infancy*, we were *dearly* beloved *Play-mates*, before any *seeds* of *discord* were sown betwixt our *Parents*, or at least before they were observ'd by us. Yea, when our *Families* were *Two*, we continued *One* still, nay, then we studied more to *observe* one another. And if I understand any thing aright in the case, sure he did *nothing* of all this against his *Fathers* will. My *poor* judgment is, that doubtless our *poor* neighbour, being *ashamed* to *yield*, lest he should condemn his *Cause*, as also because *no* way of *favour* was open to him, seem'd to persist in his *undertaken* course, yet he essayed some *easier* ways of *Address*, and, till a *firm peace* could be made up, he gave us his *Son* for an *Hostage*.

Nor did my *Father* seem to be *offended* at our *Intimacy*, I am sure he never *reprehended* me for it, nor forbade me his *conversie*: Yet I did nothing *sculkingly*, nor did I ever shew my self *obstinate* against my *Fathers* command, as the *very Order* of *matters* doth sufficiently shew. For

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I went to Sea, at his Command, tho' at that time it was infested with Rogues. I cannot deny, but my Father might have many and great causes to cast that service upon me, which he could not do himself. Tho' I was ignorant of 'em, yet I never ask'd him, his Will was my Law. Happy are those Mariners, who have endured only the cruel shocks of Storm and Tempest, who have escap'd the Rocks white-washed with Waves, and other dangers of the Sea, alone? For my part, I do even envy those that are Ship-wrack'd, for I was seiz'd by Barbarous hands; nor was I fettered so much with the Gripe, as with the Load, of my Chains; I was put under Hatches, where all was astote, and my very leanness made my shackles hang loose. Who would not forgive everybody, that, after such an example as mine, is ever afraid to go to Sea? I had but one hope to drive my wretched Life along, and that was to write a Letter to my Father to ransom me, and (I call God to witness) I wrote to none but him. For what would People say, I thought of my Father's affection, if, as long as he was living, I had sought to another, for my ransom? That only relief which, next to my Father, Fortune had provided for me, that I could not so much as hope for in the condition I was in. And indeed, to what purpose was it to write to my Friend, as long as I knew he had not wherewithal to ransom me. Shall I never have a lucky hour, to complain to my Father of his Friends, who tryed to detain him when he was willing to go? And who cast delays on his Pious forwardness? Certainly, he would ha' gon, tho' against all their wills, (for

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what Father would not do so for his Son) if my Friend, in the mean time, had not prevented him: The danger of the Sea, the Creeks infested with Corsairs, and the nearer lesson of my misfortune did not deter him. I wonder at this less in my Friend, but this is that, no courtesie can requite, his Father did not keep him back as he was a going; nay more, whatever his parsimonious frugality had laid up for the stay of his Life, he brought it out all, and spent it on the Charges of his Voyage, Oh unhappy Old Man, here thou began'st to want. Shall I now tell you, through what Seas this brave Youth sailed, what Rocks he passed by, what huge Bays he coasted? They, who never were at Sea, think this nothing. He, with all the hast he could, without any regard to himself, vent'ured upon all; 'tis plain, he was not sparing of his Life in seeking his Friend, and yet even he, methinks, that made all this hast, for all this came with the latest.

Hear, my Lords, pray, hear a new complaint of a Prisoner. I see now, I was not miserable among the Pyrats. My body, destin'd for Butchery, was cramm'd, (which was worse than Famine) and I, as a contemptible Novice of a Fencer, amongst all the Prisoners, was design'd to the slaughter; I learn'd every day that wicked Mystery, that so at last I might lose even the innocency of my calamity. Yet I weather'd, I bore the brunt of all this, so hard is it for a Man to dye, tho' in his own occupation. And now the Fatal day was come, and abundance of People were gather'd together to behold our Punishment; now the Condemn'd Combatants appear'd upon the

Amphitheatre, and so made their own *Funeral Show*: The *Master of the Prize* took his Place, reckoning to please the People by our *Combat* and *Blood*, and whereas there was none there, that could be acquainted with my *Fortune*, my *Birth*, or my *Parents*, because of the *Great Sea* betwixt us, yet one thing made me an *Object of Pity* to some, that I seem'd so *unequally match'd*. For I was pick'd out as a most certain *Sacrifice*, of all his *Janizarys* the *Prize-master* call'd least for me. Great stir there was about me, as preparatory to my *Death*, one was *whetting the sword*, another was making the *Iron plates* red hot; *Rods* were brought o' one side, and *Whips* o' t'other. You would have took 'm for *Pirates*, all. The *Trumpets* sounded with a *doleful* din, and, a *Dead-mans Bier* being brought in, my *Funeral* was presented even *before my Death*. Nothing but *wounds*, *groanings*, *gore*, and *extreme danger* could I see, round about me. My *Lords*, if I am *Guilty* of any thing, that *deservs a Turning off* by my *Parents*, this *one Crime* is sufficient, that I put my *Friend* to such *streights*. It is an *hard* thing for the *Happy*, to judge *aright* of *misery*, yet you may *fancy*, what my *mind* and what my *thoughts* were, in *those* circumstances. For as in such *extreme hardships*, the *sad remembrance* of *Former Pleasure* doth *naturally break* in upon us, so I *recollcted* the *nobleness* of my *Blood*, the *splendor* of my *Fortune*, my *education* in *Learning*, every thing, far *more genteel* than at my *new Master's*; my *House*, *Family*, *Friends*, and many *fine things*, never more to be *seen* by me, as I was in this my *last expectation* of *Death*, occur'd to my thoughts,

thoughts, while I had my *base servile Arms* in my hands, and when I was ready to dye an *ignominious Death*. And (if you will believe a *poor Wretch*) it *troubled* me to consider, where my *Kindred* were now, that knew nothing of *all this*, nor could suspect any thing *worse* in my *condition*, than what I had acquainted them by *Letter*; but this was far the *worst* of *all*, that I reckon'd, because he was so *long* a coming, my *Father* had been taken by *Pirates* too. Whereupon all my thoughts were taken up with nothing, but *Death*; I expected every Moment the *Bloody Villain* to do my *business* for me. Every body may easily tell, what wou'd ha' *become* of me, if I had *once* entered the *Lists*; for even *one* of the *stoutest* of us all was, it seems, *slain* at that time. As I was astonish'd with these *cruding* thoughts, and almost sunk into the *Grave* already, behold the sudden unlook'd for *sight* of my *Friend* shin'd upon me. I was *amaz'd* to see him, a *chill* fear seiz'd upon me, *all over my Body*, and I was *agast*, as if I had seen some *Illusion* or *Phantom*. Aloon as ever I came to my self, and recover'd my *freedom* of speech, How dost do, *poor Heart*, said I? what *Wind* blew you *hither*? What have the *Pirates* sold you, and all? But he, taking me about the *neck*, fill'd my *bosome* with *Tears*, and after he had recovered his *breath*, which was almost *gone*, at last, while I was trembling, he utter'd this *first*, and, for a good while, *only*, saying. I have liv'd now *long enough*. But when he told me the *Cause* of his *Voyage*, and that he was come to *ransom* me? Where, said I, is the *Money*? Unless you have reconcil'd

your self to my *Father*, and *He* has sent you? Hear, O ye *Foreign Nations*, hearken, all ye *Outlandish People*, let no usual *Concourse* surround this *Court*, yea, if it were possible, let the *whole World* take notice of such an *Example*. Be mute, all *Former Ages*, wherein, even from the *Infancy of Mankind*, very few *Pairs of Friends*, whose *Faithfulness* hath been transmitted to our times, have been more *Admired*; whatever *Histories* have reported, whatever *Poets* have feigned, and *Fabulists* have devised, let it all be silent in comparison of *This*. Who would believe, (if it be a thing that may be call'd in *Question*,) that of *Two Friends*, whereof one was free and preserv'd from *miser*y by good fortune, the other fell into the hands of *Pirates* and of a pitifull *Fencer*, that the condition of the *Prisoner in hold* should be the better? If I had been rich, says he, and well-lin'd, I had brought *Chink* to redeem thee, but I have brought thee all a *poor Mans* help, that is, my *Hands*, these Ple give up to the *Pirates*, these shall be your *Substitutes*, to play the *Prize* for you. Forgive me, O *Father*, if in the high stress of my overdoing affection, I had almost wounded you with the loss of a *Child*. I call *God* to witness, 'twas not long of my self, that I am now alive. For the *Fencing-school* had not made me so brutish, nor had the long practice of killing and slaying so hard'ned my heart, as to make me willing my *Friend* should be slain, who could find in his heart to dye for me. I own'd my *Lot*, and, being as it were bound to a *Fencer*, I refused not to Play my *Prize*, nor could he prevail on me

me by any entreaty, tho' he threatned, *He would never out-live me*, telling me, This is all the *Case*, Whether I would rather have him dye for me, or dye with me. With all the *Rhetorick* I had, I could not dissuade him. What did you then, you'l say? Why, *My Lords*, he led me to the *Master of the Show*, and there what strange *Prayers*, how never-ceasing *Tears*, what woful entreaties did I perceive from him? Ple tell you, no Man ever desir'd his *Freedom* with so much *Importunity*: Whereupon the *Arms* were taken from my *Body* and clapt upon his, and before his *Harness* cou'd be fitted as shou'd be, my *Fellow Combatant* was hastned on the *Theatre*; tell me not of my *Friends last Prayers*, those *Prayers* that paid so dear for the relief he sought for his *Poor Old Father*? Do you think, this was a *Motive* and *Inducement* to me? I profess, I am ashamed, that I put him to ask me. By this last hour of my life, says he, by all the noted faithfulness of my *Love*, whatever you do, don't suffer my *Father* to beg his *Bread*: Maintain him, stand by him, shew him kindness, if you think I deserve so much: Be you now my substitute for him. No more had he time to say, I gave him my last *Kiss* with his *Helmet* on; so, the *Officers* giving way on both sides, room was left for the *Combat*. Oh, how anxious a spectator was I? and with how astonish'd a mind, did I sympathize with him in the same *Motions* of my *Body*? How oft did I dap down at the *Pass* of his *Sword*, as if he aimed to hit me? How oft did I raise my self up, when he made towards him? Oh, what troublesome thoughts had I? Oh,

the cruel nature of *Fear*? Now, *Friend*, there's *reason*, I see, why you had rather venture your *Life* in the *Lists*. 'Twas an *unlucky* chance, that such a *Courage*, and such *spritefulness* was not employed in an *Enemies* Camp, or in a *pitch'd Battel*, where true *Valour* takes place, without the *Gardez-vous*, or other *Laws of Fencers*. With as much *Force*, as He began the *Combat*, (being inrag'd against his *Adversary*, as if he were *mine* still) the *Veteran Gladiator* used as much *Craft*, and cunningly put by all the *Passes* he made; so that, what *strength* he put forth, made against *himself*. Yet he might easily have come off, from such an *Engagement* especially, but he had no *mind* to live in that *Profession*. And therefore he offer'd his *bare Body* to the *Swords-point*, and, that he might pay my *whole ransom* at once, he dy'd *Fighting* on the *Spot*. He, that might have liv'd in *peace* and *quietness*, even to *Old Age*, in his *own Country*, in his *own House*, amongst his *Kindred*, without any *Curb* or *Disturbance*, is now cut and *hack'd* in pieces, and in the very *Flower* of his *Youth* too, he perishes, *Poor heart*, with the *Fate* due to me. But I, whose *due* it was to have dy'd the *death Fortune* design'd for him, am *dismiss'd* from the *Fencing-school* with more *Guilt* upon me, than I was *sold* thither. Nay, what *Viaticum* I have to bring me home, 'tis supply'd by my *Poor Friend*, that's gon. Let us please our selves never so much with our *ample Fortunes*, yet, dear *Father*, we shall never be able to requite the *Poor Man*.

Now if you'l believe me, my *Lords*, I am
ashamed

ashamed to make a long *Harangue* of my *Merits* towards him, nor can I give you *reason enough*, why so little is objected against me: For what have I done for the *Father* of him, that ransom'd me, who both lost his *Son* and was impoverished too by the *bargain*? Even no more, than what a *very Pyrate* would do for his *Slave*, or a *Fencing-master* for his *Apprentice*, I gave him a *small Alms*, and a little *Vittuals*, which yet he was to crave every day. How *small* a pittance must it needs be, that so *watchful* a *Owner* would not observe and miss? This is the thing, that you sit about to day, this makes all the *bustle* in *Court*, A *Piece of Bread* given to the *Needy*? And the apprehension of my *willfulness* is grown so high in evidence, that some suspect, I will make away my *Friends* with the *Sword*, and my *Enemies* by *Famine*. Pray, let's cast up all the *Charge* of my *Luxury*, as you call it; hear the *sum* of it all, and then wonder, if a *Great Estate* can't bear such an *Expence*? did my *Imprisonment* cost my *Father* so dear, when he paid so much for my *ransom*? How, I marvel, would you have born it, Sir, if, as a *Nice wanton Tonker*, especially in prospect of vast an *Estate*, I had borrowed my *Manners* and *Deportment* either from my *Age* or from my *Fortune*, and, like an *over-free* and *wild Debauchee* had revell'd and gam'd all night amongst my *Comrades*, thereby spending so much, that you must needs have found it by your *Books of Account*: yet kind *Fathers* have remitted as much as that, upon the account of their *Childrens Youthful years*; and can you think me fit to be turn'd out of doors, and worthy to be struck

struck with the *utmost severity* of *Paternal Power*, for *handing out* to a *Poor Old Man*, *nothing* but *what*, to *speak modestly*, his *own Son* sent him? You do not lay to my *Charge*, that I *pur-chas'd a Miss*, or *spent my allowance in high Fare*; the dear-bought *Flattery of Bawds and Parasites* is not *cast* in my *dish*; no, 'tis only a little relief given to *one Aged Man*, worn out with *years and crosses*. Can this, Sir, *shake your rich Bags*? Can this *drain your Family*, founded on the *Estates* of your *Father and Ancestors*, before you? If you are so *Near*, cast up your *Accounts*, I, for my part, have lived upon *others* all this while. But perhaps this *Throng*, that compasses your *Judgment-seat*, and all this *Company*, that are ignorant of my *Case*, expect some *great and portentous Crime* to be *laid* to my *Charge*. What, *Father*, do you turn me off so *quickly*? I came but *just now home*, before I was look'd for, from that *fatal journey*, whence you could scarce hope that I should ever return. You have paid *no Vows* as yet for my *Return*, *no Sacrifices* have you slain and offer'd to the *Immortal Gods*; I am sure, we have made no *amends* to my *Ransomer*. But I expected, your *affection* would have been so *ardent*, that you would never have had *enough* of my *Company*, and that your *Con-science* would have so checkt you, for *exposing* me to so much *danger* in an *unlucky Voyage*, that for ever after, you would never let me stir, at least *very far*, out of your *sight*. But now, before I had scarce said my *Prayers* to the *Household Gods*, I am *driven out*, so that some may make a *Question*, whether ever I came

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in. Do you do this, because you would have it thought, that he did *nothing* for you who *ransom'd* me? Am I so *Cruel*, am I so *Impious*, and so *un-grateful* (the greatest *character* of all *Vices*) that I do not *value* my *Fathers* kindnesses? Perhaps I know not, to whom I owe my *Life*, his *Merits* and *Obligations* have no room in my thoughts. What an *unhappy* man am I, that I cannot pay what I am in *debt*.

Tho' indeed, my *Father* fetches the *Causes* of my *Expulsion* higher than so, he *inquires* into *matters* before my *Voyage*, and that, upon a *double* accompt. First, that the *Defendant*, whom the *heynousness* of the *Crimes*, he is accused of, could not crush, their *number* might. In the *next* place, that a *Fathers* censure might carry *more weight* with it, because 'tis he *Condemns* me, that should by right *Pardon* me. Why, says he, must you, when the *beggarly Father* was my *Enemy*, make his *Son* your *friend*? Here, my *Lords*, Ple lay aside all *Fencing and Proving*. I acknowledge, I have *don amiss*, I ask his *Pardon*; as a *Son* may offend, so, I hope, a *Father* may *Pardon*. The *likeness* of our *Age* drew me, his *Kindnesses* won upon me, his *Faithfulness* took me so, that I cou'd not find in my *Heart* to *Hate* him that *lov'd* me. Nevertheless, I have *suffer'd* enough and enough, and, if I well understand your *affection* to me, 'tis *more*, I hope, than you would have me. Let me offend never so much, what could the *furliest Don* exact *more*? Was I not punish'd *enough* by being *sold* to the *Fencing-School*? What, will you put no *end* to my *undoing*? Is it a *small* matter (think you) that I have *weather'd* raging Seas, that, being given over

over to cruel storms, I was *hurried* aloft at the Pleasure of the Winds? Is it *nothing*, that I fell, as a Prey, into the wicked hands of *Rogues*? And, (which is the *hardest* condition of the *worst* of *Slaves*) that I was sold without any *Conditions* made on *my* behalf? So that my very *Enemy* might have *bought* me, if he had *list*ed? Is it *nothing*, that the *Pyrats* kept me so long in *Prison*, because I told them that my *Father* was a *Rich man*, and would send to *ransom* me, and that at last they sold me to a *Sword-man*, seeing they thought, I had *Cheated* them? That by a day's *Practise* of *Arms*, I was so long *aforehand learning* to *dye*? That being *all-ready*, and *arm'd*, I had *entred* on the *Stage*, and so had *Perished*, if I had been a *better* *Freind*, unless a *new Tempest*, assaulting me as 'twere in the very *Haven*, had cast me out from my *Fathers* House and had sent me *up* and *down*, with an *Hunger-starv'd* Belly to other *Folks* doors? I can't for *Shame* recount my *calamity* step by step, *first* the *Pyrat*, then the *Sword-man*, and at last, my *Father*. But, *my Lords*, *this* part of my *Crime* is *worthier* of *Praise* than of *Apology*. For I find *nothing* in the *World*, that *Nature* hath provided more *excellent*, than *Freindship*; What greater *Bulwark* against the *Assaults* of *Fortune*, than mutual *Concord*? For *first*, she hath put a certain *sociableness* into our minds, beyond other *Creatures*, whereby we are taught to *rejoyce* in one another's *Company*, to gather a *People*, to build *Citys*, and tho' she hath furnished our minds with *several Inclinations*, yet she hath given us *no affection* better, than *kindness* one to another. For what would be *more* happy than

than *us, men*, if *all* of us were *Friends*? For *then*, *Wars*, *Seditions*, *Robberies*, and other *Mischief*s that arise from *our selves*, would not also come upon us on the score of *Fortune*. But because *God* thinks not *fit* to bestow so *great* a *Blessing* on *us*, yet certainly at *all* times, and amongst *all* *Nations*, 'twas ever held *one* of the *greatest* and as it were most *Sacred* *Offices*, for men to *agree* together in *honest* *Principles*, to observe *Truth* and *Faithfulness*, to return *Love* for *Love*, (for it belongs only to the *best* minds that are, to *bestow* or to *receive* so much *Love* as we speak of.) And shall I be *afraid* of such a *Crime*, as *this*? You should know, *Dear Father*, how much I would have *gloried*, if my *Friend* and *My-self* had come home together? Useless perhaps I had been *drawn* in with the *like* *Vices*, that I saw in *my-self*, and had *grown* *Great* with a *debauch'd* *Youth*; which kind of *Life*, tho' doubtless it deserve not so much as the *very name* of *Freindship*, yet sometimes we see, that, by a *Natural* *Rule* of *Like will to Like*, *vices* themselves have *counterfeited* a *shew* of *Amity*. Upbraid me with my *Freind*, and then you have some *Argument* to *speak* against me. He was a *Swordman*, say you, and how could you be such a *ones* *Freind*? Here, I think, you wish, you had never *don't*. Alas, *Father*, your *Greif* carries you too far, seeing you are *hurried* with too much *anger*, you don't consider, *whither* you are a *going*. Do you not perceive, *Dear Sir*, that you upbraid me with *this*, that I am *still* alive? Can any man *complain* of such a *Freind* as *this*, except perhaps the *Poor man*? But, say you, *I and his Father* were at *Daggers-drawing*: Nay, but 'tis fitting,

sitting, that *animosities* and *grudges*, which *Wise men* think should of all things be the *shortest-lived*, should conclude there, where they began. For if it were otherwise, yet *Fortune* still puts up endless motives of *Quarrelling*, tho' we inherit not our *Fathers Feuds*, and the *Enmity* last longer than the *Enemy* himself. For all this, if the *Young man* himself hath acted any thing against you, Sir, let him be even my *Enemy* too: But if he be *Innocent* and free from all blame, he would fain merit your *Love*; if the *Son* of none of my *Friends* *Love* me more ardently, pray, *Father*, how can I refuse him, how can I wrathfully thrust him away? You your self would not have hated the *Poor man*, if he had *Loved* you. He offers himself, he vyes with us in *kindness*? You knew the *Young man* performed *This* with all his *Heart*, he *Lov'd* me to that pass, tho' you were his *Fathers Enemy*. Add farther, that if there hath appeared such an *Ingenuity* in the *Youth*, as no *Age* ever heard of; if his *Faithfulness* were of the *Ancientest* Date of all, hardly known even in those *Heroick* times, where in men had more *Communion* with *God*; if he always counted me dearer than his *life*, what, must I slight the opportunity of so rare and extraordinary a *kindness*? For my part, I shall reckon it a perpetual honour to me, that such an *Heavenly Soul* cull'd me out, before any other, for an *Object* of his *Love*, and that I was approved by a *Person* of so great a *Judgment*. Upon this, *Fame* may spread my *Name* too throughout the *World*, and I shall be gloriously eterniz'd in the *Praises* of my *Friend*; for some good man or other may think, that I would have done as much for him.

But

But why, says my *Father*, were you all one, when we were at odds? Here I acknowledge another *Fault*. I confess, we did amiss, we committed an *Offence*, that we were *Friends*, when you, it seems, were *Enemies*. I would say more to this *Accusation*, my *Lords*, but that I am quit in *Court*, my own *Father* hath clear'd me. 'Tis a great while ago, since I incurred this *Offence*, 'twas never *Objected* to me before, nor was he ever angry with me upon that account. And why may we not be *Friends* still, but that you are pleased to run so far back to fetch in *Objections* against me? Some of our *Ill-willers*, out of *misconstruction*, may think, that you would not ransom me, out of *Spight*; but if I had committed any thing worthy of your hatred before, you need not have entertained me, when I was ransom'd. And therefore 'tis plain, that the *Young man* was my *Friend* by your *sufferance*, which is as much as to say, You would have it so; nor were You alone of this *Judgment*, for the *Poor man* gave the same liberty to his *Son*. But if this part of my *Accusation*, from which I am confessedly quitted by your long *silence*, and is now brought in upon the neck of another *Indictment*, can be so happy as to deserve your *Pardon*, certainly it will be the easier to dispatch what follows; for grant, that he was the *Son* of an *Enemy*, this now is the *Father* of a *Friend*. Neither am I ignorant, my *Lords*, how all this *Plea* deserves of all *Mankind*, if *mercy*, of it self, be of so little account, that, except some further necessity press too hard upon *modesty*, a piece of *humanity* more useful than necessary should be condemned for the *biggest Crime*. Wherefore
if

If I should perchance receive a *Stranger*, and a *Person* utterly *unknown* to me, as long as he is a *Man*, (there being such a *publick* tie and *cognation* between every mortal *Man*, on the account of *one common Parent*) shall it be counted *Crime* to succour a *dying Soul*, and so to have taken pity on *humanity*, on the score of our *Common Condition*? by which *act* we do, as it were by way of *Religion*, present our *Offering* unto *Faith*. If this, I say, be *blame-worthy*, then what have I to do, but to *break out* in *Praise* of *Crueless* and to account no *mortal* *Sage* and *Wise*, than *Bloody Pyrats* and *Sword-men*? Let us have *True* Examples of *mercy* (at least) recorded, for the *benefit* of *Mankind*, both within a *short space* of *time*, one discarded, and 't'other slain, for his *Crime*. But if I must own it for a *Fault*, I can say this, that I did not create *my-self*, nor are my *Passions* govern'd, as I please. I was made by *Nature* would have me, which forms the mind of all men, and I brought my *Crime* into the *World* with me. For, whether it be *Gods Providence*, or *blind Chance*, or the *Necessity*, that seizeth us at our *Birth*, from the *Course* of the *Stars*, whether 'twas this or that, yet so it is, that they have given us several *Inclinations*, and there is as much *variety* in our *Souls* as of our *Bodies*. There are some, that can't endure to see so much as a *Malefactor* punished, that grow *pale* when any *Mans Blood* is shed, be he what he will, they are ready to weep for the *woful ends* of those, that were *mere* strangers to them. Some there are, 't'other side, who have no *relent* even for their own *Friends*, in such cases. As for me, I am of a *disposition*

disposition, and my *tender heart* trembles within me at the sight of any *mans misery*. Do not make a *Judgment* of me by my *Fortune*, good Father, for I'll assure you, I have not a *Sword-mans Hard Heart*. I wish my *Cause* would suffer me to vaunt thus, A *Young man* was I, *Born* of *Noble Parentage*, and thinking it was the *only* advantage of such a *brave Fortune*, to be able to do good to others, and to open as it were a *secure Port* of *humanity* against all *distresses* whatsoever, I aim'd at the *Credit* of a *Civick Garland*, in saving a *man* that was *perishing*, whether he were *condemned* by *Shipwreck*, by *Fire*, or by *Robbery*. I set him at *rights* again, I restor'd him to his *Life* and *Fortunes*. Now I am even with the *Republick*, who lost one of her *Commoners* on my account. I had rather be *expensive* this way, than in buying *fine Clothes*, *Plate* or *Offices*. For where can *Money* be better laid out, than when we receive our *Charity* with the *largest Interest*. 'Tis a great satisfaction in point of *Conscience*, to have *merited Happyness*. What care I, tho' he be a *Friend* or a *Stranger*; I enquire not, what he was before, after he has don what he did, he must be my *Freind*. And to speak *Truth*, the *Greater* advantage any one is, and the *Wider* he lies open to the Attacks of *Fortune*, he ought more to mind and to remember, what *huge Power* she hath over us, and on how *ricklish* a point *human* things stand. For neither my *gilded Seilings*, my *glittering Marble Pillars*, nor my thick inlaid *Pargetings* have, or shall, make me unmindful of my *frail Condition*. Many *Crosses* often fall even to the *Richest*, and the *greatest* heights sink as *low*. I have seen

in my time a *Poor man* be an *Assistant* to a *Rich* at a *dead list*. But let long *Felicity* make a *pish* at *Calamity*, and tho' too much *security* may despise another *Man's hap*, yet I, as often as I see any one sue for relief in *distress*, cannot but be *mo-ved* with my own *Fortune*. That time comes presently to my mind, when once I my self petitioned for the *mercy* and *help* of others. Pardon me, dear *Father*, if this *affection* be deeply rooted in me; I was *miserable* my self, and I could not *choose* but love *mercy* ever since.

But, still, *He is my Enemy*, says my *Father*. Pray, Sir, who would commend us, I wonder, if we had done so much only for a *Friend*? This is that, which is to be commended in us for *Equitum*, *Virtue*, this is that *moderation* of spirit to be *ad-mir'd*, when we can overcome our *spleen*, and, in the midst of our *Feuds*, remember the *Man*. Thus * *Fabius Maximus* got *immortal Honour* for delivering his private *Adversary* out of the *Enemies* hand, so all the *World* admir'd *Tiberius Gracchus*, when he would not suffer *Scipio* to be *dragg'd* to *Prison*: The same *Greatness* of mind will also perfume your *memory* to *Posterity*. For 'tis at your *Charge* that your *Enemy* subsists. Whatever it was the *Poor Old Man* received from our *House*, if you will give me leave to say it, 'twas you your self allow'd it, you, and none but you, must have the *Honour* thereof. As for me, if I bestow any thing on the *Father* of him that saved my life, I am not *Praise-wor*-Command of *Fabius*, but divided the *Army*, he himself being *Supreme* Commander of one half, and *Fabius* of the other: *Hannibal* sets upon *Miscus* and routs him, *Fabius* comes in to his succour and recovers the day. See the story in the 22d. Book of *Livy*.

* *Minutius*, being *Magister Equitum*, or Lord *Deputy* under *Fabius*, the *Dictator*, grew envious of his *Power*, & obtained *Equal Authority* with him, so that, in a battle against *Hannibal*, he scorn'd to be under the

thy. Nor can you expect, *Father*, that in this place I should use such *Pleas* as these, viz. that *mutual Hate* is always *honestly* laid down and buried; or that, since *grudges* teem with nothing but a *desire* of *mischief*, 'tis a *glorious* change of mind for the better, and a *noble* example too, when Men can joyn *Hands* into a *near* alliance, that before were almost ready to go together by the *Ears*. How came this *Poor Man* to be so *Considerable*, that you should look upon him as your *Enemy*? You may see, that he is a *lonely* indigent *Old Man*, that hath no *House* nor *Friend*; don't you disgrace your *ampler Fortune*, by hating such a *Man*, and by thinking you shall get any great matter by his *Death*. You can attain to no greater revenge than this, that he is so miserably *poor*, that even we our selves have some pity for him. Oh, 'tis a *mighty* punishment sure, that you mean to take upon your *Old Adversary*, to snatch the bread out of a *Beggars* mouth, and thereby to augment the pressure of his *Fortune*, which was hard enough before. Tell me, pray, suppose he were dead, would you kick his *Corps* up and down. The wildest *Beasts*, that are of the most generous kind, pass by those that are prostrate. I don't mention those greater *Examples*, of defending *Prisoners* of *War*, or receding taken *Cities*? I urge only what I see, even *Sword-men* spare those, that they have worsted. After the loss of his *Son*, after his *penury*, what worse thing can befall him, than what he himself desires? Can you imagine, that a more terrible revenge can be sought for, or that it can possibly be found

out in nature? Who would not have thought you the most unmerciful of all Mankind, if you had but wish't such a thing against your Enemy? Certainly, if your hatred were irreconcilable, and your Enmity out-went whatever is recorded in Fable, yet I durst aver, if you had lost your Children for his sake, you could not have refused such a satisfaction at Fortunes hands; at least to avoid the Censure of Insolence, which does sometimes carp at Greatness undeservedly, lest while the over-pyried Beggar walk up and down the Town, People lay the Cause upon the First Author of his Misery. For I know not how it comes to pass, all Favour inclines to him, that's going down the wind, nor does any Victory obtain a lasting welcome, but that which is temperate. Let him be kept, chiefly by our kindness, the rather lest others should pity him in our stead.

The Tenor of my defence, as, I hope, you observe, my Lords, goes on pretty roundly. But before I begin to urge my unquestionable Plea, my conscience is afraid, and my reason, being as it were engaged between two Rocks, knows not which way to turn it self, one thing being objected and another pleaded. I dare not insist on my Courtesies, you have heard me open my Breviate: I have told you, how great and how incredible the merits of this Good Man have been towards me? All which, to be sure, he made good upon me. But to what purpose? I am a nice kind of debtor: What shall I pretend, my Lords, in this part of my defence? I will say, I desire to return to me: amends for his Courtesie. Can any Man
brook

brook it, to see his Friends Father go a begging from door to door? But he redeem'd me, without any requital at all from me. Shall I say, I was wrought upon by my Friends last entreaties? There's a fine comparison indeed? But what he did for me, 'twas without my asking. Which way shall I turn my self? Shall I call it a laudable Fact, or shall I call it a necessary one? This is more easily to be dispatch'd, but I think it just, and the Interest of Truth requires it, that t'other should have its due Praise. The maintenance, that you think you give gratis to the Poor Man, pray, Father, consider how much it cost him. If, when he heard the news of my Imprisonment, the Young Man, without any Entreaty or Letter of mine, had of his own accord undertook a Voyage to rid me from the Pyrates Bondage, how should I ever requite him, for performing that, which I could only look for at a Fathers hands? To venture to Sea, especially after so frightful an Instance in my self, to go and seek out the raging Pyrates, and that too, when he had nothing wherewith to redeem me, but his own Person; to sail on with a longing desire after Imprisonment, who could do all this, but he, that was willing, if need be, even to dye for his Friend? This, my Lords, is a Great thing of it self, and scarce to be believed in this Age of Ours. But what follows is above all Rhetorical Encomiums: He left all and made a Voyage to redeem me, when he knew his own Father would go a begging the while. 'Tis true, he might have hop'd, that his Friend would have been redeem'd notwithstanding, without any hazard of his own, seeing I had a very sufficient
R 3 Father.

Father. Ay, but he would not stay to make long preparations for his Voyage, he hurried away, that not a minute-time of my redemption might be lost. Hear, O Heavens, hearken, O Earth, what post-haste did he make to redeem his Friend, whose own Father was backward enough? The Ancients

† Scipio would not treat with the Carthaginian Embassadors about a Peace, before they had releas'd L. Terentius, a Valiant Roman, whom they had taken Prisoner before; who there-upon in Scipio's Triumph wore a Pileus, in token of his deliverance, as Ordinary Apprentices, when they were made Free, did. See Plutarch's Apophegms.

* A Cap, as a Badge of Manumission or Liberty.

have Recorded, That Terence, whom † Scipio Africanus had Freed, among other Prisoners, in the second Punic War, was gaz'd at in the Triumph, for that Liberty which he had receiv'd, he wearing a * Pileus on his Head, in Testimony thereof. 'Tis true, he had his share in the Publick Happiness, by means of that Victory, which was more upon his Heart, yet he thought he ow'd also a private acknowledgment of his Kindness to the Conqueror. How much then am I bound to him, and none but him, for my Liberty, who sought after me thro' the Sea, tho' infested with Pyrats? Who has restor'd me my Life, my Liberty, and whatever else I owe to my Father, not in Ignorance, as at the first hour I was born, but in full knowledge and notice? Nor was I alone enrich'd with these mercys, but withal I was freed from the greatest miseries? Shall I not own, that I received my Life from so true a Friend? And that I am bound to him in stronger ties than to the altar? Oh thou most wretched, who art yet the most faithfull too of all Friends, thy death hath made me ungrateful to thee? What a poor business is it,

it, that still I am speaking of my unlucky hap amongst the Pyrats? That is but a small misfortune, and, you now see, it admits some cessation. Pyrats are wont to expect some body to come to ransom their Captives. But I was got to the Fencing-School. No Villany ever smelted under a greater punishment; in comparison of it, a Prison is not worth the speaking of. If you had known so much, dear Father, I dare affirm and pass my word upon it, such is your Piety, that no body living would have made more haste toward me, than you. I presume now, you would have me relate my Condition? I dwell amongst Villains, Boutefeus, and, which is the onely Excellency of Sword-men, Murtherers, lock't up in a filthier Confinement than they, in nasty dirty Prison-Cells. I was come now to that pass, that if I had been worsted, you could not take me home, nor would you desire it, if I had the better. So it was, that the very hour of my Punishment was at hand, there was no putting of it off, I was presently to offer up my Throat, and to spill my Life with my Blood. There could no doubt at all be made of the Issue; for I found my Sampler, one Kill'd before my Face. If Money could have redeemed me from these perils that hung over me, yet nevertheless the Curtesie would have been more than the Money. But amongst Malign Censurers of things, he may seem to have in his Eye some hope of the Future or some Pleasure of the Present, time. This is to be admired, and can be referred only to his Piety; He bestowed a Kindness which could never be requited; he was not like to enjoy the Friend he redeemed, so that he bought

only a Noble Consciencious design to dye. Look then, how he transferr'd my Fortune on Himself, and all, that he thought would have been miserable to me, he underwent it, not only bravely, but chearfully too. Here's a thing hardly to be believ'd, The Gladiator was dismiss'd, and his Redeemer slain in his stead. He received the point of Sword to rights and with a full body, as if he would have transfus'd that Life, which he let out, into my Breast; and when he died, he greiv'd only for this, that he should never see his Friend again. Go then, you Poetical Tribe, Founders of old Stories, think not, that you have done any great matter in your Verses to encourage true Friendship, when you tell us, that some have travelled o're Sea and Land to accompany their Friends in their misfortunes, or that a Greek Hero engaged himself in inauspicious Wars for the death of his Murder'd Friend. For in that most admirable case, where Brother would dye for Brother, yet the death was alternate, it concerned one as well as the other. There is *one* only Dame, pretended to have redeemed the Life of her dying Husband with the loss of her own; and that which adds to the miracle of the story is, she did *that* which his own Father would not do: But now, behold the indubitable Glory of this Age, and that which is above all Fiction whatever: My Friend, to dye for me, leaves his own Father; my own Father would not have done so much. And indeed, my Fathers halt would have done me little good, tho' he had come to redeem me sooner than my Friend? No body else would ever have ransom'd me at so dear

† *Alceste*, the Wife of *Admetus* King of *Thessaly*, who, as the Poets feign, when he was desperately sick, obtained Leave of *Apollon*, that another should die for him, which all his other Friends refused, save his Wife *Alceste*.

arate. Nor was his dying for me so much, seeing Life lost has Recompence made it by his Glorious Name and Title; but *this* I reckon to be harder than that, namely to stoop so low, as to take the name of a Butcherly Gladiator upon him, and to endure a Sword-man for his Master. My dear Friend, I should have less reason to praise thee, if thou hadst got the better. What should a man of such a Spirit return to his Hole, should he undergo a fulsome dyet, should he endure a Master and a Raskal too? You fought for my sake, my dear Friend, but you dyed for your own. Yet he took off all these blots, of the basest and lowest Fortune, from me, and put them on himself. He came upon the Stage, as a man neither wicked nor unlucky. Did you ever hear such a thing before, my Lords? 'Twas his Goodness made him a Gladiator. I wish, my Lords, these things, which are so Glorious in him, were as Creditable for me also. As oft as I cast my Eye upon the unhappy Old man, by whose destitution I live, when I consider that he is quite undone, and only kept alive for a Punishment, I must needs confess, I am ashamed, I cost him so dear. I see the Old man buried before-hand in what he counts his better part, I see him Childless, Destitute and one that hath Out-liv'd all his hope: Yet this is some comfort to me, that, unless I had had such a Friend, all these doleful things, Father, would have been spoken of you: He being such a Father, and in want too, I hope (Sir) some of your spightful Liberality, will fall to his share, it will be Criminal too, as being earn'd before by his Son's death. Other-wise, we shall both be in want alike, and go beg

an Alms together, at every bodies, even at Strangers, doors. If there be any Parent of Years, he will pity the Old man; if there be a Yonker, and a Son too, he will pity the Youth. Perhaps, when I go a begging, it will be something in my way, that I, when time was, did maintain a poor man, when he was in want. Accept of this satisfaction, my dear Friend, in what part soever of the Universe, thou hast a Being. I did not forget thy Charge, but Fortune fail'd me, my Estate is taken away. All that I can do, is, I promise my hands as Substitutes for thy Father. Would you have me do something else? Shall I set my self to Country-work, being bred as I have been? My Fortune taught me no such lesson? Besides, the wages of every days work will not be enough for us both. Wo is me, if I will be as good as my word, I must, I think, return into the Fencing-School again.

Sepul-



Sepulcrum Incantatum :

O R,

The Enchanted Sepulchre.

DECLAMATION X.

The Argument.

The L A W. *A Wife may have an Action of Ill-Treatment against her Husband. The C A S E. A certain Gentlewoman saw the Appearance of her Son in the Night-season, who was dead*
and

and buried: She acquaints her Husband therewith; He sends for a Magician, that Inchaned his Sepulchre, so that her Son appear'd to her no more. Whereupon She accuses her Husband of Unkind Treatment.

For

For the Wife against the Husband.

THÔ, my Lords, amongst those, who are left destitute by the loss of their Children, and who carry out, before them, all their Wishes and Hopes prepar'd against their Old Age, this bitter contest and dispute uses to arise, that every one thinks, a kind of dignity and preeminence accrues to his mournful Tears, if he seem the Miserablest of all the Company: Yet this woman, who is become pitiable on no ordinary or common account, do's, I hope, without Impudency, affect to claim the Chief and Principal place of Mourners, amongst all Mothers, who have lost their dear or their only Children, in their Youth; such is the specialty of her strange misfortune, the she only, would you think it, of all the women in the World is so unhappy, as to undergo a double destitution in the loss only of one of her Sons. Her first loss she underwent as stoutly as she could, it being common to others, and also hapning by the Law of Fate. For the poor woman lost nothing of her Son, but his Company in the day-time; 'twas come to that pass, she did not fear at all, that Son should dye any more, whose Company she did still enjoy. She was come to that, if you will give me leave to say it, that she was not so immoderate in her Mournful Tears and
beating

beating of her *Breast*, nor did she suffer her grief to lanch out too far, as long as her Son was coming to her every Night. But now she is bereav'd of all comfort, and deceiv'd in her opinion, while she thought, he was not quite lost, whom she had leave to see, and her unkindness hath depriv'd her of her New Relation. The Poor Touth, unless he had been hindred, by this time had come to his Father too. The Woful Mother, desires only, that she may not seem to lose less, than she misses.

The Ghost took his appearance not from some vain persuasion, or Phanciful thought of the mourning Parent, nor did a light skipping Image trouble her half-broken slumbers, nor was his Countenance begrim'd with the Ashes of his sad Urn, nor his gashly Pole cover'd with Embers in the Dark; No, her Son appeared, as fine as he was before, Touthful, and sightly to behold; who was not contented to be seen only and look'd upon, but, if you will believe the Poor Woman's longing who only saw him, he kiss'd and embrac'd her, as if he had been alive, all night long. The Mother now hath lost much, if this were real, and as much, if it did but seem so. But now she lyes waking by her sleeping Husband, and being quite desolate, she, with Weeping Eyes, measures out the long darksome Nights, without any comfortable Apparition: I say, he was not form'd by phancy, disguis'd in his Hue, nor as is usually seen in vain flitting dreams, but she saw plainly, that the whole Person of the Man was not dead, and therefore she expected that, which was not devour'd by Flames, nor extinct by Ashes, nor detained

rained fast enough under Urns and Sepulchres. Now she thinks, his Soul is lock'd up in a Prison, and that he strives against the Magick Iron-Bars, that detain him. The most unhappy of Mothers thinks her Son to be something more than a Shade, seeing he can be kept in durance; and, the loss of her Child being disannull'd as it were, she is now troubled not so much for her pain and affliction, that she can see him no more, but rather for this, that he cannot come, tho' he desires it with all his heart. Now he knocks all night and beats upon the ground, that is made burthensome to him by the Barbarous murmur of the Incantment, and he wonders, that, whereas before he could make his way through Infernal darkness, now the Poor Ghost can't remove so much as his own Grave-stone. Poor Man, that is shut up, not only by a bare Charm of Words, (for that perhaps he might have broken through) but Iron Bars and solid links have reduc'd him even to Death again. How strait, think ye, is the Poor Thing kept, that can't come, so much as to make his complaint?

I take pity on the Woman, to spight whom, all this gear is imputed. The Husband hath got him so enchanted up, as if the Mother complain'd, he had disturb'd him. So then, my Lords, no Man need wonder, if the Ghost came not to so cruel and unkind a Father. He knew well enough, where he might find Tears, and where Groans, and who would miss him most. As for the Father, he had an heart of iron, steel-hard, he had no sense at all of the loss of his Child. What Father can be found more Inhuman and Merciless, than he. He envied the Mother, that she might

not

not enjoy her Son; Nor did he do *this*, because he had rather have the *sight* of him, *himself*; for alas, while he was *living* and *well*, he had not *such a kindness* for him, tho' he *deserv'd it well enough*, that he should reserve any *affection* for the *deceas'd*, and so seem to be his *Father*, even *after* he was *buried*. The *Mother* did *take on* so much the *more*, as *answering* her *own* duty and her *Husbands* too. She, of the *Two*, was *paler* in her *Fears*, *prompter* and *readier* for her *Prayers* and *Wishes*, 'twas *she*, that had *no rest* by *day* nor by *night*. And the *poor* *defunct* understood, *which* of his *Parents* had the *most* and *readiest* *affection* for him; And therefore he came to *kiss* her, to *chuse*, he *hung* about her neck *only*. Now because it were too tedious to run through all the *past* particulars of her *Motherly* *affection*, take a *view* of her carriage in his last sickness *only*, when he left us his *frail* *mortal* body behind; how *extremely*, how *exemplarily* did the *Poor Woman* sometimes *weep* out her *Eyes* over his *pale* *Visage*, sometimes *complain*, that she had *Suckled* him in *vain*, and otherwhile, she *beat* her *Body*, that had brought him into the *World*? The *Poor Youth* observ'd *this*, as he was *drawing on*, and told the *Fates*, *Who* it was that was *lost* to part with him. Where are Ye now, who bid us *stint* our *Weeping* for a *Friend*? Who don't *like*, we should *take on too much*? We see, the *Ghost* paid his *requital* to his *Mother*. I *know* and am *well assured*, when any *Dead Corps* lies in the midst amongst all his *Mourning* *Kindred*, and seems to take *Care* for *nothing*, that *then*, even *then*, it *observes*, *understands*, and *knows*, *which* of them all is *kindest* to

to him. Therefore I advise you, if you will be rul'd by me, you that have lost all your *Children* before you, I advise you, I say, to be *liberal* in your *Tears*, to make a *greater ado* at their *Funerals*; and never believe that the *Dead* are *senseless*. The *Ghost* of a *Son* is angry with that *Parent*, to whom he doth not come and appear. Now the *standing* *Blood* of his *Chill* body had *contracted* all his *Veins* for *Death*, and the last *shine* of his *winkling* *Eyes* was going out, when the *Father* believ'd the *despairing* *Physicians*, yet even *then* the *Mother* hop'd still, and what part soever of his *Body* the *Poor Woman* warm'd with her *Kisses*, she cry'd out straight, Oh, 'tis the very *warmth* of *Life*, without *question*. She could not endure the last *Fire*, she could not abide to hear of the *Funeral* *Pile*, she would rather have the *Body* laid up *safe*, and all his *limbs* kept *entire*. And now it more repents the unhappy *Mother*, that she *buried* him at all, seeing he could *come* again. You your selves know, how hardly she was pull'd away from her *Son* on the day of his *Funeral*, and how long she held his *Body*, even while the *Flames* were *playing* about it. For how could she *hope*, ever to see him again? How could she *recover* a view of him after he was gon? Now the *Poor Woman*, even sought for a ** Magician* to *raise* him from the *Dead*. For ** Manum* the rest, *Poor Woman*, you were best tell it *your* for *Ma-* self to the *Judges*, for unless, by your *Loss* and *gum*, in your *Tears*, your *Voice* be changed all into groan- the *Original*. *Oxf.* *ings*, you would *deplere* your *Night-stories* better *Edit.* with your *own* Mouth? However, I will do it, 1675. as well as I can. Be contented, *Poor Woman*,
S be

be contented, at least with the remembrance of that day, when we all went to the Burial of your only Son. For now, says she, I have spent all my groans and tears, and I rejoyc'd to see darkness come upon me, as much as if it were a perpetual one. Now our Attendant Kinsfolks were wearied off their Legs, and deep sleep had put an end to the Out-crys of the Family. Pray, let no Body cast such an affront upon the Mother, as to say, her Son came to her, while she was asleep. For how, I pray, could the Poor Woman take any rest, at that time? As for you, the Husband, I don't complain at all of you. You would have been punished sufficiently, if you had but wept, as I did, all Night long. For then you would have seen him, not as airy imaginations are wont to clothe things with a Body in our Fancies, or as foolish Whimsies do create appearances, when the judgment is asleep, but your own very Son, such as he was, when most Lovely, and such as I shall see him again, if he can get away. He stood presently by my side, the Curtains of Darkness being drawn aside, not as when he was pale or macerated with his acute disease, nor yet as he look'd upon the Funeral Pile and amidst the Flames, but fresh, youthful and brave to see to. I wonder, where he left all that was Death, behind him. His Hair was not sing'd with the Fire, nor his Face smutted with Funeral smother, nor was he much discolour'd by the Flame, as Fresh Shades use to be, afore their Ashes are well laid up. His unhappy Mother would have hardly complain'd; if she had ceas'd to see him, even in such a Case. The first time he only stood still, and permitted himself

himself to be known, Who he was; while I was wonderfully frighted, and did not dare so much as to kiss or embrace him. I unhappily lost the First night, in fearing he would be gone. Do you call this, my Persuasion or Fancy only, Husband, and a vain mistake of my mournful Melancholy Spirit? Whatever it was of a Son, it seemed more to a Mother, when she cou'd see him no longer. Would you know, Sir, in short, what you have abridg'd your Wife of? Why, she hath nothing now to hope for from her departed Child. Now came the next night, and as soon as ever it was dark, Who was there but her Son, not standing aloof off, as Yester-night, for a Prospect only, but bolder and nearer he came, even up to his Mothers hand, like a very very Body: And he went not away till 'twas broad day, and all the Stars had disappear'd; then he vanish'd out of sight as it were unwillingly too, with many a stop, and looking backward, as if he would have promis'd to come again the next Night after. Now there was no time for grief, the Mother saw her Son in the Night, and she expected to see him in the Day too. 'Tis to no purpose to relate every particular? There was never a Night, that I was left destitute, says she, as long as I (now naughty Woman) kept my own Counsel. I was sated with his kisses, with his embraces: I spake to him, and He to me; Poor Woman, how much more am I a loser, if no Body will believe this!

And now, Cruel Husband as you are, I began to plead for you too, and desir'd Our Youth to appear to his Father in as gladſom a posture: And I was willing, O Ungrateful Man, that the

Ghost should part the *Night* betwixt us. And the *Poor Youth*, what did he do, but promis'd me he would. *This Confidence* was my undoing, for it made me break the matter to you. Pray, what could she do, more like a *Woman*, or more like a *Mother*? Oh *Husband*, said she, I'll tell you joyful *News*, to morrow *Night* perhaps you'll see your *Son*; whom you consumed in the *Cruel Funeral Flames*, and left nothing of him behind, but his *Ashes* and a few *Bones*, him you'll see in his *Prime*, and there is *Hopes* perhaps, that you see him by *Day-light* too. For my part, all the *Night* long, I am no *Childless Mother*, I see him, I enjoy him, and now I tell you as much. Would you know, what comes of his *Father's* affection? Why, he was afraid (forsooth) to see his *Son*. So this *Projector*, that devis'd a new *Death* for his *Child*, goes me to a *Magician*, unknown to the *Mother*, one, by whose horrid *Mummings*, and all-commanding *Charms*, *Celestial* and *Infernal Spirits* both are vex'd and disturb'd, his errand was not, that those appear'd *Spirits* might be removed, nor that the *Ghost*, being rais'd up by his *Night-yellings*, might go whither it wou'd; no, but as if the *Grave* had not made him sure enough, and the weight of his *Tomb* were too light, My *Son*, says he, is not laid low enough yet; he enjoys the brightness of the *Stars* above still, and our *Night-shine* here below. For when the *day* ends, he is dead no more, he comes home to his *Father's House*, as when he was alive, and disturbs his *Mother's rest*: Pray, find out, find out, I say, some strong binding *Charms*, use all your art and employ all your pains possible, so to do. You will get a
great

great deal of *Credit*, if you can lay up that *Son* fast, that comes, even after he is dead, to his *Mother*. Hereupon his *Grave* was encompass'd with a mischievous *Charm*, so the *Urn* was closed by those horrible words; then, and not before, was he made a *Dead Shade*. Go your ways now, and persuade your selves, that the *Mother's Solace* was delusory only: If she had seen her *Son* but in her *Fancy*, and vain *imagination*, she would see him so still. But what *Torment* did the unhappy *Mother* endure in the very first *Night* of the *Incantment*? When all the *House* and *Family* were in their first sound sleep, when all was busht-night, then came the *Mother's* sweet and welcome hour. When she lay awake and restless, nay, says she, now he will appear, sure he'll come presently: Yet he never came so late before. Ah *Poor Woman*, Thou, my *Son*, wert here last *Night* by this time: I see now by the *Stars*, that half the *Night* is spent; you have fretted, you have angered me, you can't satisfy me otherwise, unless you have been with your *Father*. Oh woful me, now, to spight me, it begins to grow day. When de' think of coming? 'Tis time now, that you should return again. But after the *Poor woman* had past over two or three *Nights* in such vain *Complaints*, then her *Mourning* was louder, then she put on her frowzy apparel, then her arms, that were almost well before, were made bloody again with repeated beatings. No Body can be more unhappy than that *Mother*, who loses something of her *Son*, even after she has Buried him. But when she found, that her *Young Son's* *Night-appearances* were intercepted

by a *Magick* ligature, in his *Inchanted Grave*,
 Oh, how oft did she beat the sealed and fast-cla-
 sed Sepulchre with her *naked Breasts*? With what
 abundance of *Tears* did she *drench* his Monument?
 with what loud groans did she *fruitlessly* call up-
 on the *Ghost*, who *perhaps* heard her, and was
as willing to come forth? Oh *Cruel Nature*! That
 a *Conjurer* shou'd have *more Power* than an *Own*
Mother! Where are those, that complain of the
inevitable necessity of bitter *Death*, of the *Iron-de-*
crees of *Fate*, and of the *unalterable Laws* of the
Airy Shades, that no *Mourning* can *reverse*? Un-
 happy *Woman*, 'twas not the load of *Earth*, laid on
 his *Grave*, that shut up thy *Son* amongst the
Spirits below, nor did the gross *Mist* of an *Eter-*
nal Night and *Darkness* keep him in, nor the
 Fam'd * *Lake* of the *Fabulous Poets*, nor those
Fiery Torrents, so much spoken of for their
turning and winding Streams; no, he *pass'd*, he
broke through, all these in the *Night*, and made
 his *Death* easier to her, than if he had gone a
journey, or had been otherwise *absent* on a good
 account. And now his *Case* would be less wo-
 ful, but that he *knows* and *feels* his hindrance.
 He, who comes not *now*, as being translated, from
 his *Tomb*, to I know not what *Prison* or *Inclosure*,
 labours under such *Witchcrafts*, as *Men* do, when
 they are *Alive*. Great therefore are the *Chains*,
 that fetter *Ghosts*, that straitly *tye* and *bind* the
Soul, (tho' it be but a *flitting Airy Shadow*) to
Death, as if it were a *true Body* bound over to
Prison. But to inclose a *Ghost* with *Iron-bonds* and
Stones, as *Men* use to fortifie the *Gates* of a *City*
 in time of *War*, to Imprison it in *Chains* and *Bar-*
ricados

* See.

ricados, I don't say, 'tis a *Cruel*, nay rather 'tis
 a *Monstrous* and *Abominable* thing, especially if
 he, that is the *Cause* of this, believes his *Son* is
sensible thereof. And now the *woful Mother* is
 ready to think, that those *Spikes* do enter into
 his very *Limbs*, all his *Body* over. O thou sa-
 vage, hard-hearted, *Conjurer*, that hast so many
tricks to make us *lament*, I wish you had not
 shown so *Great* an *Experiment* of your *Black Art*.
 We can't chuse but be *angry* with you, tho' we
 are forc'd to *Flatter* you too. For when you
 lock up the *Ghost*, we perceive you are the *only*
 He, that can *disinchant* and *raise* him too.

Therefore the *Woman* seems to depart from a
Grief befitting her *dignity*, when she *brings* such
Womanish grievances, and as it were *squeamish*
complaints of *Ladies*, into *Court*. 'Tis not for
gawdy Apparel, for *gilded finery*, for a stately
Dress, that she *Sues*, her *destitution* is contented
 with *course weeds*. Nor is she *touch'd* with *grief*
 for a *Rival* *harlot*, as if out of *Impatience* and
Womanish Foolery, she did bewayle the *Close*
Amours of her *Husband*. Nor doth she *revenge*
 her forsaken *Marriage-bed*, as a poor despised
Wife; no, she hath quite *other Concerns* for
 every one of her *Nights*. Never fear, whatever
 is her *Decorum*, 'tis the *Grandeur* of *Grief*; the
Poor Woman complains of nothing, but what's
 as *bad* as the loss of a *Son*, but what *behooves* a
Mother, what all the *Town* may well *grieve* for,
 and what may *etch* *Tears* even from *Strangers*
Eyes. For would you know, how great a *wrong*
 she *received* from her *Husband*? Her *Son* dyed to
 his *Mother* alone, and yet she can't blame *Death*
 neither

neither. Therefore, *before* you know, *My Lords*, what kind of *Grief*, what *Mourning*, and how much *Impatience* has broke out in her, that she should at last *forget* her *sweet* beloved *Night*, and now endure the *Bright Glare* of *broad Day* (the *Day*, I say, that she *hated* when she was at home,) in *Court* and amongst *Lawyers*, where, being *drawn* from her *Sons* Grave, she is made a *Spectacle* to be *gaz'd* at; you see, 'tis clear, that the *Complaints* of the *Miserable*, in such a *Case*, proceed not from *boldness*, *impudence* or *indiscretion*. What is *true*, if *that* be not, which *Men* cry out on in *Calamity*, nor do *fained* and *counterfeit* groans ordinarily proceed from the *Wretched*? A *Woman* that holds up her *Bloody* Hands to the *Bench*, a *Woman* that appears before them with a *rent* and *torn* face, and with a *Breast* all *black* and *blew*, by no *small* grief is compell'd to do *so*, rather than to *kiss* her *Sons* *Ashes*, or to *embrace* his *Urn*. Her *Orbity* is a witness of the *reality* of her *grief*, beyond all exception. But before I come to the *Nature* of the *Injury*, so *unreasonably* offer'd, Why, *Sir*, a *Woman*, that *lost* her *Son* by your means, do's complain against you? *Cruel* you, you wound her *destitution* with another *fresh* grief, as if her *longing* desire, after her *only* *Son*, did not *wast* and *pine* her enough: You do not suffer the *Poor Heart* to spend her time in *mourning*, who owe your *bosom*, your *solace*, your *embraces* to her. How *miserable* is *that* *Woman*, who complains of *him*, that should have been a *Comfort* to her? Let a *Wife* do what she will, as to *mourning*, do you *nothing* *harshly*, *ought* against her *Will*.
Every

Every *Mother* in *misery* hath a certain *Privilege*; *soft* hands and *gentle* Fomentations must be applyed to *wide* Wounds. If a *Wound* be permitted to be launc'd after *all* this, 'tis as great as can be: A *Mans* heart perhaps may struggle more against *Grief*, he being of the *stronger* Sex, than a *weak* *Womans* can. Wherefore the *whole* of *Mourning* belongs to the *Woman*, and alloon as *Orbity* invades her *weak* *Breast*, the *Heart*, which gives way to its *Mourning*, begins to have a *liberty* to shed *Tears*. I beseech you, *Sir* *Husband*, let your *Wife* have leave to *weep* her fill, to be *sated* with *Mourning*, let her *Orbity* be allow'd to *weep* afresh, as it *pleases*. Who can endure a *Father*, that, when he has *lost* a *Son* himself, grudges that the *Mother* *mourns* for him too much?

But why then, say you, do's she *Complain*? First of all, that like a *naughty* *unkind* *Man*, you do not *miss* your *Son*, as much as you ought to do. You have a *stout* heart under your *loss*, you say only that he was *Mortal*, and reckon that nothing *survives* of him, after his *Funeral-Pile*. Your *Wife* stands *weeping* and *wailing* by your side, and you have as many *Tears* as *Milstones*. She *makes* *Funeral Howlings* and *Laments* all *Night long*, while you *snug* close and sleep soundly, like a *Pig*. O *Cruel* *Father*, O *Father* that hast soon *forget* thy *Child*, What can we object more against you, than *This*? Since the first hour you *lost* your *Son*, you were never so *fond* of him, as to desire to see him again. Besides, you have *depriv'd* the *Mother* of her *solace*, suppose it were a *vain* *empty* *foolish* one? I would not have you
censure

censure her by any means, I would not have you chide her, you should know how great the *solace* was, if you could but Grieve as much as *she*. There can't be a more *unworthy* thing, than when a Man requires to be believ'd in *that*, which he never saw. Pray, give her leave to suppose it was but a *Fancy*, excuse it in her, they that bewail their lost Children are content to be deceived. In such a condition, a *mistake* many times may help a Man to bear great pressures, because *miserable* Persons indulge their own *Fancys* and *persuasions*. The *less* it is, that belongs to the wretched, the greater cruelty 'tis, to take it from 'm. Therefore the unhappy Mother cries out again and again, if you should take away from me any Image of my Son, either when he was a little one, or when he was shooting up, or lastly when he was in his Youth, yet I, Poor Woman, would lay fast hold on that Image, as if it were a real Body; I would, with Tears in my Eyes, retain that lively Portraiture and Similitude, those pretty Eyes, that sweet Face, those plain Features of his Countenance, so artificially drawn by a Cunning Artist. But I have lost the Original, from whence I would draw this Image, this Likeness, this Solace. O my Son, I have lost more this day, than on the day I buried thee. For I saw thee, even after thou wert Dead. I profess, if you should strive to take away any Suit of Apparel, that my Only Son wore, I would say, Don't abridge me of my Solace. All these are as good to me as the very Body and Touches of my Child, I will kiss them, I will embrace them, I will weep over them. Perhaps, I have no Reason for it.

Why

Why then, what ever goes beyond Reason is Affection. There is nothing more wicked, than a prudential Orbity.

But what, says he, these are but small matters, you yet speak of, For certain I saw my Son. What good hap was it, and what state of Nature, which indulg'd you so brave a visit? Tho' you lost him, yet you could see him still. Now, Good Woman, 'twas come to this, you thought your Child was only absent in the day-time. Death hath lost it's greatest bitterness, if you can be admitted to see him, whom you have lost. Then 'twas your hap, it seems, Madam, to have a sight of his countenance, of his mien, of his person and gate. I should not believe her, but that she is sensible, she has lost so much: Death and you parted Stakes between you, for every Night you enjoy'd your Son as if he had been alive, even after all, that Death could do. How great your loss was, may be judg'd by this, if this had not hapned to you, you could never have been so presumptuous, as to have wish'd for it. Here's a Man (O Piety!) dead and buried, his remaining Corps turn'd to Ashes and Embers; yet he assum'd a Body in the Night, and, being restored to the Limbs he had, when he was alive, he presents himself to his Mother so to the Life, that she could not believe, he would ever disappear or vanish away. Nor have we any reason to complain of the Day-time neither, for there he was to be seen, as much as he might. And you, Good Woman, it seems, saw him, and enjoy'd his presence. I did, says she; and what matter is't to any body, if I were deceived? But why

why do I call Thee to *Witness*? I give credit to the *Conjurer*, I believe thou *didst* see thy *Son*, but now thou *dost* not see him. But you, *Poor woman*, expected *nothing* more cruel from your *Husband*, than that he would not believe you. Let no body, says she, say, that I may not trust my *Eyes*. O my *Son*, most lovely and affectionate *Son*, I saw thee again and again. 'Tis for certain, I am fix'd upon it, no man shall ever persuade me out on't. How *impious* is the *Father*, who labours to deny thee *this*, that I may not believe, thou camest to me? This I did not *prate* of, nor *foolishly* blaze abroad, no, I told no body of your coming, but he that ought to have wished, you might do so. I told it only to your *Father*, your *Father*, I say, (pardon a *Poor dreaming woman*) I *confest* it to him, when I ask'd him, Whether he had seen you too. Therefore, O *unhappy woman*, you undergo too great, too hard, a punishment. The *Conjurer* was the Cause you did not see your *Son*, and he left only *this* with you, To remember that you had seen him. Pray then, *Poor woman*, tell, if you can, the *All* of your *solace*; and first confess *honestly*, Whether it were the weight of sleep, and a *vain imagination*, when you were fast and thoughts of *nothing*. Grant it were so, yet I should have thought, that the poor *Mother* was *unhappy* and *wretched* enough, if she had lost but such a *fine Dream*.

But, says she, be not so cruel, *Gentlemen*, think better, I pray, of my *affections*. I had not wearied my self with mourning, when I perceived *Night* to steal in upon me; O my *all-waking eyes*, you deserve to see my *Son*, but whilst I was in a
fear

fear at first, the *Spirit* appeared of a sudden. Heavens! What *Joy*, what *Happiness* did that sight make me *Mistress* of? My *Son* stood before me, as plainly as if 'twere day, I hope, I shall so part with him. I leapt out of my *Bed* presently, and came to him, I view'd his *Face*, his *Locks*, and *Visage*; 'twas my own very very *Son*. How sprightly was he, how merry did he present himself, how greatly did he persuade me, that I should not believe, he was dead? Oh wicked *Husband*, you don't know, how like your *Living Son* 'twas, that you have enchanted and shut up? I traversit all his *Body* over with my *Eye*, and could not perceive, what hurt his *Funeral-Fire* had done him. I laid every foot, Is this the *He*, I buried? Did I lay *Him* on the *Pile*? Did I gather up his *Bones* and *Ashes*? If he be so much the same, what reason have I to mourn? I had no reason to think, that my *Son* was dead, but that I could not shew him to his *Father*. I will also *honestly* confess, that, the first night, I could hardly believe my self, I was angry with my *Eyes*, as if they had wrought upon me; *Poor woman*, I blush'd and was ashamed for fear I was asleep: When lo, the *Youth* comes again, and now he comes every day. How must I construe this? That which is always so, must needs be true. The last time he came not as a *bodiless shape*, but he sat down by me and embrac'd me. I perceived his embraces and took them kindly: As oft as the whole *House* was laid fast asleep, then came *He*, in such a posture as the propitious *Gods* do offer themselves to mortal sight, and such as the pleasantest deity is, when he suffers himself to be seen. As all the *Religi-*

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fear

fear at first, the *Spirit* appeared of a sudden. Heavens! What *Joy*, what *Happiness* did that sight make me *Mistress* of? My *Son* stood before me, as *plainly* as if 'twere *day*, I hope, I shall so part with him. I leapt out of my *Bed* presently, and came to him, I view'd his *Face*, his *Locks*, and *Visage*; 'twas my own very very *Son*. How *springly* was he, how *merry* did he present himself, how greatly did he *persuade* me, that I should not *believe*, he was *dead*? Oh *wicked Husband*, you don't know, how like your *Living Son* 'twas, that you have *enchanted* and *shut up*? I travers'd all his *Body* over with my *Eye*, and could not perceive, what *hurt* his *Funeral-Fire* had *don* him. I said every foot, *Is this the He, I buried*? Did I lay *Him* on the *Pile*? Did I gather up his *Bones* and *Ashes*? If he be so much the same, what reason have I to mourn? I had no reason to think, that my *Son* was *dead*, but that I could not *show* him to his *Father*. I will also *honestly* confess, that, the *first night*, I could hardly *believe* my self, I was *angry* with my *Eyes*, as if they had *wrought* upon me; *Poor woman*, I *blush'd* and was *ashamed* for fear I was *asleep*: When lo, the *Youth* comes again, and now he comes *every day*. How must I *construe* this? That which is *always* so, must *needs* be *true*. The *last* time he came not as a *bodiless shape*, but he *sate* down by me and *embrac'd* me. I perceived his *embraces* and took them *kindly*: As oft as the *whole House* was *laid fast asleep*, then came *He*, in such a posture as the *propitious Gods* do offer themselves to *mortal sight*, and such as the *pleasanteest deity* is, when he suffers himself to be seen. As all the *Religi-*

our Worship in Temples and Consecrated Groves, when Mortals are all hush'd asleep, and Profane persons are far out of the way, is said to enjoy Solitude and to come forth out of its shrine; my Young man represented my Son all night long, and enjoy'd his Fathers House and every Room in it, Sweet, Gentle and Kind to his Mother, as a Deity or God uses to slide down from the Skins, and to shoot throw the Region of the pure and liquid Air.

What Imprecation shall I bestow on such a bad unreasonable Father? He would try, whether he were a Ghost, or no? Have pity on me, my Lords, with What sentiment, will you entertain this Fact? It is fouler than Parricide; 'tis more heinous than if he had quite thrown down his Sons Monument, or if he had broken his Urn, and scatter'd about the Stones, consecrated by his death; yea, and disturb'd his Bones and Ashes in their Religious rest. He sends for a Fellow, whose Art 'tis to go clean against the Grain of Nature; who, as soon as he had thundred out a barbarous noise from his nasty mouth, he caused the Powers above to fear, the Infernal Spirits to hear him, and the Earth to shake and tremble, as Fame reports from Experience. He appear'd by the Poor Youths Tomb, as a second and surer death. Now, says he, O ye Powers of darkness, give me, that am your Profelyte, suitable assistance in my Blind-night-work. Now every Deity, black and white, and the mysterious Right which I direct to him, come in and assist. I must now take more pains, than when the Stars are pluck'd out of the Firmament, or when Winter-inundations of Rivers are com-

manded

manded to be stop'd, or when Serpents, being not able to hold out against my powerful Charms, are burst, as with a stronger Poyson, upon my very Frangums. Here's a Young man to be laid up, to be confin'd to the Infernal Holds, he is a Wanderer and must be shut up in thicker and straiter darkness. Were it not an easier buisiness by far, to raise him up again? Hereupon, 'tis said, he fell prostrate on the Urn, and so seal'd up his words between the Bones and the Ashes. Yet he st look'd back and confessed, That the Ghost was unwilling. Therefore, says he, I beleive my Charms are not strong enough, let us make fast every side of the Tomb, and cramp it with Iron-spikes. So, now 'tis well, he is dead at last; he can neither be seen nor stir out. Whether I lye or no, you shall know to morrow-night. Certainly, all Parents, especially those that have lost their Children ought to fly upon this mans Eyes, in his head. Do you lay up your Sons Ghost so, as guilty Spirits use to be laid up, which, wandering up and down in sick Families, and sad Infected Houses, are pretended to be laid by Magick Vanity? What did he hang himself, after he was condemned by the Fury? Was he guilty of Self-Murther, by stabbing himself? Or did he Poyson himself before hand, out of a guilty Conscience? So that he could not be laid, till he was shut in by a Charm. When, when, I say, did he trouble your House, or your Self either, with his gastly frightful appearance? O thou crullest Father that ever was, Thou hast made a guilty Ghost of thy own Son! What were the thoughts of your poor Wife now, think you? Now my Son, says she,

lies

lies fast tyed, in piteous torment, and cannot get out thence, whence he used to come. He complains now, that the *Earth* lies harder upon him, especially when he perceives, that night is come, the time, when more happy shades are loosed, to go home to their Mothers. And if there be any discourse amongst Spirits, as I believe there may, one or other of them may say to my Young man, How vile and contemptible were you to your Friends? How easily have they parted with you? What say you of your Mother, whom you used to visit so kindly. These Chains, these Fetters, are these all the requital she makes you for your kindness? So unhappy is the Case of the Poor woman, that, if the Conjuror should be discharged, she yet runs this hazard, That her Son may think, he came to her, against her will.

But now, the Husband pleads his Cause with more Gravity, Depth, and Wisdom, as a man above Grief. He says, There are no Sprites, he maintains, that all perishes with the Body, and that nothing, endu'd with Sense and Understanding, returns from the Grave. As for Ghosts, there's no such thing, they are only imagined not seen, and our Eyes assent to our Melancholy. If this be so, Why, pray, did he send for a Magician? He is the very worst of Parents, who usually weep only when they bury their Children, that they may return strait from the Funeral with dry Eyes; but he denies, that deceased Spirits and Ghosts are any thing the better for our waylings; he says plainly, That our Tears, Sighs and Sobs are spent and lost. Oh wicked man, who mourns for the deceased, and yet thinks it to no purpose neither. So then,

all

all Wise men have been mightily mistaken, hitherto, who have taught us, that man is made up of a Soul, and an Elementary Body. The Body is Brittle, Frail, Earthy, as Drought and Moisture, Heat and Cold, Volatile and Fixt don't agree, sometimes we are subject to pain, or at last to be dissolv'd by Old Age. But our Soul, they have told us, is the Effort of a Fiery Vigor, deriving its perpetuity not from our Common Fire, but that Spirit which moves the Stars in their Courses and Wheels about the Sacred Orbs of Heaven, from thence that Spirit comes, which gives Life to us and every thing beside. It dies not, nor is dissipated, neither is it affected with the Fate of Mortal Natures: But whensoever it breaks through the Prison or Enclosure of a human breast, and, having put off all its Mortal part, hath lustrated it self with a light Fire, then it ascends to its seat among the Stars, till, being mastered by Time, it alters its Condition by Transmigration; and there too it remembers his Former Habitation. Hence comes it, that Spirits are raised by Invocation; hence they borrow the Person, the Countenance, and whatever we see of them, hence they appear as beloved Portraiture to their Friends, and sometimes turn Oracles too, giving us mid-night admonitions; hence they are sensible, what Monumental Presents we bring to them, and they perceive, what Honour we do them at their Burials. I beseech you, when a Son dies, is it not better to believe so of him? Oh but, says he, I did it for your sake, that you might take your rest, and not be troubled with terrible frights, which made you pass the nights, in anxiety and suspense perpetually.

T

tually. So then, you, *Murderous* man, have made the *Villany* in *Common*: And yet do you upbraid and twit me, that I too must not see my *Son* any more? For I minded my sleep and pleasant *slumbering* before. But now, 'tis you, O *Cruel* man, that have *disturb'd* and *affrighted* a *Mother*, so that she can have no *benefit* of her *Nights*. Could you think the *shade* of your *Son* could be a *Bugbear* or *Hobgoblin*? Oh, 'twas a *sweet* Bugbear, 'twas a *fair* desirable Hobgoblin! What could ever *caress* the *Eye*, more? What could a *weeping* Mother desire more to gaze upon? The *shade* of ones *Son* is no more to be *fear'd*, than the *Relicks* of his *Corps*. 'Tis necessary, that a *Terrible Spectre* must always be a *Strangers Ghost*. But perhaps *others* Images may *fright* us, and we use to call those *Spirits*, who are *unknown* to us. And therefore, 'tis wisely don, when they appear *only* to their *own Friends*. A *Wicked* and an *Impious* man is he, who sees his *deceas'd* Child, and yet thinks it can't be *he*, because he *buried* him *before*. You were *frighted*, says he *again*, and you laboured under *haunted* nights. How *cruel* a *Husband* are you? What, wou'd you have *laid* up your *Son*, if he had *appear'd* to you? I tell you, says he, there was no such thing, as a *Ghost*, laid up by the *Conjuror*, he *only* relieved your *Fancy*: And therefore you think your *Son* do's not *appear*, because he *appear'd* not before, and nothing was don, whereby your *rest* was *disturb'd*: If you say *right* in *this*, then the *Mother* begins to *comfort* herself thereby. He is not lock'd up, says he, he is not *fast* bound with any *Charm*, or grip'd with any *Iron-Links*: Do but *remove* then

then all the *Premises*, and I'll ask him a *Question*. Ah, did I, *Wicked woman*, so quickly believe, that he would not *appear* to me, if he were *unbound* and at liberty? Would he not shew himself to *these Eyes* of mine, and run in to *these Embraces*? For when did the *Young man* find *me*, but I was a *weeping*! When did he not behold my *Breast* black and *blew*, and my *Arms* all *Bloody*, for him? When was he not afraid, that he should in the *least* *fright* his *poor Mother*? No, the *Poor Child* is made *fast* by *Magick*, I say, by the *Black Art* is he detained. What would you have *Charms* do for you, more? They have *perform'd*, what they *promised* you. Can you leave *blushing* now, when your *Son* appears no more?

But You, Sir *Faustus*, by whose *Laws* the *Gods* above and below are *tortur'd*, who by your terrible night *yellings* do shake the *profound Abyss*, and the very *Center* of the *Earth*, who one while art a *laier* of *Spirits*, that obey thy *Commands*, and other while art as *cruel* and *inexorable* a *faylor*, hear now the *Prayer* of the *Mother*, as you did of the *Father*. I'll *contract* and *bargain* with you for what you will; you shall, if you please, have all the *Estate* of a *poor Mourner*; I would not have you take too much *pains* neither, or betake your self to your *horrid Incantations*; no, I would have you *only* take off the *Iron-Chains*, you put on, and speak your own *Charms* backward, I would have you do *nothing*, only *unbind* him, and then you have as good as *rais'd* him for me. I know, what you did was not in *Cruelty*, you *only* obey'd the *Fathers* *Commands*; but then be *so kind*, as to do something too for the *Mothers Tears* and bit-

ter *plaints*; do something for your *own Credit*.
O thou man of Art, you will *your self* be more abominably hated, if you will be *more easily* intreated by the *Father*, to shut up his *Son*. And you, *Husband*, be not afraid to be *disturb'd* with the vain *Frights* and *Apparitions* of the *revengful Ghost*. No, you will *sleep* the better for't; when he is *dismissed*, he knows to *whom* he must *come*. *O thou Dutiful Child*, *O thou Sweet Kind Youth*, never *Shade* or *Sprite* to thy *Mother*, if thou canst free thy self from thy *Magick* weight, and from the *Enchanting* words, which are beyond all *frights* and *terroures*, by the *Conjurers* leave, then, *Come to me, Sweet-heart*, says thy *woful Mother*, come to my *Weeping*, and to my *Embraces*, which still are *living ones* to me, *poor woman*. I know now, what did *prejudice* me, I understand what 'twas, that did *miscchief* and *torment* me. When you *come*, I will enjoy the *Sight*, and I'll tell it to no *Flesh* alive.

Dives



Dives Accusatus Proditionis,

O R,

A Rich Man Accus'd of
 TREASON.

DECLAMATION XI.

The Argument.

*There was a Poor and a Rich Man, that were
 Enemys one to 'tother, and they had both
 Three Children a piece; there hapned
 a War in the Country, wherein the Rich
 Man was made General, and took the
 Field. In his absence, a Report was raised,
 that he had betray'd the Common-wealth,*

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Where-

Whereupon the Poor Man went to the Senate, and accus'd Him of Treason. Upon which the People Ston'd his Children to Death, while He was in the Camp. The Rich Man at last return'd a Conqueror from the War. And finding his Children put to death, he requires, the Poor Mans Sons should undergo the same Punishment: Their Father offers himself in their room. The Rich Man opposes him; for the Law ran, that a Traitor should be punish'd with Death; and that a false Accuser, should suffer the same Punishment, as the Accused Person was to do, if he were Convicted.

For

For the Rich Man against the Poor.

I Was full of expectation, Country-men all, that no dispute would have been made concerning the Punishment of my Adversary, nor did I think it possible, I could be deceiv'd in a Revenge and satisfaction, that a City, which was saved by me, does justly owe to my Grief; but, seeing I am arriv'd at such an extraordinary and strange kind of misery, that, in the first place, you think good to Consult Laws and Statutes about my satisfaction, I beseech you, it may not make for the Poor Man, that he can't be defended, without some sort of Punishment inflicted. The Fellow deserves to suffer, more than I, who, you see (by his own Confession) is worthy of Death! This, of all my hardships, my Lords, is most unsupportable to me, the Poor Fellow thinks, he hath e'ne liv'd long enough, after he hath destroy'd my Children. He thinks it worth the while, to make himself a compleat happy Father, seeing I make such a stir to be reveng'd; and he adds this also to the glut of his joy, to bequeath my Orbity to his own Children; I beseech you, my Lords, let it be no prejudice to my Cause, that I prosecute, and seek my satisfaction from a Good Father: I would not give This for my Revenge, if the Poor Fellow were willing to part with his

Children rather. One thing, *My Lords*, I much admire in this *Impudent Fellow*, he *Murthers* my *Children*, to the shame of our *Abused City*, and now he calls me *Cruel* too. He shews me his *Children* are but *litle*, that he alledges, as if I may not rather complain, that *any* Father may do the *same*; nor doth he *consider*, how much accrues to my justly *Impatient Grief*, since I have suffer'd that, which 'twould even *put* one to seek *satisfaction* for; 'tis a sad Case, *my Lords*, that a *Man* shall be *hardly* thought of, for the *misery*, he has *undergon*. You should look upon my *satisfaction* in this light, as if, when he *Kill'd* my *Children*, he *Kill'd* his *own* too. Nor am I ignorant, *My Lords*, that many do believe, that the *Cunning Fellow* is not *willing* to *dye* neither, to that, when he lays *open* his *Throat*, and puts forward his *Breast*, there are *only Tricks* to save his *Life*. But I, for my part, don't think he *dissembles*, I, who *know*, what I would have yet *more* than he *offers*. None, but one, that could hardly part with his *Child*, would ever have found out such an *Expedient* against me, he has devis'd a *new-found* way of suffering at my suit, out of his dear *affection* to his *own Children*. No *Man* can desire to do *worse* with his *Enemy*, than put him to that, he cannot bear *himself*.

My Lords, the Innocency of us, *Great Ones*, hath this inconvenience with it; that we know not who 'tis, that *hurts* us, till we feel the *smart*. And when an *Inferiour* hates us, then we lye open to all manner of *Treacherous Assaults* whatever; A *Fellow*, because he was so *poor* and *base* himself, was therefore *inraged* against his *Superiours*,

riours, he thought it a kind of *Liberty* and *Property* in him to hate his *Betters*; having no love, no *Affection*, in regard he was himself *low* and *despicable*, he grew up to such a *madness*, as he durst *cope* and *grapple* with me. First of all, he pretended I was his *Enemy*: Oh *Heavens*! What a *Monstrous* cunning *Fellow* have I had to do with? What a *wild Gamester* have I encountered? I reckon'd him an *Enemy*, who could find in his heart to *Kill* me, and then to *Dye* himself: I give thanks to you, my *Country-men* all, that, in those *Extremities*, wherein you did nothing for *favour* or *affection*, I was commended by the very *testimony* of our *dangers*. You intrusted me with the *fate* and *issue* of the *Publick*, then in *bazard*. Now I could not have done the part of a better *Commander*, than when I left my *Children* behind me: A *General*, that wou'd ha' betray'd you, wou'd never have don't. I think, *My Lords*, 'tis not now to be *question'd*, from what ground those *Sham-stories* and *false fears* did break out, of a sudden, and who the *Raskal* was, that first fill'd the *Ears* of your *Poor trembling City* with such a *Confounded Report*, when you see, who so wrought with you, as to make you believe it. He observ'd and laid hold of the *Opportunity* in the *midst* of your *Tears*; and because, when Men are in trouble, they are apt to believe the *worst*, he abus'd you with this *pretence*, that he might seem to be solicitous for the *Publick*, as well as you. So that the *Fellow*, who could name *no Complice*, nor *Article* any *Crime* against me, hop'd he should be believ'd, even by the very *greatness* of his *Damn'd Accusation*. So,

So, Gentlemen, when you were persuaded by my *Accuser*, that I wou'd have *betray'd* your *City*, you dealt with me, as *bad* as he would have you. You *Murder'd* my *Poor Children*, whom my *Enemy* had pointed at all along his *Speech*, after the manner, as *Innocent Persons* commonly use to *suffer* in a *hurry*; give me leave, *my Lords*, to speak *freely*? I must needs say, you have done a thing hardly to be *copy'd*, even tho' I had *betray'd* you.

I know, *my Lords*, You admire I should be clearly *Innocent*, as to this my *Accusation*; for as soon as ever the *News* of my *sad disaster* was brought to me, into the *Camp*, I threw down no *Arms*, I did not *flinch* or *stir* from my *Line* or *Ground*: I turn'd all the *Anger* of my *Childrens* *loss* upon the *Enemy*, even as if they had been *Murder'd* by them. *My Lords*, if ever any *such Profane* thoughts could have *took place* in me, if I could ever have *hated* my *Country*, even for my *Childrens* sake, then certainly you had made me a *Traitor*: When I return'd, *my Lords*, this must needs be my *First Out cry*, what, ha's my *Enemy* any *Children* still? Is his *Family* as *big*, as when I *left* it? Oh unhappy *Presumption*! Oh *False defeated Thoughts*? Was this to *come home*, as if I had a *recompense*? What *Indignation* of your *Soldiers*, what *pain* of your *Gallant Men* about me, did I *appeal*, when I promis'd them all, their *Children* were *safe*, and when I *modestly reckon'd*, whatever I did could not *challenge* such a *satisfaction*? Let all imaginable *Punishments* be *heap'd* up together upon the *greatest Villain* in the *World*, yet I have lost the *Main* comfort

comfort of my *satisfaction*, because you *your selves* should rather have *sum'd* against mine *adversary*. But seeing 'tis so, that I must *try* it out with this *Fellow* by *Statute-Law*, I demand his *Children* for *Punishment*, instead of their *Father*. What can I *wish*, *bad enough*, to fall upon that *Man*, who ha's *forc'd* me to demand such a *satisfaction*? Oh but, says he, *The False Accuser* must undergo the *same kind of Punishment*, that the *Accused Persons* should. *My Lords*, my *calamity* do's give me *leave* to *object* against this very *Law*, as not making it sufficient provision of *Quid pro Quo*; It ha's found out a way of *satisfaction* against my *right*, wherewith I ought not to be *contented*. Can any *Mortal Man* term his *Generous Aet*, his *Punishment*? Do's any *Mans Heart* ake so much, for a *just Punishment* as for a *dire Calamity*? Oh, he never considers in the least, how great a *resolution* it *creates* to bear his *grief*, what *hardness* it brings to both *Body* and *Spirit*, to own, he's *justly Punish'd*. There must be *Innocence* in the case, wheresoever any pain makes us *miserable*; suppose, he ha's as many *Children*, to be given up to *suffer*, as I had, *Murder'd*, and the *Justice* of the *Law* do's allow as many of his to be *slam*, yet the *Law* comes not *home*, unless they be *Innocent* too. And whatsoever they *suffer*, after they are *apprehended*, altho' it be *sufficient recompence* according to the strictness of *Law* perhaps, yet in *reason* and *equity* 'tis too little: You can make the *Punishment* and the *Crime*, of an *Offender*, equal no other way, unless you make it *unsupportable*. In vain do you reckon, how *Cruel*, and how *Bloody* a thing 'tis,

I require, because it exceeds all usual kinds of punishment: The spitefulness and odium of a Law is taken off, my Lords, when a Man suffers that which he acted before. Besides, Is not this alone a kind of punishment, where an offender can complain of none but himself; and ought he not the less to be pitied, the more heavily Men take it that he suffers? What can be thought, or found out, more equitable and more just? He that hath Murder'd a Man on the Highway, let his own Life answer for't; ha's he temper'd Poyson for another, let him drink it off himself; has he run and tore out another Mans Eyes, let his own be pluckt out, to make him amends. I can't endure, that any Man living should refuse to suffer, what his own wickedness hath deserv'd. 'Tis the shortest way of doing vindictive Justice, when the Offence and Punishment are Commensurate. And if you well consider the nature of a Compensation, a Man is best aveng'd in the same way and method, he was wrong'd.

I beseech ye, my Lords, don't you therefore think it just, what the defendant desires, because I am against it; you would not like, that I should have desir'd their Fathers Death, if he had offer'd his Children; yet of all the Men, that ever have suffer'd after a strange and unusual manner, I think none are more worthy to have right done them by this Law, than they, whose Children have been Murder'd. What doth the Law say to this? What requital can she make me? How am I reliev'd? Where shall I receive any comfort? 'Tis well remembred, my grief has very well remembred me, let me have leave to
seize

seize upon those, those I say, who now are dearer and better belov'd than they were, whose price is rais'd by my destitution. Yet after all this, we shall come short, unless the Children be full as many, unless their tender Ages be equal and alike, and above all, unless they have a Father, excellently kind and good. You had got the better of me, Oh Fortune, you had been too hard for me, if he had had never a Child, who had committed such a grand offence against me. Besides, let's compare all unrighteousness whatsoever, no Man in the World is more detestable than He, that makes the Laws themselves, blame-worthy. Upon your own account, you ought so highly to be enraged against False Accusers, whose villany can do no harm, but by and thro' the Judges Act. Good night to all human safety, if Lyes may be so bold with your Accusations; nor was there ever any Innocent yet so happy, as to be able to baffle the diligence of Knights o' th' Post. If any mortal Man, in a matter that he hath forg'd and devis'd himself, find any thing which he can call a Proof, and so make out the Fact by a voluble Tongue, why then we must hate the Lye the more, because it apes the Truth so much. Whenever 'tis plain, that a Man hath been put to death unjustly, you must therefore be more incens'd against a False Accuser, that you may excuse them, that believ'd him. Add also to this Cursed Crime, that he accus'd me, when I was in the War, and for no less than Treason too, when I was a General, and all this he did upon pretens'd malice. He has no pretence to shelter himself under the Publick mistake, nor can he make his Apology, as if he also be-
liev'd

leiv'd those who had coyned the Lye to his hand; No man was ever so deceiv'd, that he should be to tell a Lye of his Enemy. The rumour was, says he, that you had betray'd the City? Now I remember it, I thank you for that, for this very rumour is the chief thing I retort upon you, for your slander. For, my Lords, who knows not, but that this is the very Nature of Fame, to take its Rise, at first, from one mans impudent sham-report? The whole Body of a People do never discourse of any thing at an instant; was ever any thing so suddenly started abroad, that the Talk of all the Town should presently agree about it? What City would not be disturb'd, what People would not have their Heads full, if you should tell all us and every body else, if you should speak of it in all Company, and then at last, in a thing merely of your own devising, you should say, it was a rumour? What a mighty subject might you have to make your Lies, on every occasion of the least danger? There is nothing more capable of malignant buzzes and misconstructions, than War. What matter is it, whence the Report had its Rise? You can't deny this, 'twas you that made a long Harangue about it, 'twas you that manag'd my Accusation, 'twas you that made me Guilty, by Hearsay. In every rumour, for which you have no Proof, nor Argument to produce, 'tis a kind of base calumny, to be the First, that credits it.

But says he, 'tis I must dye, because the Law, on which I accus'd you, Ordains, that a Traitor must be serv'd the same sawce. I might answer in a word, that the Law, which Enacts, A False Accuser should suffer the same punishment, doth ex-
act

at the penalty of that Act, which he had don, not of that which he intended to do. Yet, let us suppose, the Poor Fellow did not aim at what follow'd, at whose door, I pray, must the sad Issue be laid, that proceeded from the mistaken persuasion of the Commons, upon your calumny? May I start here another Question, my Lords, of which that Penal Law had no prospect? He accus'd me at that very nick of time, when, if I had been condemned, I could not have suffred. Go now, and say, if you can, I was not the Cause, your Children were slain, but call it, if you dare, the City's Act; yet, by all your skill, you shall never make me, not to pity my Country more than my self; 'twas she, that suffer'd under the mischief of that Villany, as much as the Father. She was plainly forc'd to Murther the Children of her Victorious General. He is much mistaken, my Lords, who thinks any Fact in the World comes first from the Mobile. What the Generality of a City does, proceeds from the Ascendant, that seducing Orators have over them; whatever the Commonalty does, they are never angry, but according as they are exasperated. Thus our bodies receive no motion but from our Spirit; and our Limbs lie quiet, till our minds use them. There is nothing more easie, than to work the Common People to any Passion whatsoever. When we meet together in our Assemblies, no body brings his own private thoughts, his private sentiments, private persuasion or reason along with him into the Senate. Nor has any Convention the Wisdom or Humour of single persons; whether it be, that the Publick Interest doth not enter so much into us; or else, because a man is more
negligent,

negligent, when he thinks *he* is not to give a *reason*, alone; and therefore when *many* are gathered together, we vote things in confidence of the whole. What *Commonwealth* can there be, but would be much troubled and put into *Confusion*, if any body should cry out of a sudden, Your General has betray'd you, look to it in time, you are Bought and Sold by him; and yet this your General now, has Children among you? I know assuredly, that after this very Speech, O thou wicked *Adversary*, thou hadst shew'd them the *Temple*, they would immediately have ventur'd upon *Sacrilege* to burn it down; if thou wouldst have had them pluck down *Shrines* and *Images*, their audacious *Impiety* would not have stuck to abuse the very *Deities*. Would you know, that whatever the City did, 'twas your own Act? Ple tell you, you would have been proud and have boasted of it too, if I had betray'd it indeed.

There is no Cause, my Lords, that your sorrow for such a satisfaction, should take you off from the strictness of *Justice*, upon this account, because my *Enemy* offers up his own life; no man would ever beg death, except he, that, by right ought not to be *Executed*. Setting then aside for a while, that satisfaction, which my grief may justly challenge, I only ask this of your *Wisdom*, in the name of all mankind, that you would not let any *Malefactor* chuse his own *Punishment*. My Lords, you will open a door to a boundless presumption in wicked men, if a *Condemned Person* may pick and chuse what *Punishment*, he please himself; nor can you keep any mans *Innocency* within the *Fear* of *Law*, if when a *Criminal* is apprehended,

he

he may suffer what he list. It eases all *Pain* and *Torment* whatever, when the *mind* is prepar'd before-hand for its suffering. He is mistaken, that thinks human *Tortures* are measur'd only by the *Cruel Appellations*, they go by: No, there can be no such thing as *Punishment*, but to him that is loth to come to it; No man is pained, but when he is made to abide that, which he can't abide: For 'tis *Terror* that makes any thing *Cruel* and *Piteous*. Do's any man call that a *Punishment*, which he freely leaps at? Which he earnestly desires? Which he cares not, how soon it comes? No, no, drag, I beseech you, your *Condemned Persons* thither, thither I say, where they are loth to follow you. Then call it *Punishment*, when the sufferer trembles at it, when he will go no further, when he plucks back his *Chains* with all his might. Let me see the pale visage, let me hear the deep groans of a man, that's going to his *Execution*: Let me see him look about him, as if he sought for pity. I beseech you, my Lords, again and again, let no *Criminal* have the choice of his *Fatal Punishment*. 'Tis better, a *Guilty* person should scape his *Punishment* than scorn it. Whoever allows present death to a *Malefactor*, do's him a favour; nor indeed can there be any other *Courtesie*, don him, in such a Case. He is out of the way, that thinks death is the upshot of all *Punishments*: To be slain outright is no *Punishment*, but a deliverance rather: For whenever we look upon it as our Fate to dye, it do's not admit a struggle of *Impatience* or *Grief* at all. What if you now must leave your *Children*, leave them did I say, nay, you preserve them rather? What a brave joyful

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Issue

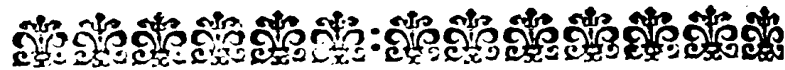
Issue is it, and full of comfort? He makes a *gain* of his *death*, tho' it be never so *cruel*, that is *cry'd* up for *dying*. Kill me, says he. O my *Enemy*, no body wonders at what you *desire*, but he that is *wholly Childless*. O thou *Bloody, Cruel* one! Shall I do thee the kindness, to let thee go to't? But what *better* to my self, can I wish? Dost thou not see the *grand* heynousness of the *Villany*, that thou hast committed? I was not *allow'd* to offer the same for my *Children*. Hold thou thy *little ones* in thy *Arms*, that they may *breath* their *last* in thy *Embraces*, to *chuse*; yet for *all* this, you shall not *scape* the *Law* nor *put me off*. Which way soever they desired *Orbit* draws thee, I will be at thy *heels*: If thou hast *prepared* any *Poison*, I will *pour* it clean out; I will take away every *Instrument* of *death*; I will cut the *Rope*, that thou hast *fastned* on a *beam*; if thou wouldst throw thy self down headlong from a *Precipice*, I would *pull* thee *back*. When all thy *Children* are *slain*, O my *Cruel Enemy*, thou wilt not *suffer* what I did, unless thy *Life* be *fav'd*.

Nor do I fear, my *Lords*, lest you should think, that both our *Orbitys* are to be *treated alike*. For lo, my *Children* shall be *brought* into *Court* against my *Tears*, which no body will *know*, they are so *mortify'd*. The *small Children* of an *Innocent Father* were *Murdered*, whom if they had been *now* alive, you would have carried in *Triumph* about your *Temples*, and about whom all your *Festival hurrys* would have been *employed*. 'Tis unjust, my *Lords*, that we should take *less* pity of them, whose *Murderous deaths* are *past* and *gon*. I don't find, how the hate of the *Father* should

should advantage the *Children* at all: For, you see, those *Children* perished, whose very *Father* *deserv'd* no *death* at my hands. Oh, what a *Case* am I in, thou wilt *still* have *many* things, which I, even when I am *revenged*, shall *envy* thee for! Thou wilt *give* them a *parting Kiss* before they *die*, thou wilt *speak* to them, thou wilt receive their *last requests*, and thou wilt have *opportunity* to *promise* them, that thou wilt not *tarry long* behind them. Thou wilt *ease* thy *Grief*, when thou shalt *promise* every *one* of them his *several Monument*. But *this* will *most* of all *wipe away* *Tears* from thine *Eyes*, that *now* thou wilt see my *Hill* *Desolate* and *Childless* too. Did ever any man see so *miserable* a *Case* as *mine*? 'Twill be *only* the *Poor mans* comfort, that we are *both equally* miserable. Besides, if we compare the very *kind* of their *deaths*, will thy *Children* suffer the *same*, as mine? They perhaps may be *killed* at one blow, and the *Punishment* *inflicted* on them, will be *only* by the *hands* of *one Executioner*. But my *Poor little ones*, were *Murder'd* by *tag, rag*, and *longtail*, every *Sex*, every *Age*, even the *weakest*, every *one* that could, or could not, hold a *stone*, made a *shift* to *hurl* it at them. There's nothing more *Cruel*, than the *Murders* of *those*, whom the *Rabble* do *destroy*. And this is the *only* death, wherein they allow no *pity* nor *reverence* to our *dead Bodies*. Do you think now, that I *lament* my self *only* for *this*, that I was not *sated* with the sight of my *Children*, before they *died*? Oh wretched man! I could not come near their *Bodies*, after they were *dead*; I could not bring them into the *Sepulchres* of our *ancestors* with my

own hands; neither had I opportunity to cry out over their Carcasses, 'Twas not I, that Murder'd you. Oh my dear Country, what a day did I lose, the day, when I your General, and Commanders, return'd from a concluded War! The joyful Soldiery did not make a Lane for me, nor did the numerously scatter'd Citizens dance and skip about my Chariot, with a Triumphant Jollity; no, I follow'd my Prisoners, being sadder than they, tho' I brought home Victory; the Soldiers round about me were very Melancholy, my Kindred met me with tears in their Eyes, and the People knew not, whether they might give me joy or no, for they blisht at my return. Oh the miserable condition, even of my good success? so that, I can't relate my very Victory without weeping, nor shall any of my Friends or Kindred speak a word of the War, in my bearing. There is nothing more intolerable than that calamity, that Festival joy recalls to our mind. As oft as that your Anniversary Feast shall, for the memory of my punishment, come about, bring me mourning weeds; you, my Servants, begin your laments afresh; prepare Cordials for me, my dear Kindred. No Children are more impatiently miss'd, than they, who were Murder'd for their Fathers sake. But to tell Truth, my Lords, I am very much afraid, that I shall not hold out to receive my satisfaction; and lest that affection, wherewith I am incens'd for my Children, should fail me in the midst of my revengeful Execution. But assist and pity me, all ye my Kindred, help me all my Friends; and, if perhaps I should not hold out, do you, good Citizens, make up my satisfaction.

faction. I am so tender-hearted, that I fear, when the Executioner draws near, I shall cry out all of a sudden, I had rather now, 'twere the Father. But you, mine Eyes, if you have any Shame in you, put away Tears, away with groans, I must compose and frame my self before-hand to be a bloody-minded and Merciless Person, and yet miserable too. Then, Oh thou craftiest of Mortals, I shall catch this passionate affection, that you now counterfeit and ape out; then I shall know, what was in your mind, when you desir'd to dye, rather than your Children. But if I well understand your wicked heart, which no manner of villany or mischief comes amiss to, thou wilt live, Oh my Enemy, and that gladly and stoutly too, yea as one, that had got the better.



Pasti Cadaveribus :

O R ,

*Citizens, (in time of Famine)
devouring one another.*

DECLAMATION XII.

The Argument.

*When the Famine rag'd in a certain City,
the Inhabitants thereof sent an Envoy
beyond Sea, to buy 'm some Corn, injoy-
ing him to return at a day prefix'd. He
went and bought it ; but, in his Voy-
age homewards, was carryed, by a Tem-
pest, to another City ; where he sold his
Corn*

*Corn for double the price, and went
and bought a double Quantity of Corn
with the Money. By reason of this his
delay, his Country-men were fain to
eat one another. He returns at the day
appointed, yet is Accus'd, and Arraign'd
for his Life, as a Traitor to the Com-
mon-wealth.*

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For

For the Citizens against their Envoy.

ALthô, my Lords, reasons innumerable, of Indignation, do put me to a *Non-plus* in the very beginning of my *Plea*, because I can't *speake* 'm out all at once; nor can I stop my *Flood* of Grief, which crowds and breaks in with might and main upon me, (for 'tis a light Grief, than can be *marshall'd*) yet that, I had almost call'd it, *Fury* of my mind, challenges the first place, which hath its rise from the present sitting of this Court, and the *demur* of our too slow revenge: when we do *implead* a Person, so *wilely wicked*, that he ha's drawn us in too; that we suffer him to make his defence; that we pray the Court he may be punished; and, when he is *condemned*, that he may be put to death, that death, which we, in our dreadful *Famine*, did even *heartily* wish for, as long as we cou'd commit our *dead* to the ground, *undevoured*: Or else, that he suffer by *Banishment*, a penalty, how little he regards, appears by his slow return to his own Country. Yet of what *Banishment* do I speak? Let us brand him with all the *Infamy* we can, and send him *packing* from us, he knows *whither* to go. Why did not our whole Town *tear* him in pieces, when he first set foot on shore, and, (seeing we are at last

last us'd to it, and begin in *sober sadness* to be a City of *Wild-beasts* and *Cannibals*) why was not he himself made the *First morsel* of his too slow Provision? For so he ought to have been *Quarter'd*, so torn in pieces, so *devour'd* every bit, by all the right in the World. Who can believe me, that I could *abstain* from eating up that Man, when I was *famish'd* and *inrag'd* too? But all our mind was upon the Corn, our Eye was fix'd on *nothing*, but that. Oh, how great was that *Famine*, that *Master'd* so grand a rage! For my part, if such a revenge had took place, if I had *vindicated* my self on so *nefarious* a *destroyer* of the *Common-wealth*, not with my Tongue but my Teeth, yet I had offer'd up little or no sacrifice to my *wrath*, or to my revenge: For why? I did the same, even to my own Relations. The *Bowels* of our *Kindred*, buried in our *Paunches*, do yet *boyle* up, and seem to *swell* and *struggle* within us, and so *rejouice* upon us, who too late repent, we *devour'd* them. For now, we are at leisure to *mourn*, now we can *bury* what fed us, now we can *burn* our *Bowels*? For the rest shall be buried with us. Oh *Famine* never the like heard of, in which to be *bunger-starv'd* is the least of our *miseries*! Yet *pardon* me, All ye my *dead Relations*, whom I *violated*, for now I speak to you, *pardon* me, I say, that I *debauch'd* my mouth, that I *degenerated* from, and threw off, all *humanity*. 'Twas not so much to *maintain* and keep a poor Life and Soul together, nor to *prolong* an *hated* Being; there was but one reason, why we *deserv'd* our *deaths*, because, if we had *died*, we should have been serv'd the like, as well as they.

And

And indeed, I can excuse *my self* to those I have *devour'd*, because I cannot be *angry* at *my self*, for it: But this *Envoy*, as you see, it stands *cramm'd* and in *good plight*, after so long a *Voyage*, and is well *battled* upon the *Publick Provision*; at the *mentioning* of our *Food*, he makes a *Face* at it, and those that look as if they would *drop down*, he bids 'em reckon, how much *Corn* there is for *every one*; as if I might not *readily own*, he had brought *enough* and *too much* too. For *now*, there are but a *few* of us left, we walk but *thinly* about the *streets*; and tho' all the *People* be call'd forth from their *Chambers*, for the *very hate* they bear to him that has *ruin'd* them, yet, you see, they do not fill up the *Seats*, fitted for them. There are but a *few* of us, fed after a *wicked* and *barbarous* manner, kept *alive* by other's *deaths*, *self-condemn'd* and a *burthen* to themselves because they *live still*, that, with *much ado*, have brought our *sick* and *pining* Bodies into the *Publick*. This, that you see, is *all* that's left of the *City*; we are so *worn a way*, that, *poor wretches*, we can shew nor *live* nor *dead*. This is the *Body* of the *People*, this is *all* their *strength*, *these* their *hopes* and *all* the *Grandeur* they have. Unless at last, *Mr. L' Envoy*, you had return'd to make good your *promise*, we had not had provision for *many days*. But to what purpose, so much *Corn*, *now*? Why, your *Vessel* so laden with *Provisions*? You have made a *sweet Voyage* of 't. We see *Corn*, but we see no *People*. It do's us *no good*, we have no *need* of it, now you may e'ne go and *sell* it. While you, the *buyer* and *seller* of the *Publick*

bealsb

wealth and *wealth*, do *barrier* away the *next Chapman*; while you *trade* either in our *Funerals* or in our *unnatural cruelties*; while you are an *Envoy*, forsooth, to *another City*, *strangers* to us, and your own *Country-men* perish with *Famine* the while; in the *Interim*, we find *Food* from our *Plagues*, our *hunger* feeds itself, and our *very miseries* make us *barbarous*; we may suffer thee to make thy *defence*, if withal we could be *absolv'd* our *selves*.

Now for *this*, *my Lords*, is it *only I*, that complain? Do these things *concern me*, *more* than *others*? Have I *suffer'd* any thing, by *my self*? Don't I *accuse* him upon a *Grievance* common to you all, *my Lords*, with me? Can one Man be *less* interested in this *revenge*, than *another*? Was it not a *general* starving, was not the *Beggery Universal*, of *one* and *all*? Unless you think 'twas no *Famine*, because we fill'd our *Bellies* with *Cruel viands*, and with *wicked* *repasts*. We are *Banish'd* and *Out-law'd* among *all Nations* and for *all Ages* to *come*, all Men will tell of these *Barbarous Prodigies*, and they will all *Curse* us to the *Pit of Hell*, except *such*, as *will not believe* it. We have cast a *foul blur* even upon *Famine* it self, and, (that which is the *last* comfort to the *miserable*) we have *forfeited* all our *Title* to *Pity*. Yet we had still one *poor* defence, that we were forc'd to do *this* by reason of his *delay*; But *now*, if *this* Man be *Innocent*, the *Crime* will lye at our *own doors*. May I tell you our *publick* *miseries*, and so *upbraid* our *lamentable* state? Can I get out a *word*? Will a *sentence* follow? Shall I

not

not be *Tongue-ty'd*? What can I not do? Let me survey, and take a view of the Order of our calamity, and tell all and every particular very plainly? None so fit to speak it, as *my self*. But we felt it and remember it too well: I suppose the *Judge* need not inform about it; we may declare these things to the *Person Accused*, who was out of the reach of all our miseries, who without all dispute owes a great obligation to his Country, that he alone was sent away from starving. Hearken therefore, Oh *Man*, hearken attentively, that *Corn*, which you brought home at last with interest, how much it cost us?

Some perhaps, *my Lords*, may wonder, that tho' the *Fruits* of the last dismal year were spent, the happy fruitfulness of many former years should be likewise exhausted; and they may raise a doubt, what the cause should be, why such a wealthy City, as *Ours* heretofore was, should have no stock of provision garner'd up, but only in their Expectations and Hopes? It must needs be so, when we sell *Corn* to our Neighbour City, and where a little piddling gain did tempt us: Thus the *wealthy* publick is regardlessly bought and sold, and Famine comes to take possession without resistance: And if there were any remainder of the Provisions of the precedent year left, yet some Men to sell it dearer, kept it in, to enhance the price. Yet I appeal to your Consciences, we did not complain at all, as long as *Corn* was but double its usual price. For 'twas not a Common scarcity of *Corn*, nor a Faylor of Land, that makes the *Farmers* labour to be lost and the unwelcome harvest not answer his hopes, which some *Husbandmen*

bandmen are wont to complain of; No, it was a new, unheard of, and a cursed blast on *Corn*, that left nothing almost to *Man*, but *Mans* flesh, to eat. Either the seed sown rotted away under the Furrows, without striving to put forth, or else, if a small root shot out with too little moisture, the blade hung its head on the ground; or else the dying *Corn* look'd wan and pale, when the blade or stalk was parch'd by the scorching Sun. No showres laid the dust of the thirsty Ground, nor did so much as the shadow of a Cloud hover over the too too dry Land. The winds blew hot, so that the heat intercepted the ripeness of Fruits: And if perhaps, in any place, some poor lank blade of *Corn*, made a shift to get up above the ground, yet the empty Ears frustrated the *Farmers* hopes, and the poor Husband-man winnowed his empty *Corn*, and there was nothing left in the barns stower. These are but petty Circumstances; for the Meadows were parch'd up, Leaves were blasted, Trees did not put forth; the Earth was bare, the Clods were hard, and Fountains were dry'd up. If I did not speak all this, to them that knew the truth of 'em, I might seem to complain, without cause, of this year wherein, our *Envoy* knows, we sold so much *Corn*. Ah, wou'd the woods could have afforded us their wild and simple food, that we might pick berries, shake down acorns or gather straw-berries, wou'd the pestilent year had left us, whatever the *Men* of old found out to appease their hunger, before Heaven sent us gentler reflections: I was no nice Fellow; but Oh woful remembrance! Oh sad and deadly necessity.

necessity ! We had *nothing left* to keep us alive but *bare Trees*. Yet we can't complain of God altogether, for we found the *Seas*, at least, favourable to us. If our *Envoy* would but have improv'd the day, which the happy season put into his hands, he might have brought us Corn twice by this time.

As soon as the *sense* of our great misery was nois'd all the *Town* over, and, our wants encreasing, we were pinch'd every day more and more, tho' our Case was bad yet we fear'd 'twould be worse, for there was no hope of any relief from our Neighbouring Cities, because they were in the same case with ourselves: 'Tis true, there was a small matter of Provision left in our Neighbourhood, but 'twould come to that, not a jot would any Body spare. Whereupon, when we saw, that we must provide for the *Publick weal*, from beyond Sea, every Man of us ran into the *Town-house*. At once in an *Alarm*, we cry *Arm, Arm*; and in a venture by Fire, Water, Water; so with one consent without respect of Age or Dignity, all Fellows we related our Case, we sat, and determin'd with one accord, we were wholly guided by the sense of our necessity, without Punctillios of Order or Observance. Many offer'd to go on the *strand*, but this Man was chosen, not by any preference of Innocency, Authority or Desert, the only reason that mov'd us, was, because he promis'd to make a sudden return. We gave him power of Money, without stint, we bid him get as much Corn, as ever he cou'd. This we cry'd out for, as one Man, nor were we long

doing it, that we might not hinder his Voyage; the voice of us all was this, (which he laid hold of, as a certain kind of Argument he might stay the longer) If you don't come within the limited time, you were as good bring us no Corn at all; We sent this our Envoy with our own hands to the Ship, and for fear he should stay, every one brought in his Quota of Provision for the Voyage, we cut the Cables, and, going ashore, we cut off the Vessel with all our stress. Then we follow'd the flying sailes with our Eyes, and, as if we our selves had been a Ship board too, we wish'd him a good market, the wind fair, and a Sea without storm. Who can believe, what success, we, Poor Men, had? We obtain'd all, that we desir'd, of the Gods above; only one thing was defective, we should have put up our Prayers for that other strange City too, that he requir'd. He arriv'd quickly there, and had as quick a market, yea and return'd with as much haste, whither he list'd. What are we the better for waiting? Another City was Elder-hand, and our precise Commissioner, forsooth, stays for his appointed day. We in the mean time first plundred our Cattle out of our grounds, we tear and devour every bit, yea that no Provision might be made, no not for the succeeding year, our Plow-Oxen were not spar'd: Then we sent our slaves a packing, and our Poor lay groveling at the doors of our Grandees, and breath'd their last, in begging their bread. When our Children cry'd to us, we told 'm, poor Things, our Commissioner was a coming. At last, every Man was fain to shift for himself. Yet I mention none of all this, no not

not now, to aggravate the Crime of our Envoy for as yet, he might have come to us first. hitherto, we have born our misfortunes, for the better, we may thank our Envoy.

If you have any human Flesh and Blood left in you, unless, your Belly being over-full, you have quit all thoughts of your Friends, that are a starving, consider the hard Case of your Country, having some regard to the cruel pinch, we are put to. We sent you in our Extremity, your pale and almost Bloodless Country-men look for you, that little breath, they have yet left, is till'd on in hope of your return. Farcy, and set before your Eyes those thin-lam'd Villages, the decay of your Country-men, that are a dying every day, and the strength that was decay'd long before. You cannot be ignorant of any of this, if we may believe your eyes all, for you saw with your Eyes, how our Country labour'd with Famine, before you went. Make haste, while there are any of us alive, to take account of your Commission; Oh, make haste, lest we be driven to commit something worse than Death; certainly we deserve all the Corn, you can bring. Why do you bring another Cities Famine upon us too? If we miscount not, we have suffered a double misery by your means. You lay stowing on the deck with our Corn in the Hold, and you travel round about the Sea Coasts, as if you meant to be an Hydrographer. You, the great Dispenser of Fate between Two Cities, the Preservation of a strange one, and the Destruction of your own, mete out our necessary Food and sustenance to Foreigners; and having a Fair wind to bring you back into your own Country, you will

with, it were Contrary. We, mean while, running too and fro over the parched Fields, pluck up the roots of wither'd Herbs, and we pull the harder, as hoping, if possible, we may light upon poison, whilst we are venturing upon food, we were never us'd to before. Now if we have upon a richer piece of Ground, we are ready to quarrel for our Pasture. We pull the bitter bark of Trees, and we crop off the russet Leaves of the sadly-withered boughs. Whatever our drooping hunger scrap'd together, all went down. Now we dye, even in our Forage, and ever and anon one or other of our Company drops down on the ground, as Sheep do when infected with the Cough or Murrain. Now we dye thicker and thicker every day, the Bill increases; and (say it!) now! we had nothing to feed upon any longer. What Powers shall I call to witness? The Heavenly ones above, alas, we have driven them from amongst us, by so great a Cruelty? Or, the Powers below, as for them we are their Fellow Citizens, as bad as they? Or, shall we appeal to our own guilty consciences; that we did all things before, that no Man ever did, besides us? We slew our Cattle, we grub'd up our Fields, we disforested our Woods, at last nothing was left but Hunger and Death?

If you will, believe me, I would willingly put off this Branch of my Accusation, for a while; for when so horrible a wickedness is to be related, a Man would fain gain a few moments of time; and besides, I must needs lay open to the Accused Person, vvho vvvas far enough off from us and our miseries, to have many he came not at

the day appointed. Pardon us, O all ye Gods and Men, pardon us for this highest of Villanies; 'twas woful enough, we confess, to us when we were to commit it. But good Manners and Hunger can never cotton together; and when that Tyrannical Dame hath once got possession, she rames even the monstrousest sorts of Beasts. Those that were a dying, took a mouthful of the very ground in their mouths: I would have eaten myself, if I had had nothing else to feed upon; but I must own this, I had something, without being beholding to our Commissioner. After that our inflamed hunger had master'd all our Patience, and all our hope was gon, which is the last Anchor to Men in misery, so that now our hearts durst not so much as wish for that sustenance, which was in vain so often promis'd us, then we began to run mad and out of our wits, and our Hunger did whatever it listed. Our hearts were stupify'd with our hard condition, our Palats were pall'd and dead with our uncouth repast, we began to eat the very beasts of Prey. Yet at first, we fell to this monstrous kind of dyet by stealth, every one sneak'd into an hole; so that if thou hadst come sooner, we might have wip'd our mouths and deny'd it. If any were missing of the dead bodies, we reckon'd he was interr'd, but no body said a word, nor did any one find it out. No Man was led on by Example to do this, every Man was his own Teacher; after we had been all guilty, then we all began to find out one another. Yet before I touch'd a bit, how oft did I hie me to the Key? How oft did I weary my Eyes in gazing, whether there were any vessel upon

the

the Main? you, Sir Envoy, 'twas easie for you to prolong the time, who had sold all, but your own share. Look you to it, how long you can stay above, for my part I can't stay a whole week. And therefore, like so many mad Dogs, we fell upon the Carcasses, and we were fain to shut our Eyes, as if we made more conscience of seeing than doing, thus we devour'd whole bodies bit after bit. This we could not do neither, without horror for the Fact, hating and loathing our selves, weeping and wailing, when we had done. But when we started back from our dismal sustenance, our hunger pricks us again, and we gather up the Mammocks we had disgorg'd before. Now these things seem ugly and abominable to me, Limbs all-torn, Bones gnaw'd bare, and Breasts, Head of their skin, view'd and mouldy within. Now, methinks, I see the Entrails throw'n about, the Flesh black and blew, the gore express'd and squeez'd out with my Teeth, and the marrow suck't out of the bones. 'Twas little or nothing of a Body the Famine left us. Now I shudder that time, when I lighted upon an Hand or a Head to eat, or any other part, that by a proper mark shew'd it was a Man. Now comes to my remembrance, that uncouth food, which I durst not set upon a Table. For we can't deny, we devour'd the Men, & that greedily too, for we had not eaten a bit along time; and yet for all that, 'twas hard to begin. But after we began to count it no sin, and none in the City were sham'd to confess it, what did we do then, but provide for to morrow, and store up dead bodies in our Pantries. We either arrested dead Corpses,

and brought 'in back from carrying to their graves, or we quarrell'd for them at the Funeral-Pile. The Heir takes possession of a dead body, fain to him. 'Twas a riddle, a monstrous incredible thing, but that we saw it, there was a Pestilence yet no Funeral. There was no Bill of Mortality, how many dy'd; vve knew that some were dead, only because we did not see them among the living. The Sick were afraid of their Attendants, and call'd back their fainting souls, when they took the last Farewel of their Domesticks; and the first thing they desir'd of them, was, an Entire burial. But when a greater necessity began to urge, then 'twas counted a courtesie, to keep Hands off till the breath were out of the body. No Man was so near of kin or in blood, that our duty would make us abstain from. We eat up our Kindred, our nearest Kindred; For if we should have desir'd a Neighbours body, none durst, none would, let us, for they did eat 'in themselves.

Iron.

Yet notwithstanding, you have no cause to be angry, for I have told you, *How much* you made of it: We sold our Corn for double the price, for our crafty Envoy cheated our Neighbour-City. Now our Garners are full, there's a good account of his Voyage, our Vessels are full fraught, and to inbance our joy for so great a Blessing, the fewer Guests, the better Chear. As for the Excuse he makes in point of time, I suppose he hath no reason to be troubled: For, I wis, he did not light upon a People, desolate and forlorn, there was no reason he should make such hast, vve could have stay'd yet longer. We are the only Men, that can't be destroy'd by Famine.

D'e think, I'lle pass over what he can say for himself? I confess, he came at the very last day, he brought our Grain, let's rejoyce, that now neither of the Two Cities do pine with Famine. Oh that I were strong enough, that my Lungs would hold out, that I could get some word or other out of my long-dry'd Larynx; for how great must that Indignation be, when One must grieve for the whole Tovvn? This being so, let all of us, here present in this Assembly, vwith full cry agree and consent unanimously to accuse this Man, yet the Odium would not be equal to the Crime, for how few of us are left, to make our Complaint? Let every one consider vwith himself, vwhat vvolful misery he hath undergon, and vwhat odious Crimes he hath committed. Surely, he is a monstrous Beast, vwho, having fill'd his belly so wickedly not for need only, is not angry vwith himself for eating Mans-Flesh. Let me call to mind my grief and my late vomitings, and my avengeful discontent at my self. Come hither, thou Tyrannous necessity of so long a Famine; and You, my Kindred, vvhom I have devour'd vwithin me, stir, if you can, and break forth out of my baleful Paunch, vvhile vve expiate the wickedness, vve have committed, by this devoted person, and so, making as it were a solemn Lustration of the City, vve send this dismal sacrifice to the wronged Ghosts: For such dire sacrifices become us well. I have brought your Crimes in common into Court, and I would fain alliate the dishonour of our poor City. We are all Offenders, every one; yet here is one, if you please, Guilty enough for us all. I accuse him for

dealing treacherously with the *Common-wealth*: by chcerously did I say? I am sure you wonder at the lowness of the word, whereby I seem to understand, as if our Country were slightly ras'd only, and had receiv'd a Filliping (as they say) rather than a Wound, when yet our City is fully and wholly consum'd, and our People pin'd away. But this injury of Nature is to be born here, as well as in other cases, that she hath not given us words, high enough to express such monstrous Facts; our cursed Famishing is only call'd, *Famine*; our abominable Gobbets are call'd, *dyer*; and after all, the *Common-wealth* a little treacherously dealt with, or so. Nor, forsooth, shall this Offendor be punish'd, without a legal and orderly Tryal: Pray, let all things be done with scruple of Conscience, for fear we do amiss. See, that we are angry after a legal manner, tho' we have violated all Law to save our Lives. Yea, if you like it, let us have patience to hear his defence, let him yet keep us a little longer still. Let him deny, he has injur'd the *Common-wealth*, because he hath much more than injur'd it, as we all know. We do not lay to his charge, that he spoil'd the *Angles* of our Palaces, that he cut down the Trees of our sacred Groves, nor demolish'd the Walls of our publick Temples. If he think good, he may perhaps put in, that 'tis not the *Common-wealth* that he ruin'd; for 'tis brought now to that pass, that that very Name is extinct. Perhaps, he may come to this too, as to deny, we ever wanted vituals. Yet I can't deny, that his Great wickedness is not properly nor fully enough expressed by this Law-Term. For our Ancestors would not have

have the *Common-wealth* injur'd, no not in the least, wherein, I judge, that this Case of ours is comprehended. But no Man ever fear'd, that a Crime would ever be absolv'd, that was greater than the Law. Besides, he endeavours to ward off the Accusation of Treason against the *Common-wealth*, and to dwindle it into the Fault of an ill-manag'd Embassy and Commission, only. The Accused party chuses the species of his Crime, which is as much as to say; a condemn'd Man would chuse his own Gallows.

I can't endure, my Lords, in so great a Commotion of my Spirit to hunt for Topicks, to argue upon; nor doth the effort and vehemence of mine Anger stoop or descend to the method of First, Second, and Third, &c. Yet this I know, that a Grief for the Publick comes under no starch'd form. Yea, if the Judges so far forget what they have suffered, that they can endure these evading Pretences, which do not clear him of the Crime but only starve it off, must the People too pass over his offence without its due reward, by down-right stoning? You shall not prescribe to me, how to lay my Attainder. I can accuse you for ill-managing your Commission and Trust too. For, look ye, if I should lay to your charge, here are so many Men kill'd out-right, are not you the Cause of their Deaths? If I charge you, that our Sepulchres are violated, did not we rob the Grave by means of your delay? But you had a Commission, forsooth, and what was that, I pray, but to manage something for the *Common-wealth*? And he that manages it ill, I hope is guilty of doing her wrong. Do you think Commission'd En-

ways have such *License* to offend, that whatever *Villany* they commit in their *Employments*, they may set all at rights by this one *Plea*? Oh, how over-grievous were the case of your *Envoy*, if he had leave given him to break the *Law* and to starve the *People*, too! But if I do mistake, and our *Laws* are grown out of date by *disusage*, because we have kept no *Courts* to put 'm in *Execution*, yet how do you avoid our *Law* afore-said? For unless I am mop'd by my misery, there are *Two* things which in such an *Accusation* are to be inquir'd into; viz. First, Whether the *Common-wealth* be indeed injur'd; and next, whether by the *Party*, that is *Accus'd*. In which points, if you had any confidence at all in your *Innocency*, you wou'd not throw off one *Crime* upon another, or run from punishment to punishment, but you would rather ward off that, which is now levell'd against you. We say, *The Common-wealth* was injur'd. Now should I launch out into a long *Oration*, and cast about, as other *Accusers* use to do, how to aggravate the matter by *Flourish* of words. But the commemoration of our *Calamities* have so horrible a report, that if we could forget or not reach them, yet our publick ruin must not be declar'd so much by *Words*, as expos'd a *spectacle* to our *Eyes*. Go too then, if you will, let us walk out of our *Gates*, and there you may see our *Pastures* burnt up, our *Corn-Fields* overgrown with *thorns* and *bryars*, and the *barks* of our *Trees* half eaten away. Our *Lands* are desolate for want of an *Husbandman* to till 'm, the *Innocent Beasts* pack away from our hunger, our *Farms* are empty, and our forsaken *Barns* are

are ready to fall down. No ground lies neat after 'tis plow'd and barrow'd, not so much as a *Clod* is turn'd up by the *Plow-share*. So that now we may fear a *Famine* next year too. Go home again to your *Houses*, there you shall see your very *Heartbs* all-bloody, your *Fires* put out with the *streams* of gore, running out from *Carkasses*, your *Rooms* thick-strew'd with *dead-bodies*; and at best, when we carry our our dead (*Bones*, rather than *Men*) to be entomb'd, we are fain to cover 'm; what is left we bury in this fashion; we commit our *broken Corps's* to the *Flame*. But where the *Famine* hath swept away whole *Families* (which is the greatest Part by far,) there our *Empty Houses* are over-grown with *dust* and *cobwebs*, and there lyes the *Lumber* without any *Heir* to challenge it. When you have gon all the *House* over, at last perhaps the *Master* of it may be found, lock't up in some close room, as in a *Coffin*, I mean, if he has escap'd being devour'd before, and when his *Neighbours* look'd after him they could not find him, or if he were the last *Man* that dyed of the *Family*: But whither do I send you? Behold this very *Assembly*, see the whole *City* presents you with the *Image* of one single dying Person, the *Head* lank and lean, the *Eyes* quite sunk into the *Head*, the *Skin* loose and flabby, our *trembling lips* cannot hide our *Teeth*, our *Faces* stark and stiff, our *Cheeks* pitted with *boles*, and the recesses of our *Throats* empty. Our *Necks* stoop forward, our *Rack* is rugged the *Bones* staring out, we are like *Infernal Spectres*, and we are even filthy *Carkasses* already. Or if any one of us look not o' this Fashion, let him own,

own, that he has *Feasted* too hard on the *deceas'd*. Let every Man examin his *own* wretched *bowels*, and his full *Paunch*, that's *accus'd* and can't *deny*. Say now, Our *Commissioner*, say, if you will, I am *Guiltless*, because I came at the *day*. But I am sure my *Conscience* is *Guilty*, that I made a shift to live so long, by such *woful* means.

What *miseries*, compar'd with *ours*, do not occasion *tears*, more *nice* and *sparing*? Suppose an *Enemy* should besiege and shut up a *City* within their *own* gates, 'tis not unusual that the *besieg'd* are driven to great scarcity of *vituals*, but yet they may deliver the *Town* up; and then the *Conqueror* will either *kill* his *Prisoners* or give them *meat*. Some have undergon the *Tortures* of *Py-rates*, *happy* they, so they were *Immocent*. Death certainly is a *Period* to all, and our *Cruelty* should not go beyond *Life*. But if a Man should be *stript* of all humanity, that he will *chuse* to *punish* there, where there is no *sense* of the *mifery*, yet he would *throw* *Carkasses* to *Beasts* not to *Men*. Some have been burnt by *Fire*, but their very *punishment* ends in a *sepulture*. But *we* have *de-stroy'd* our very *Funeral* *Ashes*, and our very *ru-*in is ruin'd *it self*. All *Men* see, what our *mis-*eries were, the *Fire* did not *burn* our *dead*, the *wild-beasts* did not *devour* them, the *Fowls* did not *meddle* with them, yet we can *reckon* how many have *died* by our *eating* their *Carkasses*. We are *afflicted* beyond the *hope*, yea and beyond the *wish* too, of any *recovery*; every day a *greater* *dislike* of what we have done, *seizes* us, for my part I am e'ne *asham'd* that I am alive, I dare not look up to the *Sun* or the *Stars*, I call the *dead*

dead every foot *happy* *Persons*, and being prick'd with the *Gripes* of an *Evil* *Conscience*, I judge none in a *better* case, than they, who at any rate whatever, are laid up in their *long* *home*. Now also I envy our *very* *food*, I am *silent* of what's *past*, our *store* and *plenty* hurts us by our *excessive* *greediness*; we *throw* down *unsatiably* our long desired *Food*, and we *choke* our *wearied* hunger with too much *cramming*. And now we *dye*, even by the *relief*, you brought us. But the other parts of the *Common-wealth*, which are appointed for the use of the *People* and run to *decay* with *less* damage, are easily cur'd by *repairing* what's *amiss*. Our *stately* *Edifices* may be *rebuilt*, our *Treasury* may be *replenished* again, our *Ships* and *Tackle* may be *repaired*, but our *wound* here pierces deep, *here* our very *heart-blood* is struck at, when the *People* drop down *dead*, and every *Age* and *Sex* are laid low with *never-ceasing* *Funerals*. Our *City* is *drain'd*, our *Houses* are *desolate*, not a *Man* to be seen upon our *Walls*. A *sad* remembrance of our *once* flourishing *Condition*. Do you ask, how many have perished among us? 'Tis the *least* portion, that is left *alive*; which you may know by *this*, they were as many as sufficed an *hungry* and *ravenous* *People*: Yea, but 'tis very *considerable*, how they came by their *ends*; They, who *dye* by *Pestilence*, or they who *dye* in *Battle*, *dye* *happily*, yea, in a word, every *death*, but *This*, is *supportable*: But *cruel* *Famine* consumes the *Bowels*, it *wasts* the *Entrals*, it is the *Wrack* of the *mind*, the *wasting* of the *Body*, a *Tur'ess* to do *mischief*, the most *intolerable* of all *extremities*, and the most *bated* and *ugliest* of all *mi-*series.

series. 'Tis *she*, that makes *noble hands* stoop to *base Offices*, 'tis *she*, that *throws* us down at other *Mens feet* in a *begging posture*, *she* oft breaks *Faith* with our *Allys*, *she* hath *administred Poyson* openly to the *People*, and *she* hath driven, even *affectionate tender-hearted*, *Persons* to *Murder* their *own Kin*-dred. Yet we had *one* remedy left us, *viz.* not to *stay* till the *day* of our *death*, but to *release* our *Souls*, that were a *pinning* every day, from all the calamities that were to *supervene*; For in a *Famine*, at *last* no *Man* *escapes*. Now 'tis true, 'twas not *your fault*, that the *Famine* began; but yet, when we were *wounded* thereby, you *kill'd* us out-right; when we *stagger'd* thro' *weakness*, you *threw* us *quite* down; and when we were in a *disposition* to *burn*, you *set Fire* to us.

Now to deal *fairly* with you, our *miseries* were of *several sorts*; the *beginning* of our *Famine* I lay at *Fortunes* doors, but the fatal *Catastrophe* thereof, at *yours*. I distinguish, between the *time* of your *Voyage*, and the *time* of your *stay*: But I begin *then* to *charge* our *extreme want* upon you, since we *smarted* under it, by *your means*. And therefore, I grant, that the *dearth* of our *Corn* and *Provision*, our *thin* harvest, the *slaying* and *pulling* our *Cattle* in *pieces*, may be *imputed* to *Fortune*, to the *barrenness* of the year, or to the *drought* of the *season*, but we can't *impute* to *her* the *death* of our *People*, nor our *ravenous tearing* of their *Carkasses*, nor such *Food* as is worse than *starving*. This part of our *Famine* must be *charg'd* upon *your account*, and upon *no bodies else*. Suppose at present, to urge nothing *more* against you but this *one thing*, *You came later* than you *might*. I don't yet object, that you

you *staid* twice your *time*, nor that you *traverst* the *Sea* so often too and *again*, nor your *long lying* at *Anchor*, I don't yet make mention of so *much time wasted*, as was sufficient for an *Embassy*. If we had nothing to answer for, in keeping our *idle Carkasses* alive, yet you would have *destroy'd* us *all* in *one* *seaven days*. For *Famine* hath contracted the *bounds* of *human life*. We *perish*, we can't *subsist*. If you have any *pity* at all, make *hast*, make *use* of every *Gale*, nay if the *winds* be *favourable*, and fill all your *sailes*, yet don't be content with that, but *ply* your *Oars* besides. For the *publick life* and *health* is *aboard* you, you are *laden* with the *very Spirit* of your *Countrymen*, that *ship* of yours is *fraught* with the *life-blood* of us *all*. We *vow* and *swear* to the *Gods*, what we'll do, if you *return*, we *lye* on our *Faces* all along the *staires* of our *Temples*, and make our *Vows*, we *stretch* out our *hands*; for as for *sacrifices* to *offer*, there's no *such thing* in *nature*. Why do you *bind* our *publick hope* and *expectation* to your *sinking Anchors*? Time *flies* all the while, and *death* comes on us, all a *flaunt* with *full-sail*. Make *hast*, I pray, and our *first Founders* will not reach *your merit*, yea the *Gods* themselves will not do *more* for us. To thee we owe *our selves*, our *Children*, and whatever is *dear* to *Men*, to thee we owe whatever thou *affordedst* to our *Neighbour-City*. I don't *say* all that I could *say*, for suppose you *ship* the *vast* *Waves* of the *Sea*; suppose your *Vessel* is hid in the *surges*, that we can't distinguish your *Sailes* amidst the *white hoary* foamings of the *working Main*; suppose the *Sea* *wambles* up *sand* from its *very bottom*, that *Lightnings*

nings flash round about you, that the *Heaven* thunder, that the *Tempest* whistles, while your *Cables* crack, and in fine the *Winter stormy-star* is a setting; yet, do you go on still, waft that 'tis *Bread* you carry; it may be you are troubled with none of all this, and therefore make the more *hast*. I should have complain'd of you, if you had *over-stow'd* your *Ship*, even with *Provisions*, when you were bound to return in so much *hast*; would you had brought but *half* so much. We are not *Coy*, we do not desire *abundance* for our *Luxury*, but any little tiny thing at present to save us from *starving*, only to keep *life* and *Sea* together. If we have need of *more* hereafter, you shall go *again*. Our *Jaws* are dry and a *faint panting* widens our *Mouths*. Now poor *Children* do in vain lament in their *Parents* laps, and *Infants*, not yet *born*, are even sensible of the *Pain* in the *womb*: *Rich* or *Poor*, no difference now. We gape after the *air*, we lick up the *dew*, now our *Hope* it self is a *Torment* to us, our *strength* fails us day by day. Now we go no more to the *Sea-side*, but *despairingly* come back from it. The *People* sit upon *High Rocks* to wait for your *Ship*, they return no more into the *Pastures*. We even run into the very *water*, and all stand *gazing* after you, and none but you; and when all fails, we dye away. We dye, I say, while our *Eyes* are set in waiting for *Thee*, and our *dead bodies* pitch into the *Sea*. When we saw any *white Cloud* shine from the reflection of the *Sun*, that was your *Ship* straight; how oft, when the *hoary waves* were broken with the *wind*, did we call it, your *Sails*. Oh, the *unsteady* hopes of the *miserable*!

how

now do they incline to every *spill* of *comfort* upon every little occasion? Nay, say we, this certainly is his *Ship*, look ye, she is under *sail*, she *draws* nearer and nearer, and, as she *makes* her way, she seems *bigger* and *bigger*. It must be *Ours*, she has had a *fair wind* going and coming, the *winds* have been *govern'd* according to our *Prayers* and *Wishes*. This is our *Note*, mean while our *Fancy'd* *Ship* vanishes away. Then we do nothing but *grieve* and *despair*, and hate even our *very life*: for nothing *torments* Men more *grievously*, than their *disappointed hopes*. We could not so much as *ask* or *inquire* after you, for no Man put a *shore*. Here we were all in *suspence*, and *knew* not what to do, no *news* at all of any thing for our good. We cou'd but have *known*, where you had sold our *Corn*, we would have *fetch'd* it, ourselves. But how were our *minds* changed every minute? He said, 'tis very well, the *Sun* set clear, 'tis like to be a *pure* day, and the *wind* sits for us. Now he, he'll come. In the mean time, we are in an *uncertain starving* condition, our *hunger* puts us from time to time, yet so, that she *reckons* every day, not, how long she has to *live*: Yet, what is she the better, hitherto? You remember, when the *wind* began to *blow contrary*, and the *Waves* were *driven* from the *shore* to the *main*, what *publick* *ailing*, what *Lamentation* was there, He will be brought back, (said they) he will run a ground, he will be distressed. But, if it please *Heaven*, Our *Commissioner* might then sail with the most *prosperous* *retze* of all. Whilst we, in this *unfortunate* and *heavy* case, were thus *employ'd* in our *thoughts*; behold, you were *traversing* all the *Creeks* and

Bays

Bays of the Sea, and were Cruising all along the shore, according to the turning and winding of the Land. At this rate, you may take pleasure in keeping the Sea long enough; you scap'd no fair haven, you visited every famous City, yet let me not lye, you touch'd too upon a City in Famine, as well as we. Moreover, if when possibly you complain of Fear only, I can't endure your stay, how can I sufficiently accuse and charge you, if you make your Markets there too? You rob us of our very life and give it to another, you expose our health and safety. The Publick Innocence, which for a long while could not be valued, you buckster away and sell. Our Corn we lost not by Shipwrack or Piracy, no, we lost it by filthy bargain. A Tempest might possibly have driven a Ship on the strand, and the Waves might have swallow'd up all a numerous Fleet; but we lost our Corn, because our Fleet came safe to shore; That we sent an Agent, forsooth, to another City, and like poor devoted Souls, we starve while our Neighbours fill'd their bellies with our dainties. Now we have no more spirit left in us, we stand upon the very brink of death, we wait for our Agent, and our Corn with an open mouth, when alas! our Fleet, mean while, makes a Trading Voyage on and barter for the plenty of a Neighbour City. His Ship was almost come in ken, when he turn'd back, and there was but a small matter between him and seeing the dust of our Corn-heaps; so much time ha's past, since vve club'd our Money, and since vve Commission'd him for our Envoy. Now, reckoning the time, vvhich the prosperous wind made to seem shorter, I am daily in hope, certainly

certainly he is near! But stay, our Commissioner is out just now, gone to buy. To thee therefore I impute so many deaths of our Country-men, and so great a destruction of our People. To thee, I say, I impute the lamentable havock of Parents and Children: Yea, what we have suffer'd, and, that which is worse, what we have done too, all lies at thy door. And do you hope, that the noise of double Money will drive the Odium of your great wickedness out of our minds? Alas, you know not how many things you have sold. I sold it for double, say you! What did our misery entice you to turn Merchant? That I suffer'd my own Country-men to dye for hunger; that I undid my own City; that I gave yours; that I tack'd about, when I was forsworn their shore, that I can't come back at the day, that is it worth? What will you give me underhand? Double, do' say? Alas that will only help me to make my excuse to my Country-men. But we, like a Pack of silly Fools, did complain of Famine, intolerable and miserable scarcity lay heavy upon us, death stood ready at the door. Are we not bound to give thanks to our Industrious Agent Airon. Our People dye round the Town, the richer for him. Our religious Merchant, without doubt, hath found out a fit time to sell his Cargo. I wonder in my heart, seeing your Market was so good, why you did not bring us home our use Money? I sold for double as much, says he. You deceiv'd our Neighbour City; you fetch'd 'em off, so that they are angry with you for it. I sold it, says he again, for double. It must needs come to that, when you transport it thither, you must sell it so high.

They considered your *Voyage*, they considered the *Interest* of your *Money*; I, for my part, am glad that you sold it for so much; for now it appears plainly, that there was no force at all upon you. But if you once make an *Out-cry* and *Publick* sale of our *life* and *health*, if you will admit *Chap-men* to buy theirs, pray, let us know *to*, you will make the better *Market*. We are ready to *amass* all that we have in our *Houses*, and all that we have in our *Temples*, and all that the *City* can call her *own*, to *traffick* with you. Let all the *Money*, we have, *rebuy* the *Corn*, we'll sell our *Liberty* for it, we'll deliver up our *Territories*. Tho' our *Neighbour-City* promise thee all the *same*, yet she cannot do *more*. Let us have the *benefit*, that *Chapmen* use to have, we paid our *Money*, *beforehand*. Here's *Treble*, *Quadruple*, take as much as you can ask, take it, and with that *Money* go and buy *Corn*, and transport it freely, till it be to our *Neighbours*. If you allow us nothing of our *own* *Provisions*, then we'll sell ourselves to our *Neighbour-City*. We are content to be *Slaves*, where there's something to put in our *heads*. 'Tis no *pidling* matter *this*, we *traffick* for our *Life*, for a place of *Burial*, and for our *unsainted Innocence*: This *Provision* cannot be bought so *dear*, as it cost us to expect it.

But, says he, unless I had sold it to that *City*, the *Famine* was so great, I was afraid they would have taken it away by *Force*. And therefore *forsooth*, you would *prevent* 'em, that you might be the *only* *Person*, to do us the *wrong*. Certainly, *My Lords*, you are mightily mistaken in your *opinions*, if you think that any *Cause*, that never

never so *evident*, can be brought into a *Court*, that not so much as a *lye* can be cast over it, to cover its *nakedness*. He *defends* himself with his *own* *turmites*; and where *no body* can *disapprove* a *Man*, he brings *himself* as his *own* *Witness*. You were not *solicitous*, lest we should have *perished*; you were not *afraid*, that the *Provisions* should come a *day* after the *Fair*, I mean, after the *day* of our *death*. Tho' our *misery* was *such*, that we could well *strange* at *nothing*, yet, I confess, notwithstanding our *Fears* of *Tempests* and doubtful *bazards* at *Sea*, we never *fear'd* we should *lose* our *Corn*, and yet our *Fleet* safe the while. Suppose they *pretended* to take it by *Force*; suppose that a *Company* of *People* stood upon the *shore*, like a pack of *Robbers*, to *seize* it, whether you would or *no*: I don't say now, *resist* them, *avoid* them, or *entreat* them. But this I say, you should tell 'em, you would either *burn* or *sink* your *Ship*, rather than all the *Provision* should be lost to the true *Owners*, in the *Case* they are in; give them *some*, *gratis* if you will, so that you bring home a *little* to us to keep us *alive*: Nay, which is the *wofullest* thing of *all*, suffer them to take it by *Force*. Let *Fortune* do her *pleasure*, an *Envoy* must not depart from his *Precept*. At least, you should ha' made us *acquainted* with our *wrong*, you shou'd ha' *dispatch'd* a *Messenger* to us, then we wou'd all ha' *forget* our *hunger*, we would ha' took up *Arms* in a *fury*, and ha' *run* out every *Man*, to *beleagure* that *curst* *ugly* *City*, without *Lifting* ourselves or *staying* for a *Muste*r. In the mean time, I will *plunder* their *Borders*, that is to say, I will feed on

another's Common. If I can catch any Cattle on their Grounds, I'll quarter 'em, my Hostility shall maintain me. You shall sooner arrive at the Corn this way, than you will make your return there-with. The just Military Oaths we have taken will encourage us to fight. If Fortune shall part stakes betwixt us, I mean to receive Provision more than my own share; if not, I hope, I shall have the privilege to dye honourably. Let's come hand to hand, and Charge 'em in the Field; Let 'em then retire within their Walls and the Siege hold longer, yet even then we had better live on our Enemies Carkasses, than our Own. But alas, there was no Force at all, no external violence offer'd, no body in the World took away any of your Corn. We are made miserable, after a Legal way, we are undone by the very Conditions, we made with our own Envoy. He sold what he wou'd, and for as much as he wou'd; and perhaps, that he might add this delay also to our Expectation, he used many words over his Corn, to put it off the better. All the Money was very honestly paid. How do I infer this, say you? Thus, my Lords, He that sells for what price he will, may chuse whether he will sell or no. For, judg you, if they both cou'd and wou'd have taken away another Mans Corn by force, why did they pay a double price for it? For as in a great scarcity, whatever can be bought is cheap, so when you can have it for nothing, 'tis dear to pay double the worth. But you may believe me, that is but a colourable excuse, and a Plea meditated before-hand at list and leisure. There never was, or can be, such a Famine, as Ours. The Constellations of Heaven

this year, were so malign to us, and the Fate of our People so hard, that not only what we sow'd, but also what we brought, fail'd us. We sent for Corn with ready Money, a ready Fleet, a ready Commissioner, the wind was fair, the Voyage prosperous, yet for all this, we lost our Provision. Alas, we are further off from our Corn, than ever. Our Merchant might p'y frequently to that City, and bring his laden Fleet thither. They had no need to send any Commissioners; they need not fetch Provision from afar off: it hapned to them, as when Corn is most plenty, when there's wealth enough, and Money at will, they need buy nothing, but what was brought home to their own doors. So that there was no reason for that fear, you pretend, nor was any thing of Force offer'd you. You made choice of your Market, and because you thought you had time enough, you wou'd make bargains by the way. I thought, they wou'd ha' robb'd me, say you; robb'd me, dost say? Why, O thou naughty Man, if thou didst fear that, why would'st thou put in there? Thou, being a Traveller, having a great charge about thee, dost thou take up thy Lodging among Thieves? dost thou run our publick Provision on the rock of scarcity, on purpose to cast it away? And dost thou bring the Anchors of thy Fleet, that's full of Corn, before a Famish'd City? Would you not keep off from them, as from dangerous Quick-sands, and from the All-devouring Charybdis? Should you not ha' made all the sail you cou'd, to scape 'em? The credit of your Embassy was never more dangerously Ship wrack'd, than amongst them: You your self were the Cause, that you

might have been pillag'd, and that your Corn might have been taken away, by your coming thither: We shall have just to much, as the *Mans* of their hungry bellies have left us. What dost thou boast of thy double gain? They might have chus'd, whether they wou'd ha' paid thee a Great. The Corn, you brought back, is their kindness, not yours.

Now here's another *I*ye coyn'd. *I was driven in thither*, says he, *by a storm*. Indeed! Are you to unhappy a Sea-man, that the winds do not answer your wishes? Do we not know, that thou hadst a better Voyage, than we could expect? Can we be ignorant, that you made Two Voyages for Two Fraights? Can we be ignorant, that in one Expedition, the winds were prosperous no less than Four times? 'Tis enough, our Nay for your Yea. Don't hope, to put your Shams and Cheats, upon our poor City? By what damage can you make out your storm? What loss did you sustain? To be sure, all the Corn came safe to harbour, neither were you in any stress at all; Tho' you pretend your Ships were over-laden, yet, it seems, they could carry double the Freight. You can't complain that your Tackle was disorder'd, that your Cables were tangled, or, the folds of your Sails rent; No, your Fleet went quickly on, and, as a sign that 'twas not endamag'd at all, made as quick a return. Moreover, if a Tempest had drove you to one point, could not you have your Sails to the other? If you can't go any further, then land short. But by all means, avoid your Robbers, avoid those that will not let you stir out again. If nothing else can be done, the

go halves with the storm, and run your Ship aground on some desert shore. But what did we get, by avoiding the storm? To what purpose did our Fleet withdraw from the Frowning stormy weather? All of us, you see, were Shipwreck'd in the very Haven; and we lost our Corn, when our Fleet was at Anchor. But, says he, *I did bring Corn, yea and a double Quantity too*. Oh, what a happy People are we! Now let's break our Bellies with cramming, let's eat for the time we ha' lost, and let's recompense our starving with cruel gulling. Have you brought Corn, d'e say? Ay, but, Physick is too late to put into a dead Mans Mouth. Will any Man pour on Water, when the Fire is out? Does not even the *Novendial Solemnity* come too late, when a People is wholly extinct? What do not I now stand in need of Corn? You take away the Plank from a Person that's perishing by Shipwreck; after he is drown'd you offer him your Ship. 'Tis a double Quantity, you say. Pray, shoot it out over their Graves, and mete it over their Tombs. There are the Gentlemen, that gave you your Commission. What have you effected by bringing us Corn, but to make us repent of what we have done, hitherto? Now I am more ashamed, than I was; now I could chide my feeding, yesterday I might have refrained. Oh sad! In what a wicked posture did your Provisions find me? Do you thus cry Quits? Hitherto, we have had nothing; but now, forsooth, we have enough and to lay up too? But who will ever adjust necessities with superfluities. You brought double, but to them that are gon, you brought nothing at all. But we can't now undo what we have done; what

comes too late is commonly as good as nothing. But such things are more precious, and rarer, according to the Critical minute. Would you know, what difference there is, between *This* time and *That*? Try then your Market, now you can't sell the whole of what you have, for half the price.

There is only one Plea remaining, and therein lyes all the hope of his desperate and profligate Cause. I came, says he, at the day. Stay here, at least a while, my Lords, this Excuse is scarce tolerable, deep sorrow overwhelms me. Dost thou protract our publick shame and confusion thus far, tho' desperate and as it were buried under-ground long before? Why did we not wait so long? Why did we not hold out our hunger, till the appointed day, forsooth? Why did we venture on so great wickedness, before? Our Publick Case, my Lords, hangs in this Ballance, either he did, what he did, too slow; or we, too soon. This was that, forsooth, that you staid for; and that you might not supererogate in your duty, by returning too soon, you trift'd out the time on purpose. There was nothing of storm in the Case, nor was there any violence offer'd you by any City, you made a stop for this one reason only, because your day prefix'd was not yet come. How, have we so soon forgot our Publick Woes then? Are we so bemop'd at our new-come Provisions, as to be able to bear such Pleas, as these? Can this one pretence make the guiltiest Man, that we, or our Forefathers before us, ever beard of, clearly Innocent? This Confounder and Destroyer of our City, unless we can capitally punish him, let him be quitted. Our Defendant is return'd with this in his mouth, I

return'd at the very day, you yourselves gave me. But stay, if you had been hindred by Tempest and so had came too late, then, I warrant you, you would have laid the Fault upon the stormy Sea, or the cross scanty Winds, and you would have thought, you had made a sufficient Excuse, only by saying, I could not possibly come any sooner. And the truth is, we allow'd for this in our thoughts, and that was the reason we gave you so long a day. 'Tis true, we gave you that day; but because you made a quicker Market, than we expected, your Voyage was above our wishes. Your Fleet cou'd arrive soon enough at our Neighbour-City. Can I be sufficiently incens'd against you? Good Fortune we had sent us, and you destroy'd it. You out-staid your time; you exceeded your day, as much as in you lay: We can suffer no worse than we do, but our suffering need not have been so long. Make the best advantage of your favourable Winds, of your happy Current and of your rich liberal City, that sold you as much Corn as was enough for Two Cities, for us your Country-men. Boast you never so much of your speed, yet compute, I beseech you, from the time that you first touch'd at our Neighbour-Port, with your full-Fraighted Fleet, how slow hast you have made, from thence? But, forsooth, he defends himself by his sincere intention; and he asks, what reason he could have, to plague his own City. The truth is, This I should have ask'd of him. But, my Lords, I cannot insist on every particular; If I had a mind to ask Questions, I cou'd ask many. Your Merchants use, they say, beside their open over-band price, to agree for something for themselves, under-hand,

band, too, especially when they fall for another Man. 'Tis likely at first he intended such gain as I speak of, but afterwards at leisure it came into his mind, how he should order his Plea and manage his Excuse. Perhaps he sold the Corn upon the prospect of gain, but he bought more, to make his defence: Perhaps he might curry Favour with the City he relieved, and might have some secret grudges against his own, which (God knows) many times will arise from slight Causes. Many things offer themselves, my Lords, but (if you will believe me) none more intolerable than this, that he destroy'd his own City without any Cause in the world. Whatever your Reason, or your Intention was, pray mark what we have suffered, since the time, you might have been with us. I shall not mention the Plague of our scarcity, the meagerness of our bodies, nor our Food grub'd out of the Ground, or peel'd off the boughs of Trees; nor that our Altars were bare of Sacrifices; and that our People laid the High-ways with their Bodies, and that the Beggar knew not where, to ask a Penny. I would not have thee serv'd, as we were. Oh woful remembrance! O gusts of Conscience, worse than all Tortures whatsoever! Break open our Breasts of steel, shake from thence our daring Cruelty, and our Food yet alive and stirring within us. The very Souls do strive in our Paunches, and dead Persons stuff our Bellies, so that they start out again. We have made all impossible old stories Credible, Happiness joyn'd with Misery, Innocence with Villany. All the destructions whatsoever, that Fame has ever recorded, may fetch encouragement from hence: Here you may meet

meet with Murder without Blood-shed, and Men buried without a Funeral. Whoever feigned the Stories of the Cyclops, of the Lestrigones, of Sphynx, or of the Yelpings of Sylla's Groyne, heard over all the Coast of Sicily, and whatever I learn'd at home when I was a boy, and now seek for a Parallel, here they may all borrow both Proof and Credit. Some of those Stories are basely false; as that of Thyestes, where the Sun did never set at noon, nor made any night, when his Brother Atreus feasted him with Man's Flesh. I am sure, the Sun saw us Feed upon human Bloody Carcasses, and it shone upon us when we unbonell'd Mens Bodies, to eat them. Monstrous impiety was acted in the open Air; and our City, with one bloody mouth, committed inexorable Villany. Now we are punished with something more, than Famine. Some even of the wild Beasts would not be guilty of such Feeding, and tho' dumb Animals want Reason, yet most of them feed on harmless Food, as they have always used. And if any of them chance to fasten their Teeth on us, that they may devour human Flesh, yet they don't tear one another; and there is no Creature so ravenous upon the Face of the Earth, but has some respect, and as it were reverence, for its own Species. But we, Men, to whom Divine Providence hath allotted a gentler Food; who have the privilege to live in societies, to delight in mutual converse, and to behold the Stars of Heaven with our exterior and interior Eyes, have even done, what was never seen before. We have imprinted the marks of our black-hunger-teeth on dead human

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Carkasses, and we draw back our lips between the *Famine* and the *Horror*, as *unresolv'd*, when we have begun, whether we were best *bite* or *not*. We tumble our dead all along to their *Funerals*; and we run as thick to their *Graves*, as if we were to see your *Ships* a coming. One Man perhaps is *breathing* out his last gasp, yet he makes a shift to hold out, because he thinks another will go before him; each looks, which shall dye first; and if any one lives the longer by the *Fancy* of his hope, he struggles with himself, whether he should *bite* or *forbear*. Every one do's not stay, till they be dead, the Father ha's a stomach for his Children; and the Mother, being griev'd that her time is out, brings forth not a Son but a Dinner; her Infant, being mangled in pieces, returns into her own body again. All men make fast their doors, that none many take away their Dead from them. All our Riches lye in our Carkasses: And, like *inauspicious* birds, we stand gaping over those, that are giving up the Ghost. Poor wretched People run into Holes and Corners, they fly into solitary desert places; and when they find no hope of life remains, they dye, unseen: Sometimes they, that are ready to dye, fly to the Beasts. Gape and cleave asunder, O Earth, and, (if it be lawful to wish it) swallow up this Guilty City to the lowest pit of Hell. We pollute the very Air with our infected breath, we are a loathsome spectacle to the Sun and the day, we raise an *Odium* upon Humanity it self. We despair of any Fruits to feed on now; we deserve not, that the Gods should be favourable and propitious to us. How shall my wickedness

and I be parted? To what remote part of the World, to what inhospitable Sea, shall I retire? Verily, upon sight of my Wickedness, the Torches of the Furies do scare my Guilty Soul; and, as oft as I recollect what I have done, I feel the lashes of an avengeful mind. The Black Goddesses haunt me; and, which way soever I turn my self, the Ghosts of my devoured Friends stare in my Face. I know not what Punishments nestle in my Breast; and that I may not escape these Fears, even by my Death, the grievous torments of Hell do seize me before-hand, as *Ixion's* Wheel, and old *Tantalus* his playsome Tree. What? Can there be any Punishment, even in Hell it self, greater than Famine? Yet this was all his Punishment, who set Mans Flesh on the Table before the Gods. The * Stone hovers over us, the Iron-gates open for us, 'tis upon our account that *Minos* his Urn now is set, as our inconsumptible Liver, that's dayly renewed, (for *Prometheus's* Eagle or Vulture,) for in Hell it self none but Ravenous Birds feed upon Mans Flesh. The Ghosts of our buried Kindred stare upon us, on the Bank-side. Alas, Alas! Is all this true, or do I only fancy it? I see the Ghosts torn and mangled, and their Bodies wanting, here a Leg and there an Arm. Look ye, what's yonder? The Ghosts of our Country-men rise, not out of their Graves, nor do they issue from any Gulph of the gaping Earth; no, they come out of the Crowd. Meddle not with us, get you thither, thrust your Torches in His Face, hit him with your stinging Snakes, and make him give an account, why he staid so long. Let

* Of Sisyphus.

Let him tell you, I brought double : Let him
 plead to you, I came at my time. For my part
 if I shall see a sufficient Penalty inflicted upon
 him, I may then render some reasonable account
 why I live so long.



Apes Pauperis,

O R,

The Poor Mans B E E S.

DECLAMATION XIII.

The Argument.

Apes

The Law allows an Action of the Case, (as
 they call it) for a damage wrongfully su-
 stained. The Case. There was a Poor
 Man and a Rich in the Country, that
 were near Neighbours, so that their Gar-
 dens adjoin'd one to t'other. The Rich
 Man had Flowers in his Garden, the
 Poor Man had a Stock of Bees. The
 Rich Neighbour complain'd, that his
 Flowers

Flowers were nip't and injur'd by the Poor Mans Bees; whereupon he gave him Order to remove them. The Poor Man not being willing so to do, What do's the Rich, but sprinkle over all his Flowers with plain Poyson. So that the Poor Mans Bees were all kill'd. The Poor Man impleads the Rich in an Action of Damage, for doing him so much Wrong.

For the Poor Man against the Rich.

I Believe, my Lords, it will seem a wonder to many, that I, being a mean Man, and but poor, even before I lost what I had, should dare to sue a Rich Man at Law, especially a Neighbour and a known Huff, of try'd hard-heartedness, and one, that, being of so great an Estate, must needs be a dangerous Enemy, even tho' he had had no Poyson at all by him. Nor am I my self ignorant of this danger, having found by costly Experience, how much it cost me once, that I did not presently obey his Command. But, my Lords, even this Nuisance of mine must needs be hardly tolerable for a Poor Man, when, we see, the Rich are concern'd at such inconsiderable Damages. And altho' I have now almost nothing left, that I can lose, at least if I shall have no satisfaction, yet it will be some comfort to me to endure the Anger, rather than the Contempt of my Rich Neighbour. And verily, I have no reason to desire to live any longer, if, over and above all the affronts of my low condition, that I have any thing, it must walk for't; and if I lose it, that must say *Mum*. One thing, I beseech you, my Lords, that the Cause of my suit may not seem to your Dignities to take into consideration. To be sure, you can't expect, that a Poor Man should

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lose any great matter, but be it never so little the Rich Man hath taken away, yet the less (I hope) is behind. And yet, who can think it much, that a Few Bees should be vindicated by Form of Law, when a Few Flowers shall be vindicated, even with no less than Poyson? Yet, my Lords, tho' I am utterly undone, and debarr'd from all hope of sustaining my self in my Low condition, I should have took it more contentedly, if, for any Fault of mine he had conceiv'd Anger against me, his Anger had been just, tho' his Punishment had been unjust. But for all I can see, tho' I have considered all things, the Rich Man can object nothing against me, but only that I was his Neighbour.

My Lords, I have a small piece of Ground which was left me by my Father, 'tis but a scantling, neither planted like a Vineyard, nor fruitful like a Corn-Field: It has no rich Meadow, only a little dry Glebe, and a bank or two of low humble Thyme, and a small poor Cottage in the Enclosure. Yet, I must needs say, I lik'd it the better, if 'twere but for this, that 'twas not within thy of the Rich Mans Coverize. In this little desert Hermitage, as it were, for a Man to live in, remote from the bustle of the City, I resolv'd to pass my contemptible days, far from any Ambition and the desire of a greater Fortune; and so, quiet to steal away the time, whilst my Age pass'd through all the Troubles that, by Natures Law, fall to our share. This little spot of Ground and low Cottage, a Contented mind made a Kingdom to me, and I had Richs enough, that I desir'd no more. But to what purpose? Tho' I thus sneak'd in private, yet, it seems Envy has found me out. Yet

at first, my Lords, no Neighbour was I to the Rich Man, but Men of equal condition with my self, y'd round about me; and there were many little Farms, which our Friendly Neighbour-hood did manage, every Man his own Tenement. But now, what was a Common before to maintain all of us, come to be the Peculiar Garden of one Rich Neighbour. After the Rich Mans Ground had enlarged itself, and over-run all Ours by pulling down our Mounds and Hedges; it came to this, that our Tenements were laid flat and level with the ground, the Rooms, wherein we offer'd Sacrifices to our Larcs, were destroy'd; and the old Tenants were sent away packing, with their Wives and children, to seek their Fortunes, yet giving, Poor hearts, mainly a heavy look, backward: And thus the large Common, spoken of before, became the divided and single Property of the Rich Man, when his Ground reached so far, as to my Poor ones. As for my self, my Lords, while I was strong enough to do hard work, I delv'd the Ground with Spade in hand, and I master'd the difficulty by diligent labour, and I even wrung out something fruitfulneß from the Ground, tho' it were stubborn and as it were unwilling to yeeld it. Time flies swift away, my Lords, and Age makes me top; my strength, which was my Estate, is on; and my Old Age, spent by Labour, being a great part of Death, hath already seiz'd me, and hath left me nothing, but my diligence. When I considered with my self, what kind of employment was fittest for my weak Old Age, I had some thoughts to turn Herdsman, and to maintain my poor Body by looking to Flocks of Cattle; but the

the Rich Mans Ground lay all so close and thick about me, that I had scarce a small Path for egress and regress. Then said I to my self, what can I do? I am clos'd in, on every side, with the Fortress of a great Estate. On this side by the Rich Mans Gardens; his Meadows, on that; here are his Vineyards; there, his Parks; and there is no Foot-way to stir out. I will go get me some little Creature, that can fly over all. And what Creature, I pray, has Nature found out, better than a Bee? Bees are frugal, sure, laborious: Oh Poor pretty Animals, like to us, Poor Men? And indeed the convenience of my Garden gave me an opportunity to keep 'm. For 'tis situate to the Rising of the Winter-Sun, open and pervious to the Air, and secur'd from all Winds. There's a small Drill passes by it, arising from a Fountain hard by, with a green Bank on both sides, where the clear water makes a little murmuring, and the white bright Pebbles shine thro' it. Here I had some Flowers growing among the Quicksets, and a Green Broom-shet, tho' but of a Few Trees, which was the First place where I set my Hive; and from whence I have oft taken many a good Swarm, that did e'ne over-lade the Bough it pitch'd upon. Not was I so much pleas'd, that I gather'd Honey from the Combs, that so I might maintain my self in my poverty by carrying something into the City to sell, for the Rich to eat; as that I had something to do in my Old Age, the better to pass away the wearisomness and Tedium thereof. It was a Pleasure to me, to wreath the tender Twigs to make Hives for the Spring-swarms, and to close the gaping chinks with sticking Clay, lest the Summer

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Sun or Winter-cold might pierce the Laden Hive; or to set some Honey for my weak and wearied Bees; or when the Swarms were up, to make a Tinkling din with Brass, that they might not fly away; or to appease their Fighting by throwing up of dust: And then, lest any danger should happen, at least to particular Bees, I scar'd away the Birds of Prey, and kept off many small inconsiderable Creatures; sometimes I search'd into the inmost Cells of the Hive, lest the Spider, that filthy Nuisance, should spin her Treacherous Web in the void places thereof. Being old, I had a just dismissal from Labour, for I had those poor Creatures, that would labour for me.

But wicked Spight, whither wilt thou not reach? Or what is secure from scurvy base Envy? A Rich Man, forsooth, envies a Poor Man. Once upon a time he call'd me out on a sudden, and I trembled all over, with all his High-flown Ruff he assaulted me, How now, says he, what, can't you keep in your Bees? Can't you make 'm fly within your own bounds? Let 'm not light upon my Flowers? Let 'm not gather Ambrosia, out of any thing of mine? Sirrah, remove 'm, carry 'm away, I charge thee, to some other place. Thou proud Tyranical Huff, whither can I carry 'm? What, am I Master of so much Ground, that my Bees can't cross? Yet I confess, I was not so stout-spirited, but that I was much disturbed at the threats of his haughty Arrogance. I was thinking to leave my Fathers House, and the Walls within which I was born, and the very Cottage where I was nurs'd; and, being destin'd to Banishment, I had resolv'd to remove my poor Chimney, my smoaky

House, and my little *Nursery of Plants*, that I had set with my own hands. To deal plainly with you, my Lords, I was willing, *now*, I was willing to be gon, but I could find no piece of *Gravel*, where some *Rich Man* or other would not have been my Neighbour. Nor had I any great time allowed me, to look out! It fortun'd, there was a pure *Sun-shine* day, and the pleasant *Gleaming* of the Morning-Sun invired forth my stock of *Bees*, thicker and cheerfuller than *Ordinary* to their daily Task. I myself also went forth to view their Work; (for it was always my chief delight, to behold them) I hop'd to see, how some did equipose their Wings in carrying their Burthens; and others, laying down their Ladings, went abroad to seek new Provant; and tho' the Passage was narrow, and they were in all haste, yet the Party, that went out, did not hinder those that came in; some of them drove away the lazy company of *Drones* from their Quarters; others, after a large flight, were weary and lay panting to fetch breath, and another would display his wings all abroad to the warm Sun. Ah Poor Man, now pardon me, if I groan a little! 'Tis more than *Flowers* I have lost, and more than fading Leaves, apt to fall with the next Wind. I have lost my *Bees*, who, when they flew abroad, were all the Refuge I had in my mean condition, and the only comfort of my Old Age. I never reckon'd my self Poor, till now. For what could I expect, but to be entertained with the sad silence of the Poor *Bees*, in an empty Hive; with the Combs, but begun, and yet unwrought? Consider, my Lords, how far this *Grief* of mine works with you; but certainly, I would

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ha' drunk Poyson with all my heart, if I could have found it. This great loss of mine was occasion'd, not by the piercing cold of the Frosty winter, nor were the Poor Creatures starv'd by any great Drought, that parch't up the Flowers; nor did the Covetousness of the Owner, who, when he gather'd the Honey, left no Reserve behind him, destroy them; neither was it any universal Murrain, that swept them away; nor any dislike of their Old Hives, that made them seek their Quarters in the silent Woods and pathless Groves. Poor Creature, I lost my *Bees*, whilst they were in their very Work. The wretched Man took special care to prepare so much Poyson, as would ha' destroy'd even a *Rich Mans* Gardens; he smear'd his Flowers with such deadly juices, that he turn'd Honey itself into Poyson; he spread a Plaguy Recipe over 'em all; and by this means, did he not spoil more, than my *Bees* cou'd ever have done? They, poor Creatures, rising betimes, out of the desire of their daily Task, as soon as ever the day peep'd, took their Flight abroad to their accustomed Haunts, that so they might gather the Matutine Dew, before the Sun had suckt up the dankness of the Night; and might carry their *Aqua Cælestis* to their Chest of Bottles, as sipping, not for themselves, but for their Works sake. But here now was a sad Spectacle, to be pyed by all, even almost by him that did the mischief. One of my *Bees*, at the very first sip of this baleful juyce, being astonish'd at the strange Taste, flies away; but alas! She could fly no whither, to save her life. Another, going abroad to seek for better repast, mounts aloft and there expires. Another dyes, as soon as ever she had

but touch'd the very tip of the *Flower*: Here, *ones* Feet were stiff after *Death*, so that the *bung*, as she clung; There, *another*, being wearied with endeavouring to fly, and not having strength so to do, yet creeps faintly along the *Ground*. But if a slow death suffered any of them to come home to their *Hives*, they hung at the *Port-hole*, as the *Fainter Bees* use to do; and so being knit together in *Clusters* and mutually embracing one another, *Death* alone parted them. Who can imagine in his *Fancy*, much less express in *Words*, what several *Forms* and various *shapes* of *Deaths*, so many *Destructions* did represent? To end my *story* in one word, I must say, I lost them all. That *Famous* *Hive* of mine, known further than its *Poor Master*, is come to nothing.

Now go ye, and dare to provoke your *Rich Neighbour*, if ye have a mind to live any longer! Speak boldly and freely to him, if he offend you, and that which is the worst of all, if he hath already tamper'd with *Poyson*! But if *Fortune* had given me either strength of *Wit*, or *Means* enough, this *Crime* would deserve more than a *Private Suit at Law*. The *Law* forbids any *Man*, either to have in his *Custody*, or to buy, or so much as to know the *Power* of *Poyson*; it is an inevitable *Pest*, that kills slowly and stily. *Immocency* seldom abides with that *Man*, who hath in his *Power* a secret wicked way of *revenge*, such as *Poyson*, especially if it be such, as is strong enough to dispatch a *Man* instantly, when it is found out, prepared, and administered. What great matter is it, who drinks it? 'Twas a *Man* that gave it, and to a *Man* he might have given it. Causes of

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mutual hatred are not so much to seek now a days, that *Fewds* should be rare and seldom seen; yea many a *Man*, tho' he seem to hate the *Bad* only, will venture to go a little further, and follow on his spiteful *Humour*. Believe it, my *Lords*, 'tis a harder thing to seek out *Poyson*, than to find an *Enemy*. But being *Conscious* to my self of my mean condition, Ple confine my *Complaints* within my own *Bounds*. And indeed, my *Lords*, my own loss is big enough for me; I, *Poor Man*, have received a *Blow*, which, I fear, I shall lament longer before you, than seek to prove. For what need is there to spend ones pains in convincing a *Man* of a *Crime*, who confesses it himself? *Rich Men* affront us, that are poor, amongst other things, even with this too, that we are not so considerable in their *Eye*, that, for our sakes, they should be put to deny any thing. Besides, he, that justifies one that has confessed, doth not to much seek *Absolution* from his *Fault*, as liberty to commit it again. This *Controversie* reaches further, than I dreamt of: Our *Suit* is not only for what is past, but the *Question* is also, whether the *Rich Man* may not kill them too, if ever I get any more *Bees*. As far as I can observe, my *Lords*, he divides his *Plea* into Two *Queries*, Whether it be a real damage done? and if it be, Whether injuriously done?

For the first, he denies it to be any damage at all, because he destroyed a *Creature* that was wild, winged and roving, under no *Mans* property or command: He denies also, that it was injuriously done, because he kill'd them upon his own *Ground*, and because they had done him a great deal of spoil too; and last of all, that he only sprinkled a little

little *Poyson* on a *few Flowers*, and the *Bees* came of their *own accord*, and at their *own peril*. My *Lords*, if I had *nothing to reply to all this*, yet was such dealing *fair betwixt Neighbours*? But *Please* examine particulars, and first *Please Answer* his *Arguments*, before *Please produce my own*. The *Question* is laid so, as if it were no *damage to lose that*, which it is an *Advantage to keep*? Grant it be a *wild Lawless Creature*; I need not say, that I took the *young Swarms* with my *own hands*, and laid 'em up in a *safe Hive*; it was an *home-bred Swarm*, and I reserv'd the *Combs* to keep up the *stock*; and, because you defend the *Rights of Tyrannical Great Ones*, I tell you, it was *bred in my own Ground*: Suppose I had found them in the *Trunk* of some *hollow Tree*, or in the *Hole* of some *Rock*, and so had brought 'em *home*; yet I would have you to *know*, that *many things*, that were at first *Free*, do yet pass into the *Propriety* of the *First Occupant*, as we see in *Hunting*, and *Finding out*, or *Inhabiting*, void *Places* and *Countries*. For grant, that *Providence* hath made *other Creatures* for *Mans use*, yet *that which is provided for all* is the *reward of your diligence*. For *what* hath not *Nature* made *free at first*? I will not *instance* in *Slaves*, whom the *Injustice of War* hath made a *Prey* to the *Conquerour*, tho' they were *born under the same Laws*, the *same Fortune*, and the *same necessities* with *other Men*. They *breathe* in the *same Common Air* with *others*; 'tis not *Nature*, but the *Fortune of the War*, has set a *Master* over them. Why, I pray, do you put *bit and bridle* in your *Horses Mouthes*, to ride upon? Why do *Men continually wear Oxens Necks bare*. with
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an *unjust Yoke*? Why do we *shear the Sheeps back*, to cloath our *own*? To say nothing of the *Butchers Knife*, and of *Food prepar'd for us in a sanguinary way*: If *all, that came free into the World*, be *given back to Nature*, then you *Rich Men* will be no *Richer* than *others*: But if *this* be the *Condition*, that *whichever of these Animals* is fallen to a *Mans share*, be the *property of the present Occupant*, then certainly that which is *Lawfully* possessed, is *Unjustly* taken away; I might instance in *tame Birds*, and *others*, which are *fained in Rich Mens Coops* in their *Country Farms*; wherein their *Owners* have yet but an *ambiguous Right*; the same may be said of *Cows*, *Herd*s and all kind of *Cattle*. But you'll say, *They have One set over them to keep 'em*. I reply, hath the *Owner less right to those*, that have no need of your *Keeper*? For if you say *further*, that *nothing can be Ours*, that may be *taken away or destroyed*, then we can *Commence no suit for the loss of any Animal whatever*. For even our *Sheep* use to *stray*; and our *Slaves*, to *run away from us*. If *this* be allow'd in *other Creatures*, why may not *Bees* rove about, and go *abroad to their Work*, not refusing a *constant expedition every day to encrease our Profit by their Labour*. Do they not all *come home*, of their *own accord*, at *Night*? Do they not *end their Work*, when the *Sun sets*? Do's not the whole *Company* of 'em *retire to their wonted Cells*, and there *pass the Night in civil silence*? But suppose, they have no *certain Owner*, while they are *abroad*: yet, I hope, they may be called *Ours*, when they *come home*, when they may be *shut up*, and *removed from place to place*, when
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they may be presented to a Friend, or sold to a Customer. Then, How can that be destroy'd without damage to me, that is mine, one part or other of every day? But you'll say further, *A Bee is under no Command.* Is that any great Wonder, beseech you, if, being denyed human converse, they are in the same Predicament with other Animals. Yet I can say this for them, they dwell in the Hives that their Master allots 'm; and when a toy takes 'm in the head to fly away, we fetch 'm back by Tinkling. Yea, and if a sedition be started among them, upon the account of several Kings, and they are presently all in a heat and must fight it out yet with throwing up a little dust among 'm, or with the death of one of their Leaders, all the burly-burly is quashed. As for their sedulity and diligence, that is very admirable, they work from Morning to Night, and the Honey, that's taken away for their Masters use, they make up again. Now, I pray, if they were Intelligent Creatures, whom could you lay any further Command upon? These are but slight Replies, and I find, I have answer'd them already, more than I need. If the Bees be not mine, then their Product is not mine, neither; but I never yet knew any Man so impudent, as to call in Question the Propriety of Honey. Can this possibly be, that the Effect should be mine, and the Efficient, another Mans? What if a Man steal away my Hives, may I not have a just Action against him? What, shall I only sue him for a Twig or too, and a little watled stuff, and must I lay my Action, as if my Hives were empty? By your good leave, I hope, I may value my Bees too. Well then, if a Man can't law-

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fully steal 'm, may he yet lawfully kill 'm? Call you that no damage to me, by which I am undone? By which, I lose all my Income? And by which, I am depriv'd of my yearly Revenue, that believ'd me in my poor Condition? Is it not a damage to lose that, which (to touch upon my next Argument) I cannot have again, unless I buy? And, pray, what need had you of Poisonous tinkling? If you had a mind to it, might you not have destroy'd 'm openly, might you not have burnt their Hives in the Fire, or drown'd 'm in the Water? Is there any Creature, but may be destroyed without Poison?

But, says he, suppose it were a damage, yet I did it Lawfully, upon my own Ground. I beseech you, My Lords, help at this dead lift. One Poor Country Client is not able to manage this Plea; here needs a publick Authority, and many Hands to lift up against this growing Abuse? Believe it, the Case is of greater moment, than my Poor Suit. You are to determin this day, in what place or whereabouts a Man may do nothing illegal. For why may he not alledge the same, in case of Homicide? Or, of Robbery on the High-way? The Right is the same in Law, tho' the Modality makes a difference: A Broad-way would be opened to killing and slaying; and Wickedness, that hath hitherto been long pent up as it were by the Bars of the Law, would break out in a Thorough-fare, if the Law shall not take hold of a Man, when he is on his own ground: If in an open and manifest Trespass, we don't enquire of the Fact so much as of the Place, the Land is not equally divided betwixt us and the Lawless: For the Propriety of

of a *Rich Man* now a-days, where is it not? 'Tis out to *Club-law*, and here's a dangerous *Evolution* of *Wrong-doing* started, wherein *Wrath* takes place instead of *Law*. The *Weakest* then must needs go to the *Wall*, and the *Commonalty* must endure a *hard* bondage under a *new* *Oligarchy*. Yet we, *Poor Men*, I hope, may have *Liberty* to *grieve*, and tho' we may be *damag'd* with *more* *injury*, yet to *injure* you, extends *further*. Lastly, *you, rich Man*, please your self never so much with the *confidence* of your *Wealth*, if it be *sitting* upon *another*, to *stop* him. Before time, 'twas *robbling* of *Passengers* and the *stealing* of *Cattle* might be defended under this *Plea*, now we plead the same *Title* for *Poyson*. Once and again, my Lord, I beseech you, consider, and ponder it well; 'tis seems, a *Man* may do *nothing* against *Law* and *Justice* *where at all*; or, he may do *every thing* against *Justice* within his *own* bounds.

But such a Man may take a just course with a Man as you, to cry out. Nay but, they him, that does him wrong, says he. Let me to'd my Flowers, says he. I hope, you may you, how unequal the compensation of the loss understand by this, my Lords, how great a grie- and how contrary not only to Law but to the Peace my loss is, if to lose a few Flowers can be lick Peace. That's the trick of barbarous People, such a damage: It may be a little prejudice, whose nature differs little from the Brute, and who confess, for otherwise you would have laid 'm are made wild and estranged from all civil Rights and kept 'm dry for all the year, and they and Society. But we, Men, have therefore receiv'd such a damage: It may be a little prejudice, received Magistracy and Law from our Ancestors, and kept 'm dry for all the year, and they that no Man might avenge his own Grievance, and kept 'm dry for all the year, and they And the ordinary Pleas for Wickedness will cease, as I may call it, in the Bud, you can't yet fute themselves, if righting my self alters the bud, 'tis a Flower: Then, when it begins to bur- Crime. Have you received any damage? Then and swell with a brisker sap, and to shew its Law was open, the Court and the Judge sits; and with Divisions, 'tis no Flower still. But when less perhaps you think it below you, to vindicate your self by Law. Now, I protest, we are ourselves round, as it were in circular Clefs, so

that now their *maturity* is *conspicuous*, yet no Man knows, how soon they'll fade; even without blast of Wind their Grace decays; nor can any thing be called a *Flower*, but whilst it is *New and Fresh*: Wherefore if I should say, they took away what would shortly have perished and lay flat on the Ground, and converted it to the use of the Man, that own'd them; yet 'tis a *spight* never heard of before, to grudge a few Bees *lighting* upon them. Give me leave here to discourse a little, what great damage this Poor Pilfering Creature can do you? We don't consider, with what *swiftness*, for the most part, she flies *hither and thither*, scarce so much as touching the Flower; she runs over 'em all, and finds presently what's proper for her. And where she pitches, we don't consider, how she hangs, as it were by *Geometry*, by her *Wings*, and do's but *sip and away*. Whoever found the *miss* of what a Poor Bee carryed away. But how little or nothing is it, that they borrow from Garden flowers, set by hand? 'Tis the Meadows, the Woods, the ripe well-laden Vines, and the Hillocks fragrant with Thyme, (as far as a Man may conjecture) that afford them their *Living*. Neither do they gather what's *fitting* for their work, out of all Flowers, tho' they seek it in every one. Nay they make *this* *quit* presently and out of hand, that on all the Flowers where they light, they leave the *Flavour* of Honey behind them, so that every Flower smells of the Bee. Now do you call *this* a *damage*? Do you *avenge this* with *Poyson*? Let me tell you, it would have been an *uncivil* thing, if you should ha' kept them off, but with a *smooth*

For was not I the only *respectful* Neighbour, you had? Did not I send you the *First Fruits* of my Honey duly every Spring? If I lighted upon a *Fresh Comb*, whiter than *Ordinary*, was it not kept as a *Present* for your Table? And was not this *Complement* always added to my Poor Gift, Sir, my Bees present their *bumble Service* to you? And now, I think, you have requited me to *put a stop* for my labour.

But, says he, I told you of it, and charg'd you to remove them; so that I was *stubborn*, and therefore *deservedly* suffer, in your opinion. Yet I do not see what that *charging* of yours can contribute to your defence; it was more than needs, if you might lawfully do what I am *agrieved* at, without it; and it was unjust, if you might not lawfully do it; if it were *just, right or wrong*, yet let it not hold. What cover is this for your shame, to be *ill-reported* off, that you defend your *wrong-doing* by your *Greatness*. What! shall you have so many Cattle, that your Stall, tho' never so large, shall not be able to hold them? Shall the whole Forest Echo again with the *bellowing* of your Herds? Shall you Plow your Land with whole droves of Oxen? Shall such a numerous Company of Labourers go forth to dress your Grounds, that your own Bayliffs can hardly distinguish them? Must the Provision of all the Country depend on your Barns? And yet we must envy none of all this, nor must any body think that the Greatness of your Estate is *burdensome* to him: And shall we, Poor Men, be *grudg'd* at, if we have but a few Bees, standing in a small narrow Orchard; yea tho' they make Honey for the Rich, as

well as us ; must this, I say, be taken amiss? And that which was never heard of before, must be taken amiss? Neighbour Poor Man be an Eye-sore to a Rich? I suppose, your *Wisdoms* need no more Pleas in themselves, that even your *Slaves* have something to say to this Cause ; nor doth your *Justice* and *Piety* exact any *Exhortation* to give a *True Judgment*. we have any thing, tho' never so little, that doth exceed the very Name of *Poverty*? What, doth Grief hinder me, and the dear miss of my wonted delight. There are some things in this Case, hop'd) most equal Government, that 'tis Lawful for you to deal in *Poyson*, and 'tis not Lawful for us to have a *Remedy*?

Last of all, my Lords, I did not think to answer the Rich Mans defence, but that I could not endure, your Authority should be vilified by such a Contumelious Plea. Your Bees, says he, came to their Death of their own accord: 'Tis so indeed. Otherwise, you had given *Poyson* to your Flowers, and to nothing else. My Lords, shall I ascribe it to his *Impudence* only; Good Man, if he carry this point against me before the Bench; to his *Sottishness*, if he hop'd so to do? If he offer'd *Poyson* to a Man, he might aswell have intended, that the Man himself had put the Cup to his own Lip. If he had set a *Russian* in Ambush to assassinate a Man, he might say, he carried him voluntarily into the snare. If he had thrown a Weapon in the dark, he might alledge 'twas not his Fault. What shall I say, my Lords, in every Crime there are Two Main things, which are to be considered, the *Intention* of the Party, and the *Issue*. What was the Rich Mans Intention, when he laid the *Poyson*? Even, that he might destroy my Bees. And; what was the *Issue*? They were destroyed accordingly. The sum is, my Lords, who can doubt but that my loss is to be imputed to him, without whom it had not hap'ned? So that, I suppose, your *Wisdoms* need no more Pleas in this Cause ; nor doth your *Justice* and *Piety* exact any *Exhortation* to give a *True Judgment*. Why then do I not break off? I'll tell you, my Lords, Grief hinders me, and the dear miss of my wonted delight. There are some things in this Case, that no verdict can make me satisfaction for. Perhaps, my affection may exceed the Motive. Alas, we, Poor Men, must love nothing but Poor Creatures, and those must needs be precious to us, when we have nothing else; then certainly, so many Pretty Bees, that had so far oblig'd me, which were cut off in one moment, must needs affect me. Yea the very manner of their Death raises my Indignation? They were destroy'd by *Poyson*. What refection in this Case, can be invidious enough? What! Sweet pretty Bees destroy'd by *Poyson*! Is this the requital we make them, for their watchful Industry to do us good? And for that, they leave not their dayly Station and diligent Labour; so not when we rob them of what they have got. And indeed, Nature seems to have made other Creatures for our use, but these are made for our delicacy too: Those Creatures, that are us'd for the Plough or for Riding, we spend much pains about 'em, before they bring us in any Profit; for tho' they are to be broken and to be kept by us, yet at last they can do nothing without us; and what they do, they do by Force. But Bees work their Combs without our bidding: Their whole profit comes freely in, without any aid or assistance of

of human Art. Add to this, that other Animals do either spoil our Corn, or prejudice our Vines; whence, they say, the first Cause Beasts were Sacrificed, was, because they marr'd the Fruits of the Earth. But as for Bees, their Labour, all over our Fields and Meadows, is so innocent and harmless, that nothing appears, but their work done. How can I sufficiently praise them, answerable to their Merit? Shall I say, 'tis a Creature that's as 'twere a little Picture of Man? Alas, all our wit could never have found out this: Yea, all our Projecting, that seeks for Oar in the Mines, and traverses the Sea, as far as the Constellations reach, could not effect or obtain this, nor do any thing like it. We, Men, are better at finding Poyson.

First, their Original is suitable to their future laudable Life; they are not begotten by lust, nor by that inward Itch that subdues all other Creatures. And as Men, to excuse themselves, have delivered in their Fables, so the Off-spring and lineage of the Gods have admitted these also under their Dominion. Sensual Pleasure, an Enemy of virtue, they know not what it means, their Bodies being chaste and without any blemish. For they, and none but they of all Creatures, do not bring forth their Young, but create them. They, as they lye close in the Cavities of their Combs, do by degrees quicken; and as it becomes a Laborious Creature, they spring from their own Workmanship. Then as soon as the Young Fry grow up, and is old and strong enough to undergo the like pains, they leave the place free to their Old ones. And, lest the Company, buddled together, should be encombred by this new accession, out of

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pure modesty as it were, the Younger Tribe gives way; and dangling upon some Neighbouring bough, lies ready, waiting for Mans hand to brue 'm. And when they are hived, there they abide very honestly. And when, our wits, forsooth, (tho, as ambitious over-weaners of our selves, we think 'm next to divine) must sweat and toyle to attain Arts and Sciences; yet every Bee is born, A Master of Art. What can you think else, but that part of a divine understanding is in their minds? What shall I mention first? They do not, as other Creatures, wander up and down for Food, and know not where they shall Couch and lye, but take their Quarters hap hazard, as Night comes on; No, Bees have a sure and certain Lodging. They imitate Cities by their Hives, and People by their Company. They do not as the wilder Birds, who mind only their present Food, and dayly do gather what they eat: Nay, these lay up victuals to last all Winter, and at Spring they fill their Combs top-full, that they may be sure to have enough all the year round. Yea, when part of their work is taken away for our use, they strive to repair what was lost, their labour is more eagerly inflamed by their loss, and they never give over as long as they have any room for more. Besides, tho they are Creatures, not united together by commerce of words, nor firmly link'd by bonds of Polity, yet how mighty a consent is there in their work? And how wonderful an Agreement in labouring about so hard a thing? None of them does catch what he can to make a gain to himself, according to the vicious custom of us, Men; but they live on a Common stock, all their store is

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boarded

boarded up in a publick Treasury, and not a Bee must so much as sip or tast, before their store-house be so full, that it promises 'm all security for the Future. Besides, how great is their zeal in their work? How wonderful their assignation of Offices? Are not some appointed to gather the Loads, others to receive it, others to work it? How strict and severe are they in chastising the Drones? There are many things in 'm wonderful to see and bear of. They have fore-sight of a storm, they will not trust themselves abroad in uncertain weather; and if it be a Cloudy Sky, they venture not beyond the next hedge. Now if a severe Blast hurry away the poor light Creatures, they poize their wings with a small Peble, that they may be carry'd steady to their designed place. For the stouter and lustier Bees, they march out in Troops for their King, they charge the Enemy, and dye an Honourable Death in the Field for their Leader: Moreover, if any of 'm dye of Age or Malady, the first thing they do, is, to carry off the Body, and, till the Funeral Rights be performed, they will not stir to their work. How shall we understand this, when they bind Flowers to their little Hips? And when they bear in their mouths Essences for their common Maintenance? But I must of all admire the work it self. You must not think, that they shape their Cells, for the Bees they are immediately to lay up, blind-fold as it were, and at hap hazard; no, first they make a piece of wax, then they add an unspeakable Grace thereto. For first, they hang the Ground-work by strong Ligaments; then from the beginning they carry the work equally on every side; nor is any thing

that's but begun; defective, but every thing as compleat in its kind, as could be desired; They set a double Frontire upon their Combs: And when they have left so much room in each Cavity, which they hope will be large enough to beget new swarms, (for the Angles are so coherent, and so mutually united one to the other, that you may call the middle, which you please) then, lest the weighty Honey should all run out, the burden thereof is intercepted and shut up in these Cells. Who is not amaz'd, that such things as these should be don without a hand? That such Art should be shewn without any Teaching? What have they, that's not divine, but that they are Mortal? Do we Worship Bacchus as the Author of Wine? Is Ceres accounted the Goddess of Corn? As Minerva thought the Inventress of the Olive? And is it a jot less, to make Honey; and by adding over and above the pleasure of Tast, to do that, which even Nature, of herself, could never have don? Honey is good, when many Diseases do assault us, yea it is a present Remedy against them: As for its usefulness in dyet, let the Rich look to that. And could any Man find in his Heart to way-lay such Creatures, yea to way-lay 'm on purpose, because they made Honey? Could he destroy such pretty things by a fraudulent studied Death, with his damn'd Poysonous Liquors? And to make it much more intolerable, that he might more easily deceive 'm, did he not perhaps mix Honey with his Poyson? What cruelty could be more unnatural? What spite more monstrous? For now, you, Rich Grub, can't make use of

your *old Plea*, you can't pretend Grief for the
loss of a few Flowers; for when you resolv'd to
 destroy my Bees, you spoil'd your own Flowers
 into the bargain.



Odii Potio,

O R,

An Hate-procuring Potion.

DECLAMATION XIV.

The Argument.

Odii

*There was a Courtezan that gave an Hate-
 Potion to one of her Servants, that was
 but a Poor Man; so that the Youth was
 in Love with her no longer. Whereupon
 he Accuses her of down-right Witch-
 Craft.*

For

For the Young Man against his Miss.

I Am sensible, my Lords, of this new Addition to my misery, that in your opinion, I may not seem to hate this Courtesan, nor yet: Nor am I ignorant, that much of the Envy of this wicked Potion is taken off, while you think me pitiable, only upon the account of my former Fits of Love. Yet, I beseech you, let your Wisdoms take a survey of the whole Progress of the Mischief complain'd of, even from the first, that you do not believe any such Grief, as I pretend, and therefore hearken not to my Complaint. For neither do I Love her, if I can endure to accuse her; nor do I hate her, whom I had rather Love. What else can it be that I drank, but Poison? Tho' therefore this most wicked Woman derides me, when I accuse her, and, after the Confession of her most apparent Wickedness, hopes to escape by making sport at my Calamity: Yet, 'tis not this doth so much vex and torment me at this time, that I have abandoned the Love of this Naughty Woman; as that I abide the Pain of my Remedy. I implore your Justice, even your strict Justice, that it may not advantage this Harlot, that I seem rid and delivered from her, by her prevaricating pretences. Perhaps it might have been my Concern, that, I should break off so foolishly

as a Love; but this, I am sure, was a device against me, that I should hate her, whether I would or no: This then is the first thing, my Lords, that I request of the Clemency of the Court, that, because you see me so sadly habited, my Looks ruful, my Words rugged, and that I am so Fierce in my Suit; you would not therefore think, my Nature is suitable. This is the Fruit of that goodly Cure, forsooth, she has wrought upon me: Thus you see, what ha's alien'd my mind and disturb'd my Body Night and Day; I, that was lately so brisk, and (if you believe it) so cool a Lover, am now all in a Chase. Pity me so far, my Lords, that this Hag of a Woman may not so impose upon you, as if she had devis'd this Trick for love of me; whereas she satisfied her own mind therein, and complied only with her own coy disdain. For no Body wou'd give an Hate-Potion against himself, to one that he did not hate before. I pray and beseech you therefore, most upright Men, that you wou'd take a full estimate of my Calamity. I have unhappily lost, in an instant, that good Name, that in time I might have ceas'd to Love, of my self: I am now made to abandon that perforce, which shortly I might have done voluntarily. There's a new device against my mind and sober reason, that it seems not imputeable to my affection, that she was left. I am now a second time caught in the Harlots lock, she again makes my thoughts to turn, and me to cast a Sheeps-Eye towards her: And a Man, who would have desisted from so inconvenient an Amour, either by the Glut thereof, or by his Age, or by the Meaness of his Fortune, she hath bound up to

a perpetual restlessness, by bending the *Twigs* much to the contrary side. No Disease so incurable as this, to hate perforce.

But, O my Heart, hasten, hasten, I say, to the wailing of my Grief, that sits so hard upon me; but this late indignity hath taken thee off from the sense of thy former Miseries. My Groans and my Complaints are to be fetch'd deeper. When was my Mistress's fault, that I now hate, where was in Love before; Who, think you, inveigled me to fall in Love with her first, being so far from a Man, as I am? For my part, my Lords, I will never one of those, to whom Fortune gave a great Estate, and abundance of Wealth; so that, by reason of their Opulency, they might take their fill of wanton Love. Yet I had enough to keep Life and Soul together; I had a Modicum, enough to have afforded me Lawful Pleasure in my mean Condition: And therefore I was always content with One and the Same Miss, which is a certain sign of good Husbandry, even in a Man's Pleasure. But this serious and demure Dame, forsooth, who will have no more of my Love, Oh, how much of it did she call for, when time was! With what Art, with what Craft did she first set upon my simplicity, and when she had caught me, she held me fast, till I, like a credulous Cully, tho' it were long first, threw all my little Fortune into her Lap? And now, 'tis to no purpose, that she desires to seem to pity that Condition, which she herself hath brought me to: Hear, I pray, in a few words, the Wickedness of this Pernicious Woman. She makes me poor, and then she can't abide me. Whether or no, my Lords, she lik'd to try an Experiment,

Experiment, which common Strumpets craftily devise to Debauch and Tyrannize over the minds of Men, she wou'd try on me, how much one can Love, and how far he can Hate? Or, being a Woman prostitute to all Customers, she aim'd at vainglory by despising and disdaining of me; and thus sought to get a Name of being such a Mistress, as was courted only by Men of Fashion. That which I underwent afore, was not any Natural affection for yours, that I waited at Ladies doors, that (if you believe her) I made over my poor Estate to be spent at the Becks of Harlots; my paleness, and reform'd meagerness are owing to the same Potion, which at present makes me chafe, fret and rage. No Miss understands no other device but this, to make one not to be in Love with her. This then, my Lords, is the Truth and can't be deny'd, she put me a Poyson stronger than Nature and bewitching me of all my wits, which by its intemperate heat, and grievous working, was able to allay the pain tho' my mind was bent against it; she temper'd it with Conjurations, and horrible Charms, and gave it me with a gentle look, and a soothing complement, when my Stomach was scorch'd and inflam'd before; so she drove me to Fury, she bewitch'd me with Cruel pain, and made a great change in me for the worse, whom she had more need to have treated with Cordials and relieving Remedies. Judg you, my Lords, whether she has made me give over my Love, I am sure, she has brought me to that pass, that I had rather serve her, as before. Do you think, I am got far off, and am come away the Merrier after this fobb? Alas, Alas! I have need now, if ever, to

to be Cur'd. 'Tis some comfort to a Man in distress, as long as he is in Love: Lighter is that Calamity, where some kind of Delight smiles upon a Man in his Pleasure. But now I, unhappy Wretch, am tormented and torn in pieces, now I can't but nor govern my self; 'Tis a Crueller thing to be made to hate a Miss, than it was to Love her.

I accuse her of plain Poyson. Setting aside, my Lords, at present, what I have to say concerning her Poysonous Dose, does she not seem to make good the Charge, that in the very State I am in, cannot be believed? My Lords, the Life of a Courtisan is nothing but Witch-craft. She does not think, that Lying and Glozing is enough; and when she employs all her care to besot us, yet she does not think it obligation enough to afford the use of her Body. Nay, all her study day and night is about this, how she may make lustful satisfactions to pass into constant affection; and what means Fleeting and Vagrant desires may be fix'd to One; she labours, that the wicked Art may not be beneficial to her Paramour, in order to a possible Repentance; and that Shame and Modesty may not keep him off, nor the very Glances of Pleasure make him take his leave. Pray me, do you think, that any of them are ignorant, by what Glances they are smitten, and what things do first Debauch, and then undo, Men's minds, inflam'd with unfitting desires; seeing that she knows, by what artifices the closest Kiss, and the strictest Embraces may be broken off; and what, in a moment, can turn Pleasure to Pain, former Joy and Delight into Melancholy. 'Tis finite to tell, how by this Porion we may come to the knowledge of those that are worse. No Man knows so great a Remedy.

This Impudent Woman, my Lords, seeks to allay her Offence, by disguising her Drench under the Name of a Porion, forsooth; and she denies it as Poyson, because it did not Kill. Is it well, my Lords, that the Guilty should escape, because their Act misses some of the Effects, which possibly it might have produced? What's the difference, pray, between prejudicing ones Mind, or ones Body. 'Tis the same Villany to administer any Porion whatever, if it be against Law. 'Tis Poyson, whatever is given in that Case. This your excuse hitherto is from your Sex and Estate; but that you may be acquainted with such things to your own Interest, and may beget a desire whether Men will or no, you have devised, how you may break off Conjugal Love in the heart of a Married Person, and perhaps too, how the hearts of Young single Persons may be alien'd from the Love of other Ladies. Never any Bowditch an Hate-Porion by her, only that she might defeat herself, thereby. If any Body ask me, my Lords, if he compare the Witch-craft that I commit of, I'll say, he ought to have hated that Porion less, that might have Kill'd him. For as amongst the deadliest Poysons, those are the kind-est, that fly out all of a sudden, and don't keep a Man long in pain, lingering betwixt Life and Death: So that Poyson is more Cruel, that's so ordered, as to spare the Body and affect only the Mind. How say you? Is there no harm in Poyson, but in that which Kills out-right? Pray, then, what shall we call that, which bereaves us of our

Eyes only? Or *that*, which makes one *part* of the *Body* to *pine* away? Do'st thou *ny* thy self to be a *Witch*, that by *One* *Potion* do as much harm, as *Wrath* and *Grief* can do? Shall *Love*, forsooth, that you give leave to, at your bidding, he shall abominably *bate*. *Desires* must take their *Rise*, *Ends* and *Means* from you. Let *Love* and *Hatred* be never much *Natural Affections*, yet 'tis wicked *Witchcraft*, when they are under *Command*. *Behold* that which is given to a *Man* against his will, can it have any other than the *Force* of an *Inchantment*? I see some reason, why *Physick* allows to expel the *Diseases* of the *Body* and *Limbs* by such an *Infusion*: And whatever may happen from without, may be cured by a *Potion*, without *intrenching* on the *Soul* and *Spirit*. But *Affection* can be driven out of its *Seat* in the *Soul* by any *Poyson*, but by the *disturbance* of our *Vitals*? And seeing our *Soul* consists of such *Faculties*, if you attempt to *deprive* us of any one of them, that part of the *Body*, which is first stopt from its *exercise*, and the *Faculties* destroyed that was aim'd at, the rest also is destroy'd by so near a *Contagion*. Some *Medicine* perhaps may be called by another *Name*, than that of *Poyson*: But to administer any thing which is forbid by *Law*, can be no less than *Witchcraft* or *Poysoning*. What *Monstrous* ways hast thou thought out to *Plague* Man by? It had been less *Wickedness*, to make a *Man* *Love*, perforce. You have devised such a *Drench*, as is able to *separate* Mankind together by the *Ears*, *bateful*, and *making* one another. You can tell, how to make

Part

Parents hate their *Children*, and how nearness of *Kindred*, *Brother-hood* and *Friendship*, may dash themselves one against another. No *Body* takes an *Hate-procuring* *Potion*, unless against a *Man*, whom he ought not to *bate*.

Here this wicked *Woman* endeavours to shew, that she has done me a *Courtesie* by her *Villainy*. You were in *Love* with one, says she, that was a filthy *Whore*. Let me forbear, my *Lords*, a while my *Apology* for this *Passion* of mine. Good God! What an *Abuse* is offer'd to a *Whore*, when she complains of a *Man's* extraordinary *Affection* to her? Will you, *Hussy*, take upon you, with the *Gravity* of a *Censor*, to examine the measure of ones *Love* to you? Will you allow yourself to reckon, how oft a *Man* may go to the *Stews*? Will you, that can't exclude the lame, nor the dirty *Fellow*, that art exposed to the *Drunkard*, prostitute to the *Wanton*, and, which is the extremest baseness, a *Common Hackney* to *Peasants* every *Night*, will you, I say, take upon you to rectifie the *Manners* of a *Young Man*? You should take it better, that a *Miss* should be made much of. You were my *Customer*, says she, but a shabby one. I desire, my *Lords*, to plead a little upon this *Head*, as if my own *Friends* and *Kindred* took upon them to reprove me. I don't watch my opportunity to defile the *Marriage-Bed*; nor do I practise any unnatural *Lust*, or *Embraces* forbidden by *Law*: I believe, *Whores* were invented at first, that poor *Men* might affect such *Pusses*, as *They*. Such kind of *Cattle* can't be Lov'd with any ardency of *Affection*; Those *Affections* are most ardent, which

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are

are drawn forth towards the things, that are forbidden by Law. Love never passes into a kind of Fury, till it meet with difficulties in the way. Our Affection is short-liv'd in lawful Pleasures, and soon approaches to nauseousness. It doth not encrease nor cherish the Flame of Concupiscence, where 'tis lawful to enjoy. And whatever we find in our Fancy about permitted objects, it comes not from our Passion, but our Reason. This very thing I object to you, Good Woman, that you have made me a Town-talk, as well as yourself. No body so fit to love a Whore, as he that a Whore can't abide: She gave a Counter-Philtre to a Poor Man; what de' think she gave to the Rich, then? If a Good Estate should drop down from Heaven into my Lap, I question not in the least, but she would call me back to her Affection, with another Drench; and this (now) demure and moral Whore would be heartily glad to keep me, with all her former surfeit. A Whore can't Love a poor Customer, if it be but for her own sake.

But, I gave it, says she, to him, while he was in Love. If that be a Cure, she shou'd ha' let me ha' known on't. 'Tis the first step to a Mans Health to take Physick willingly, and by his own consent. Why did she not rather give it me, before I lov'd? How much better, with more forecast, and more to the Patients case, had it been to have tamper'd with a Young Mans Affection, whilst it was yet but bending towards, and to quench the Flame in the first Sparks? But you forsooth, must give me a Potion at that time when it would put me into Two Fits at once. You

You put me to another Extremity; and I entertain Hate, because I am not able to abide Love. I han't don, but I begin another way: My Love is not corrected, but translated elsewhere. Those are true Remedies, which, when they have Cured our Diseases and Rooted out their Causes, we hear no more of 'm; and we reckon only those Drugs harmless, which, having spent their specifick Virtue in doing us good, have no more to say. But you gave me a What-shall-I-call 'm, that puts me (as we say) besides my seven senses perpetually. He'll never ha' don, that Hates without a just Cause. Tho' I may think of Marrying, yet I shall Hate Thee: Tho' my Country send me on a Foreign Employ, yet my words and my thoughts will still have a sling at thee. What signifies it, after what way thou affectest my mind? Or, in what manner I am disabled to quit and leave Thee? You have made me your Enemy, wherever you are; so that I am like enough, to offer violence to you, wherever I meet you; and perhaps I may be willing, you should Drink a Drench of my Brewing. He that can't leave off to hate a Courtesan, is her Servant still.

But, unhappy Woman, you take pity of me, you say. What? with so harsh a Cure? You should rather have dealt with me by reason, we should have laid our Heads together, to have spoken out the Truth softly and gently. Then there would have been no need to shut the door upon me, or to drive me out by Force. For Force doth always exasperate, and when we find opposition in Love, we are the more Inflam'd. In the mean time, you may urge me, with the Liberty that I shall

enjoy, with time spent, with the *glut* I have received, and perhaps another *Customer* may twist You with my *Condition*. But when I have been so kind to you in secret, and so full of Love. *Caresses*, you should not mention to 'm my *Poverty*, as if you felt it, but only in a way of *Pity*: Tho', the *Truth* is, what need was there of *Secresie* in the Case? You should ha' suffered me to be *Cured*, that I may give over, it, as you say, you *pity* and *love* one that is under a *Force*. No Cure for a *Lover*, but to be *Lov'd* again. Yet, if you think my *Cure* is so necessary, how many *Remedies* are there for *Foolish Love*, on this side *Poyson*? You might ha' sent me *packing*, you might ha' shut me out of doors; you might have done that by your *disdaining* of me, that my *Poverty* could never make me do. Make me rather to amend myself, to give over for *Shame*, and to despair at last: He only is *Cur'd* of the *Disease* of Love, that *desists* therefrom, upon his own *Motives*. Seeing then I might deservedly have taken it amiss, if any Body should but have excluded me from your Love, have I not far greater reason to complain, when I am made, not the *Man* I was, even an *unhappy Fellow*, under a *contrary Passion*. The *Names* and *Appellations* of things do deceive and abuse us; and he, who hates is *pityable*, because he cannot Love. All excess is alike grievous to the *Mind*; and there is no difference, no not between *Health* and *Sickness* itself, if both be alike intolerable. 'Tis in vain for a *Man* to sooth me up with a *Medicine*, which puts me to *pain* and *torment*. To give over Love, and to be *Plagued* with Hate, are *Two* different things. Do you think,

that

that I have now only parted from the Love of a Slut? No, I have lost the best Affection, that belongs to *Man*; Wretch that I am, that Affection is taken from me, whence all the *Joy* and *Cheerfulness* of my *Life* ariseth. That LOVE, by which the Sacred Principles of Nature, and the Elements of the whole Universe come together; that LOVE, which now fixes and keeps fast all their discords, and amidst their Quarrels and Antipathies unites them into one Bulk by a perpetual League; that LOVE, I say, is cashier'd and driven out of my Breast. So that now, unhappy Man that I am, I have not Passion enough to think of Marrying, to Love a Child, to desire any Mans Friendship, or to expect any mutual Converse. Whoever he be, that has drank an *Hateful Potion*, may perhaps hate One, but can Love no Body. O Heavens! What is this that I ha' drunk? What strange Poyson have I gulp'd down? It could not be One single Poyson, sure: No, Poor Man, I drank down, whatever execrable Recipes the Spleen of all Mortals could prescribe; the wildness of all Beasts, and the rage of all Stinging Serpents, lay at the bottom of the Cup. This Hate-drench, what is it else, but the daily Plague of the mind, a sadness perpetual, that turns a Man over from all his Joys to the very Purlieus of Grief? For 'tis utterly impossible, that to damn'd a Poyson should once be let down into our Stomachs, and then operate only upon one faculty; as if such a Potion could be stinted and bounded, how far to work. See, Good Woman, I am now in perfect Hatred already, what further mischief, d'e think, your Potion will do, in my bowels? By little and little it must needs diffuse

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itself

itself my *whole Soul* over, and tho' the *First Dose* overthrew only that *Affection* to which it tended, yet in a short time it will *master* all my other *Passions*, and *blend* them into that *One of Hatred*. A *Draught*, that can shew so much *Power* at first in my *Mind*, as to *alter* my *Passion*, and to make me *bate*; the Issue of all, Ple warrant you, will be *plain Poyson*.

My *Lords*, I would fain answer those that say, my *Condition* was *miserable* before, upon the account of my *Love*: But in what *grievous* pickle am I, and how more *cruelly* tormented, now I am *Freed*, as they tell me? I was more *temperate*, when I was in *Love* and more *compos'd*; perhaps there might be *paleness* in my *Face*, but it was *innocent* and *harmless*, 'twas a *Melancholy* to be *coveted*. Men were pleas'd to *entertain discourse* with me, and I was thought *worthy* enough to be *heard* speak; but now all Men *fly* from me, *abominate* and *bate* me. Time was, when I abstain'd from going to the *Stews*, for very *Shame*; if I met occasionally with a *Friend*, that wou'd turn me aside now all the *Town* gazes at me: I rave, I stop a sudden, I give *foul Language* to every *Body*. O more than *miserable Condition*! I am *scoffed*, *denied* and *pam'd* at, wherever I go, Not a Man in the *Town* but knows, I *drank the Hate-Potion*. Thus, *Poor Man*, I endure the *insultings* of the *Brothelry*, the *taunts* and *reproaches* of my *Comrades*; nor can they sufficiently express, how great my *Torments* are. I *bate* the *Perion*, yet I never seem'd to be more *deeply* in *Love*. I suppose, *Lords*, you observe, that I am a *Man*, that present before you the *Torments* of his *Soul* and his

let only, and who complain, that I am yet alive. But, O *unhappy Potion*, whatsoever thou art by which I *dye* by *Inches*, my *Passion* still troubles me, and in a short time, no question, I shall be *taken off*. The *Potion* grows *stronger* and *stronger* every day. What kind of *Torment*, think you, is it, and what *pain*, when the *mind* is *prohibited* to be directed by the *Eye*? When the *Soul* is divorced from the sense of *Seeing*? That which *do's* me no good, what can it do, but *dispatch* me? Ah! How *miserable* a *Man* am I! If that *Poyson* do not kill me *out-right*, then I must *spin* out a *dolorous* Life, yet longer: Why therefore do I set before my *Eyes*, the *Shifts* and *Changes* of my *Mind*? If this *Harlots Presumption* can do every thing, for ought I know, she may give me *another Drench*, to make me an *Inamorato* a *second* time.

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Odi



Odi Potio,

O R,

The Hate-procuring Potion.

DECLAMATION XV.

The Argument

Is contain'd in That of the former Declamation.

For

For the Miss against the Young Man.

I HÔ, my Lords, it be Natural to us, to grieve for nothing so much, as when we are ill-requited for our Kindness, so that nothing more inwardly afflicts good Men, than to see their Merits fall to the ground: let this hard Case of mine, wherein I may seem Guilty of so horrid a Fact, shall ever make me, poor Woman as I am, not glad at heart, that this Fellow dares now to prefer a Bill against me. unhappy Woman, was miserably afraid, lest the poor Fellow would have been so little wrought upon by his Potion, that he wou'd ha' Lov'd me no more, after; lest the Poor Fellow, I say, who was always stout and stubborn, would have debased the Strength of his remedy, for the very grief that he was cur'd against his Will. But now it makes very well of my side, that he is so terrible, forsooth, and minacious, that he would have me punish'd, even with the loss of my Life. I can't be expected, he should give me Thanks presently, when I cur'd him, perforce. Yet, my Lords, when I thoroughly consider the present temper of the poor Fellows Spirit, methinks I have hardly cur'd him, no not yet; so that if I am any whit acquainted with his former furious fits of Love, the Hate he is now in, is rather a Fretting,

Fretting, than any *Hatred* at all. For if my *Remedy* had done him any good, to quit him from his former *Mad-cap* Tricks, he wou'd be sensible of his *Recovery*, and wou'd have avoided even the very sight of his *Mistress* still; he would not have trusted himself in my *Company*, so far as to pretend to do himself right and he wou'd have been afraid of giving me a visit, even before your *Lordships*. I find at last, I was strangely mistaken, when I thought my *Potion* had cur'd him. He is in *Love*, my *Lords*, he is in *Love* still, who complains he is not below'd.

What shall I do, my *Lords*, in this Case? Under what *Temper* shall I enter upon my defence? I am afraid, if I begin to commend my own simple disposition, and to tell you a long Story of my good Nature, the poor Fellow, that was so much in love, will begin again. For, my *Lords*, whether it be the common malignant Opinion to call a *Low* Beauty, that hath no *Suitors*, by the name of *Mistress*; or else some *Lover* or other first put that name on a poor Woman, to whom *Fortune* had not given enough of her exterior perfection to provide for a strict *Chastity* Matrimonial; and therefore she labours to keep up fair deals under her *Necessities*. This I am sure of, no *Marriage-Bed* was ever in the least disturb'd by her: No *Gentleman* ever complain'd, that she had debauch'd his Son. No Man ever sung *Lacrymæ* for his *Estate* that was quoted away into her greedy Lap. And tho' this ungrateful Friend of mine endeavours to cast the *Odium* of his former Affection on my poor Self, yet he can never turn his *Miss* in the Teeth with both, that she first

made

made him in *Love* with her, and afterwards made him give over, too. And therefore let not this Accuser of mine deceive you with his *Grand* railing of his *Fortune*, as if he were undone by fancying a *Miss*: You may be sure of my *Innocence*, for he was but a *Shab* when he came first to me, and in the same poor Condition he persisted in his *Love*; I never knew any thing he had to lose amidst all his *Transports*, but the Suts of his *Brain*. For you saw, that he was the neediest Fellow in the whole *Town*, that he wou'd wait at the *Civil-Houses* (shall I call 'em) night and day: And tho' he had his *Will* upon a simple too indulgent Girl, yea, tho' one while he was assaulted with the reproaches and taunts of the *Rabble*, and otherwhile he got many a bang by his bickering with his *Rivals*, he could never be kept or stav'd off from us. The truth is, when I saw this unhappy Passion of the poor Fellow, my good Nature toward him did work; seeing him in such a Case, I was willing to relieve him by amatorious *Embraces*, but the more I made of him, the more was he inflam'd; and he was easily perswaded, in this *Impatience* of his Affection, that, because his *Mistress* gave him so much *Freedom* gratis, therefore she could be no other, but in *Love* with him. But when I saw, that my *Pity* and my *Civility* did no good, then I tryed rougher ways. I charg'd him to be gon, I shut him out of doors. I us'd also *Entreaties* to the poor Fellow, and gave him good *Counsel*, drawn from the *Ticks* of his low Condition. But he was too hard for all these; and the *Remedies*, that should have bindred his *Love*, were all lost upon him, till at last

last, I *berbought* my self, that a Man, who wou'd not be cur'd by *Reason*, must be cur'd by *Force*. I did believe, *my Lords*, 'twas in vain to give *taunting* and *reviling* words to a *poor Man* in his excessive *Complaining*. The Woman Lov'd the *Man* the more, who Love she refused. And therefore, when the *Good Woman* had try'd all her Methods of *Fair* and *Foul* means, and when every Body complain'd of her *needy* *Shabby* *Servant*, she light upon a *Remedy* that, she was told, had cur'd such another *poor Customer*, in the *like* case. This then is the *first Plea* she makes for the *harmlessness* of the *Medicine*, and the *Innocence* of the *Administ'rer*; she does not *deny*, but confesses, *she did give it him*: Nay, she *further'd* also what she *gave*; she laid *Charge* and *Command* on her self, to hearken never more to his *Entreaties*; yea, that she might not be *mov'd* a whit with his *Complaints* or *Tears* under her *Nose*, she shut him quite out of *door*. Wou'd you know, *my Lords*, what is all the *Passion* wrought in him, by the *Draught* I gave him? Whoever *musters* an *Hate-Potion*, does what he can, from that time forward, to deserve to be *lov'd*. Prithee, *Younger*, when didst thou ever come in *better* plight into this *Court*, than now? Now thou beginnest to act a *serious* Person and *grave*; now, I wis, thy talk is of *Laws* and *Statutes*; now, tho' upbraid'd and reproach'd with *Things*, call'd *Misses*. Thou hadst none of this *Humour*, when thou wert lately amongst the *Lemmens* in *Brothel-Houses*; then thou wert taken notice of by thy *scraggy leanness*, thou wast as *white* as a *Clout*, and the *Talk* of the *Town* for thy *High Amours*. *Poor Man*, thou hadst been quite

quite undon, hadst thou not drank *that*, which thou call'st *Poyson*. He impleads me of *Witch-craft*, forsooth. I believe, *my Lords*, the *Ears* of this *grave Court* will be very *erect* and *attentive* at the hearing of so *high* an *Accusation*. There's a *Word* with all *my heart*, what *strange* *Impiety* will it proclaim to the *World*? How great would the *Company* of those who have lost their *Children*, ready *pannell'd*, to inquire into such *black* deeds, us'd by *Step-mothers*? And how great would be the *Family* of *Mourners* for their *Heirs*, that have been *destroy'd* by *damn'd* *Cups* of *Poyson*? Are you not then *ashamed* to sit here, about the *brangles* of *Bawdy-Houses*, and to hear the *squabbles* of *pitiful Whore-masters*, brought before you? Do you see yonder *Fellow*, with his terrible *accusing* *Face*? As, he wants *only* a *Kiss* or *Two*, his great *complaint* to you, is, that his *Mistress*, forsooth, has *stuck* him. Would you not *advise* us rather, to get into our *privacies*, and there produce our *grievances*, and end all amongst our *elves*, when the *Case* is altered? *Laws* and *Courts* are not to be troubled with the complaints of such *pitiful* *Shabs*. None, but *serious* *Grievances* are to be *heard* in *this* place. He is not *worthy* to be *righted* here, where only a *Miss* is the *Wind*. *My Lords*, did you ever hear any body in the *World* before, complain of being *Beaten* and *Poysoned*, and yet *alive* in *Court* before you? Such *Accusations* are always *abominable* upon the account of the *Deaths*, that follow them. If you *Impeach* one of *Robbery*, you must prove it, by some *Blood shed* or *Wounds* given;

en; if of *Sacrilege*, you must shew the spoils of the *Deities* and the plunder of their *Temples*; if you accuse a Man of *Imprisoning*, you must produce the *Carkas* rotten and black and bleeding and the *Corps* streaming with *Gore*, as it is carrying out to its *Sepulchre*. And wherever you may object *that*, yet the Person must have suffered something, when he was *alive*, that might be equivalent to the *Odium* of his *Death*. *Call that, Imprisoning*, that *rages* inwardly, which is argued by the *debilitation* of some *Limb* or other. Come away then, and shew me some *Marks* in thy *Body*, where the *beat* of the *Poyson* hath settled it self up and down in noxious *Effects*; where, the *surface* of the *Body* being consumed, settles inwardly, and destroys the *vitals*. *But* your *Body*, I see, is lusty enough to *work*, your *Limbs* are intire; your *Mind* is able for various *businesses*, and strong enough to *accuse* lustily. Believe it, my *Quondam* Friend, all of us, that knew you before, do perceive, that your *Senses* are *brisk*er and *livelier* than ever, that your *Complexion* is more *Sanguine*, thriving in a *New Edition*, as it were, of your *Face*. You cou'd never ha' prov'd, you had taken your *Dose*, but that your *Miss* confesses it. But, *My Lords*, if you allow the *vulgar* to descant in this fashion upon all *Recipes*, that are *prescrib'd* and runle out of course, they will misinterpret every *Cure* to be done by *Witchcraft*; and it will look'd upon as an *Odious Crime*, to do a thing for good, when he don't know 't. Whereas our *Law* call *that* only true *Poyson*, which works no other but *One*. There's no reason in the World,

ould seem *Poyson*, which he that drinks it may take an *Antidote*, if he please. *My Lords*, the *Printer* knows, that the *Crime*, he lays to my charge, comes not within either the *Letter* or the *meaning* of the *Law*: And therefore he aggravates it, on the account of *what* Men please to tell me; 'Tis a *Whore*, says he, *I accuse*. Believe me, *Friend*, you don't consider, what *grand* proof I ought to bring to make good your *horrid* Accusation of *Witchcraft* against me. I protest, I expected in the first place, that my *countenance* should be terrible, and my *hue* dismal; that my *frowzy* hair should be *disordered*, and that my *wild Melancholy* should be *cruelly* and *mercilessly* bent upon *Mischief*. A *Crime*, which, they say, by its *dismal* Charms *disturbs* the very *Gods* above, and troubles the *Constellations* in the firmament; that does *conjure* up the *dead* out of their *Graves*, and does make Men arm themselves with *Villany*, even to the *mangling* of dead *Carkas*. 'Tis impossible but the *Party* accus'd thereof should discover himself at *first* sight. But you see, this *Witch* of yours has no such *horrid* countenance, she has a *smooth* and gentle *Face*. If you look hard, and consider her *Plots* and *Designs*, all her *Conjurations* are to make herself look *Fine* and *adform*. All her *Incantations* tend to *this*, to *charm* Men with a *look*, and to bind 'em fast with *complemental* blandishments. Sometimes, 'tis true, I spend *whole* Nights amidst the *Bottles* of *Wine* with my *Paramours*, where they draw one another, and some of the *Gentlemen* make *operate* *Challenges*. A *Poor* *Miss* hath no *Witchcraft* but *this*, how to engage her *Customers* to

Fancy

Fancy her, still. I hope, my Lords, you do not think it *unjust* for me to expect, that so *soon* an Impeachment should be carryed on against me, not by my *Mis-name*, but by my *Nature* disposition? Consider, I pray, did ever you see a *Witch*, as you call her, do the *same*, or any thing like it, before? Where's the Man, that can tell us, this is the *Woman* that drove me out of my *Wife*? Where's the *Young Man*, where's the *Old Man*, where's the *Rich Man*, that hath any thing to say against her? Yea, where's any other Man can complain, besides yourself? So that she is a *Witch*, forsooth, only to you in particular; to every body else, she is an *Innocent* *Man*. Would you have me demonstrate the *Innocence* of this *Young Woman*, in a word? The very same Person, which the poor Fellow abominates, and sues for her *Life*, he had rather be *dallying* with her, as before.

All Offences, my Lords, if I mistake not, come from their rise either from *Love* of *Money*, or from *Love* of *Power*. Now what *Hatred* can a *Man* have to her *Creature*? Or, what *Booty* can she get from a poor *Servant*. She gave me, says he, an *Excellent* *Recipe*. What, my Lords! Sure, the Name of a *Recipe* may sufficiently acquit me from the *Infamy* of *Poyson*? Nor do I see any reason, why that should seem the same thing that can't be call'd by the same *Appellation*. I will go too, *Young Man*, make out the *Immunity* of this *Potion*, to the full: Tell us, I took this *Horrible* *Drench* against my *Wife*, against my own *Children*, that I might be turn'd aside from my *affection*, and that I might utterly cast off

all my *Pledges* of *Marriage*. That *Hate-Potion* (if you'll call it so) is ill in a *Man*, if she use it to acquire *Love*. So that this *Plea* alone is sufficient to excuse her, that she gave it only against herself. She gave me *Hatred*, says he. Now here I desire you, *Young Man*, to make the same *Relation* on my *Condition*, as you did but now. Tell us, that 'twas a *Man* that gave it you, that was a *Common Strumpet* bid you take it. Oh, now was I afraid, lest you should have said, 'twas a *Love Potion*. Come on then, stand up, my friend, and make good the *Horror* of the *Accusation*, you have undertook, with all your might and main. You may cry aloud, that the *Ears* of all the *Town* may hear, Oh some *Charitable* people, pity me, help me for *Heavens* sake, lend me some relief. I have drank *Cruel* and *Merciless* *Poyson*, so that now, poor *Wretch*, I can *Love* my *Wife* no longer: Farewel all my *Happiness*, for now I shall be no longer *kick'd* and *beaten* up and down the *Streets*, by every *Varlet*, in my *troublesome* *Night-walks*; nor shall I stand *cooling* my *feet* any longer, before the *Doors* of *Bawdy-houses*, till the next *Morning*. Now I am at liberty to do any thing, I can go to *Sea*, I can turn *Husbandman*, I can enter my self a *Soldier*; now I am come to my self so far, that I may be an *honest* *Husband*, and may provide both for my self in my *Old Age*, and also for my *Children*. *Heavens*! What greater *Remedy* could ever have been given, if we take in the *Condition* of that took it? That *Potion* had made thee *happy*, if the poor *Wench*, that gave it, could have made thee as *Rich*. So that, 'tis not this alone,

lone, my Lords, that is sufficient for the defeat of the *Innocent Girl*, that she did *nothing* of what she did for her own sake? No, she *deliver'd* her *Servant* of hers from *Bondage*, she *disengag'd* him faster, to solicit and entice Men to *Love*, and to *corrupt* their *dispositions*. Oh *ungrateful Fellow*! How *much* art thou bound to her? 'Tis true, you bring *nothing* with you, you are at *no Cost* not of a Farthing, but you like my *Company*, you follow me, you stay by me, you go along with me wherever I go, you favour me, you *admire* me, you cry me up in all places. And therefore you have a *pride* against *Misses*, because that even *Poor Men* are admitted to them because they have such *easie* access, and are *excus'd* from tedious *Attendances*. What dost thou do, that art a *Lover*, but seek to accuse us of that for a great *Crime*, which is really and indeed a high *Courtesie*, so that even the *Rich* may think well of us? No Man is *forc'd* to break his *wanton* Love by any, but by him that does really Love him.

What says my *Young Man*? Hast thou drawn the *Potion*, saist thou, which gave thee a *Quiet* rest from thy *Passion*, which *quell'd* thy heat, and *extinguish'd* thy Lust? Go thy ways, withdraw while, whilst we give thanks in the Name of *Mankind* to this *Madam*, who ha's *demonstrat*ed to us, that such a thing was possible. That *Foolish* our Affection, which (if we believe *Old Stories*) hath brought the *Gods* down from their *Star-Seats* into the *Earth*, that hath made *Monsters*, *Fables*, even of the *Sacred Deities*, I say, that I

ful heat, that hath *coupled* and *confound*ed Man with *Beast*, that hath made its way thro' *Iron-gates*, in midst of *Flames*, that hath *row'd* far and near beyond the *Seas*, is now *check'd* and *defeated*. Yea, hearken, I beseech you, to what's a greater wonder, *The Remedy* against Love is found out by a *Woman*. No more now let *Mortals* be afraid of *Incestuous Crimes*, let no *chast* Affection be afraid of such *abominable filthy desires*. That which the *Threats* of *Parents*, that which neither our grave *Kindred*, nor *Poverty*, nor *Necessity* itself could bring about, one *short* and *easie* *Potion* has admirably effected. Oh that a Man could drink another *potion* to all vices, as well as *this*? Happy were *Mankind*, if we could restrain all the other *exorbitancies* and *unlucky wandrings* of our *minds*, by one *Infusion*. Fy 'tis, that so great a *Remedy* should lose its *Esteem*, because of the *Mis-name* of its first *Inventress*. We should have admir'd any *Man*, if he had found out such a *Potion* to defeat his *Whore*. Yet 'twas you, *Young Man*, that wert *inflam'd* with thy *immoderate* lust beyond others, that stood in need of this special *Remedy*, more than any. Prithee, what was thy Condition, that thou shouldst fall in Love? We have need of an *Estate*, lest, when we are in Love, we may be in a *miserable* case; tho' perhaps Men do not see the *inconveniencies* of that *unruly* *Passion*, who are *buoy'd* under or *discharg'd* from the *scorns* and *contempts* of their *Paramours* by the *Riches*, which *undo* them. Happy is he, that loses nothing but a little *Estate* in a *Stew*. Thou lovest thy *understanding*, he his *money* only; thou drink'st a *revocative* and *Love-Potion*, thou begg'st with piti-

ful Tears in thy Eyes, thou *su'st* by the warmth of thy Cheeks: and that which is the worst of all, thou must be a wretched miserable Man, tho' thou mayst be reckon'd a kind Gentleman. Suppose thou feelest no such Torment of this thy Affection, yet thou, that art not worth a Groat, hast thou not reason to be ashamed of the very thing call'd Love? Thou art a Person, who canst not be at leisure to pine and languish for his Love, and tho' Sick for Love, yet it becomes not thee to rest all Night; thou canst not be excus'd, if thou lovest the day-time only; thou maintain'st thy self by thy hands, thy Estate comes by thy daily Labour at thy Fingers ends, which thy daily bread doth more than exact from thee, thou wouldst spend more thou if couldst get it; yet you, forsooth, must go a madding; you must mind Carresses and Dalliances, which are due only to the Rich, and, for which you can never be pardon'd, you make your self miserable on the account of your Love and Pleasure. 'Tis true, I look'd when Want and pinch-belly Hunger would have taught thee better Manners. But thou began'st thy *Amour* forsooth, when thou wert a downright Beggar, and what room was there left then for Comfort and Advice? He whom Poverty cannot Cure, the best way left to Cure him is, by an Hate-pain. Yet now I think on't, 'twas not only the Poverty of thy Person, I tell thee, thou didst not want Means only and Estate; for ought I see, thou hadst neither Kindred, Acquaintance, or Friends, if thou hadst, they might have Cur'd thee better than my Antidote; or at least, if they had never heard of the virtue of this Ingredient, they might

ha' bound thee hand and foot, to have kept thee at home. Why dost thou elude an Outragious Affection, by kind Flattering Complements? I have given thee a Remedy for that Passion, which hath oftentimes made Men hang themselves, throw themselves down a Precipice, and which has let out their Labouring Souls by the Port-hole of their Wounds. How far Love can Tyrannize over a Man, they best know who are Engaged.

Now let me consider, with your low Fortune, what Person 'twas you doted upon. Poor Pillarlick, you lighted indeed on a Young Gentlewoman, far from proud and far from scornful. As for some Whores, a Man can never come near them. How many things do they call for, on the account of their tender Sex; how many more, because they are Young and Handsome? They are always in need of this and that; of this suit, that attire. A Miss is always chargeable and craving. The Poor Shaveling must wait all day long at his Mistress's door, that one time or other she may be at leisure for him. He is put off and excluded by the Emulation of those Gallants, that send their presents afore 'm, so that he must stay till she has sent to any body else. When she refuses to be kind, then you art mad; if she refuse not, thy satisfaction does thee. Thy joys prepare thy hope, and thy disappointments make thee mope; thy desires on both sides are inflam'd. You may believe, who saw with our Eyes, what a State of Body you were in? How pale didst thou look? How shameful and shameful was thy Debauchery? How often hadst thou a mind to drink Poison? You must therefore complain, Young Man, that the

Gentlest Passion of your Soul is lost, 'twas not Love but Madness; not thy Delight but thy Vexation; not thy Passion but thy Whore. The Deity of Love (if we may believe the first Writers of Philosophy) is a most Antient Power, to whom the everlasting Duration of Nature owes itself. But that Love is gentle, grave, rejoicing in Honourable desires, and in the puissance of a Sacred Charity. It was that which first severed all things, envelop'd in the darkness of their Original Chaos, and then cemented them together again. But this Flame of Love, which makes our restless hearts seek forbidden Unions, is tumultuous and troublesome by the working of our yet lascivious Blood, and is armed with Killing Weapons and Funeral Torches. The former helps us to Propagation by the Accustomed Piety of Wedlock; but the other drives to nothing but Incestuous Lust to Adultery, and, in a word, to Harlots. Now may I relate the monstrosity of mad Love in France, as the strong and strange fancy of a Madman they never saw; a Youthful Beauty that was in Love with itself; Virgins that have desperately doted on their Aged Fathers; and the shapes of Monsters and Beasts brought out into the World, mixt and confounded together by our Monstrous Conceptions? Yet of all the Mischiefs, that our Passion but too too willingly, runs us into, none more grievous or crueller than this; we can meet with no Man, that desires to be cured of his Love.

But, says he, I had rather be in Love than be his Physician. Pray, let me ask you in this place, could you have accus'd the Woman, if she had cur'd you any other way, as well as by her Potion? 'Twas in her power to demand, what you could never have paid; and then to scorn and contemn you as the dirt of her Feet. And are you now angry, because she had rather cure you by a kind gentle remedy, than by an heart-breaking one? The Woman might have discharg'd her self of Thee, only by hating thee herself; but now she has contriv'd a device, that thou shouldst rather hate her. But suppose, thou most presumptuous Wretch, thou feel some grudge of Pain in thy Cure; cou'd you expect to be perfectly cur'd of an immoderate Passion, in an Instant? What a Sick Man should complain, he is cured by the smart of Abstinence? Some Vices have been driven out by the severe discipline of the Lash, and have been cover'd or restrain'd by being brought low: Help hath sometimes been administred by Fire and Lancing; and that, which would have been a disaster in time of health, hath been advanced into the repute of a remedy, in comparison of greater hazard that attended. For you shall hardly ever see a Man go away merry and content from this unruly Passion, that recedes therefrom out of modesty, or satiety, or upon the account of Penitential Thoughts. Never any Man will retreat from those Evils without regret, which he can enjoy with such pleasure. 'Tis a point of Love again, to cease loving and be quiet. There is as need of as much bent to the other side, of as much strength as made you love at first, for

must be set free by some Dose, if his Mistress be his Physician. Pray, let me ask you in this place, could you have accus'd the Woman, if she had cur'd you any other way, as well as by her Potion? 'Twas in her power to demand, what you could never have paid; and then to scorn and contemn you as the dirt of her Feet. And are you now angry, because she had rather cure you by a kind gentle remedy, than by an heart-breaking one? The Woman might have discharg'd her self of Thee, only by hating thee herself; but now she has contriv'd a device, that thou shouldst rather hate her. But suppose, thou most presumptuous Wretch, thou feel some grudge of Pain in thy Cure; cou'd you expect to be perfectly cur'd of an immoderate Passion, in an Instant? What a Sick Man should complain, he is cured by the smart of Abstinence? Some Vices have been driven out by the severe discipline of the Lash, and have been cover'd or restrain'd by being brought low: Help hath sometimes been administred by Fire and Lancing; and that, which would have been a disaster in time of health, hath been advanced into the repute of a remedy, in comparison of greater hazard that attended. For you shall hardly ever see a Man go away merry and content from this unruly Passion, that recedes therefrom out of modesty, or satiety, or upon the account of Penitential Thoughts. Never any Man will retreat from those Evils without regret, which he can enjoy with such pleasure. 'Tis a point of Love again, to cease loving and be quiet. There is as need of as much bent to the other side, of as much strength as made you love at first, for

fear you should *betink* yourself, and *stand amuse*, when you are perfectly well. I tell you, we see what *Remedy* should have been given to the *Young Fellow*, even by the Condition he is now in. If any manner of *Cure* was to be *applyed* to a Man that after an *Hateful Drench* complains he cannot *Love*, 'tis but a *small* thing, if he only cease his *Passion*. Harken then, thou most *ungrateful Wight*, seeing thou wilt have our *secrets* brought into a *pen Court*. I did give the *Potion*. For what else says he, should I do, when so many *other Remedies* were lost? I protest, I cou'd not abide, that all the *Whores* in the *Town* should begin to *flout* at thee. Remember, *pristee*, the discourse we had in *those* Nights, wherein I frequently admited thee to my *Bed* and *Embraces*, when another, and perhaps a *better* Man than you, was fain to *wait*; did I not advise you, *poor heart*, not to *strive* or *struggle* with a *Woman* of my mean *Condition*? Favour me and my *low* Fortune, for we are both very *Poor*. And thou thy self, how often didst thou cry out, *weeping* without *intermission*, and bedewing my *Bosom* with thy *Tears*, I am *sensible*, dear *Madam*, that I am *mad* for *Love*, but I can't *help* it for my life; I am *overborn* by my *Passion*, I can't command my *Eyes* nor rule my *Heart*? Woman! I would most *willingly* *hate* thee, if I could. Why then, thou most *ungrateful* of *Mortal Wights*, should'st thou *blast* my kindness with the name of a *Raskally Potion*. I gave you a *Remedy*, but the *Hatred* comes from your *self*. 'Tis true, you *rage*, you *revile*, you *out*, but those are not the *effects* of my *Pain*, but of your *Old* *Passion*, *Love*. You were such before

before. Those are quite *osbergates* kind of Men, who *flote* in *pleasure* being *buoy'd* up by a great Estate. But *poor Scraps* are impudent, when they think of a *Miss*. I remember, you kept a *pothar* as well as the *best*, when I gave you *admittance* before; you could not endure to *stay*, nor to be *starv'd* off, you *curst* all the *Gentlemen* that came to me, you rail'd at every one you saw. What Man in the World has his *Condition* happily chang'd for the *better*, more than you? Time was, when you cou'd abide *no body* at all; but now, *poor Man*, you hate but *one* simple *Girl*. Why do you not rather give ear and hearken to some good and wholsom Counsel? Consider, whereabouts you are? Seeing your *Health* is but newly recover'd, why will you put it in hazard again, by such a *over-eager* desire of *Quarreling*? I protest, and declare, you *squander* away my *wholsom* *Potion*, the *virtue* of the *Medicine* hath not yet diffus'd itself over your whole *Heart* and *Soul*: There are *Two* very great *Passions* yet *struggling* about you. Of the *Two*, I beseech you take the *Potion's* part. Come on, *Check* and run *Counter* to whatever appears against it, and makes such troublesome *buffs* and *bustles* in your heart. Let a *perfect* recovery settle all about you. Then we shall know, you are cur'd of the *Passion* of *Love*, when you have put off the *Passion* of *Hate*.

Thus, my *Lords*, I hope I have defended the *Innocency* of this *Gentlewoman*, well enough; yet the *Greatness* of her danger calls upon us to *beg* and *beseech*; Rise up, then, thou *miserablest* of *Women*, abet and make good the remainder of

of thy *Plea*, with thy *Tears*. O thou, that dost *Indite* her, *what* dost hope for? What dost expect? She shall never fall down on her *Knees* before thee. Tho thou accostest the *poor Woman* with all thy terrible *menaces*, yet she shall not *kiss* thy *band*. Tho thou threaten her with *death* and *destruction*, yet she shall never *petition* thee for her *Life*. Don't mistake your self so far, as to promise yourself any advantage from our *danger* and *Fear*. Alas, let me tell you, the *poor Girl* hath no *Remedy* for *Hatred*. Suppose it comes from the *strength* of thy *Potion*, that thou *accuseth* the *Innocent*: Is it not sufficient *satisfaction* to you, that you see her look so *pale* for *fear*? Is it not sufficient to hear her *sigh* and *groan*? remember this is *she*, that you would not hearken to in your *Youth*. What do you do? Let me ask you? Can you endure to have her *call'd* in *Question*, and her very *Life* in so much *jeopardy*? Will you reckon the *Votes* of the *Court*? And if they *Cast* her, wilt thou, wicked *Wretch*, *skip* and *rejoice*. I shall say *then*, thou didst *never* Love her at all. Perhaps you will follow her to her *Execution*, will ye? Will you stand by, when the *Executioner* touches those *pretty Eyes*? Can you look on, whilst that *Neck*, that you have so oft *Kiss'd* and *Embrac'd*, is *land bare*, for the *last Blow*? Will not you *leap* toward her? Will you not put your *own breast* to receive the *Stroke*? Will you not call out for help of *God* and *Man*? Wilt thou receive her *body* after *Execution*; and stand over her *Limbs*, yet *panting* and *quavering* after the *Blow*? Canst thou behold *this*? Canst thou endure it? Then I'll say, thou art *perfectly* recovered.

vered. But if the *Event* of this *Sentence* prove yet more *sad*, the *Gods*, who are always the *Revengers* of *Courtesies* soon forgotten; the *Gods*, I say, (whom this *Cruel Fellow*, in the *Arms* of his *Miss*, did oft beseech, with *Mourning* and *Tears*, to put an end either to his *Love*, or to his *Life*,) give a just revenge on this *ungrateful Youth*, yet without *maiming* him. I don't imprecate *lame-ness*, nor *drowning*, nor *sickness* on him. No, but I pray he may be *poor* still, and that he may love the *meanest Drab* in the *Town*, and that he may never have his *belly* full, nor give over.

Amici



Amici Vades,

O R,

*Two Friends, one Surety for
t'other.*

DECLAMATION XVI.

The Argument

There were Two Friends, whereof one had a Mother alive, that went a long Journey together, and at last came to a Tyrants Country, where they were made Prisoners. The Mother bearing her Son was in hold, wept out her Eyes for grief. The Two Young Men proffered the Tyrant, that if he

he would let one of 'm go home to see his Mother, he should return precisely at an appointed day, and if he did not, his Fellow Prisoner was to be put to death. And he bound himself by Oath to this purpose. The Young Man returns to his Mother, and she would not let him go back again, alledging the Law of the Country, That a Child was not to forsake his Parents in their distress.

For

For the Young Man against his Mother.

ALtho, most upright Lords and Judges, I seem already to have laid out *all* the Affection of human Breasts upon Friendship alone; and am now *invidiously* reflected upon, as one that hath not left himself so much good Nature, as to Love even his own Mother; yet as oft as I view the whole Latitude of my duty, (wherein *this* bears the least part, that I am a good Friend) I cannot but bewail this first bit of my choice, that I must of necessity relinquish either my Friend or my Mother. There is a Violence, most grave Judges, I say, there is a Violence, upon my ardent Affection, that I am not able to relieve them both. But above all, nothing troubles me more, than that such cross things do fall out against my Inclination, that I must seem to chuse one, which I cannot help. What would I not give, poor Man, for the recovery of my Mother's sight, who have given up my Friend to come to see her? I beseech you, my Lords, let not my Service be lost in such great straits as these, who am willing to lay out my self upon both. The best kindness you can do me, is not to keep me there, where I can do no good. I must own, most upright Judges, that I now set before you an Instance of so great and

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incredible an Example, that you may almost have some cause to think, I juggle with my Mother. I seem to have devised this colourable pretence of my own head; and while I am detained, I seem to have but a cold Friendship. Pity me, my Lords, try me, and let me go. You can't know, whether I would fain return, till ye see me returned.

This, my Lords, doth vex and rend my very heart, that I fall short of my great expectation. I was full of hope, that my Mother would have done some brave thing in the Case. I had provided my self of this boast and vapour before the Tyrant, that so he might have believed, I had been sent back by her. And I was pleas'd with this kind of Ostentation, that they would wonder at the Gallantry of a Man, who left a Mother, tho' destitute of comfort. But with what Sentiment will you have me to bear this, that my Mother made my Friend believe, that assuredly I should return? And for her part, she hath deceiv'd a most Noble Gentleman, that believ'd my Affection was so high and great. I cannot dissemble, my Lords, the Guilt of my Case. I had been less to blame, if I would not have returned. Let those Religious Persons look to it, who look upon the Motives of Love, which they have from the ordinary Titles of Father, Brother, Son, &c. as a kind of tie and service; If you ask me, I think, as the Case stands, no affections are only born with us. For if a Man weigh all things aright he shall find, that whatever keeps Children, Brethren and Kindred together is nothing else, but Friendship. For tho' we Men should fly never so high in incredible expressions,

fions, yet doubtless we are not a piece of the same Soul; nor joint-burthens of the same womb. The less there is pretended in the Original, the more is there in the Affection between us. That Charity is far more admirable, that we enter into with all our Faculties: I am not ashamed, my Lords, to confess this as my Opinion, that less obligation is due to a Man, who loves his Friend, only because he cannot help it. 'Tis plain, my Lords, 'tis plain, that to be joyn'd together in the same course of Life, even from ones very Infancy, hath some inward touch of the affection of Brotherhood. Thus it came to pass, that Fame never mentioned one without the other; and we vied one with another in our union so far, that what hapned to the one, the like hapned to the other. Hence it was, that we scorn'd to return both together; and, as if it were easier between Two faithful Friends, we resolv'd to stick together, notwithstanding the hazards of the Sea. And yet I would not have you think, that we went to Sea together on a Humour, or for Table-talk; no, we had great and inexpressible reasons for our Voyage, and that you may judge by this, that even my own Mother could not keep us at home. Whether then, my Lords, it was, that Friendship itself would try an Experiment upon us? Or that Fortune would trust us but little, as long as we met with no adventures in our Love? Or whether it be an Envy, that always sticks to great resolutions? Or that none are ever praised with so general an applause, that Envy would not try 'em, even in their very Friendship? I must tell you, we arrived at the shore, Men whom their Good hap or common Report

report had joyn'd together. We are swallowed up with the very Terror, which strikes fond Parents Blind immediatly. Hence it hapned, because we were both made Prisoners, together; Yet so, that he's most a Prisoner, that was set at Liberty. I am ashamed, my Lords, to say it, in this I was out-don, here my Friend got the better: Of the Two, his affection is the biggest, whom the Tyrant had rather keep in Prison. O my Friend, how much am I indebted to thee? Nothing but a Mother could have divided us. You were the first that heard she was blind; and 'twas for the Passion you shew'd, that the Tyrant believ'd any such thing. What did he not do to make the Tyrant desire his body, instead of mine? He bug-ged his very Chains: He wou'd engage I should return, even from Sea; and tho I had a Mother alive, he stipulated for such uncertainties, as if he wou'd ha' made them good in his own particular Person. Did ever any Man do so much for his own sake? My Friend perform'd, I say, he perform'd a thing, that the Tyrant seem'd to grant us on purpose, that it might not be performed; and the Man, who wou'd have no such affection in human breasts, we deceiv'd him, notwithstanding his Temptation. I see no reason, why my Mother should be so horribly afraid of my Imprisonment; or what she means to throw a Vayle over us, that are doom'd to death? The Tyrant hates me not, you see, for it is all one to him, to Murder another for me. Pity me, dear Mother, if there be any Conscience for great obligations, complain, that you loved one of us so over-dearly, that, since you lost your Eyes, is as it were always ab-

D d

sent

sent from you. Who should undergo *this* for me? What *obligations* do you stop? My *Friends* chain would admit me to my *Friend*; now the *Tyrant* wou'd open the door to me, now the *Pyrate* would prepare me a *Vessel* for my supply. I protest, if I should dye before *your self*, *Mother*, you ought to *return* in my room at the *very day*. Poor *Woman*, do you not understand, what a far greater obligation my *Friend* hath laid upon you? you owe *more* to the *Man*, who sent me *back* to you, even for *this*, since you can't *endure* I should *return*.

I protest, *my Lords*, I cannot but *pity*, I say, but *pity* those Men, who *praise* me for my *Return*. My *Friend* trusted me so far, that I wou'd *return*. And now, forsooth, I do a brave thing, I that am so *sure* a *Card*, so *wonderful* and *remarkable* a *Friend*. If you will believe a *Man*, it seems *un- toward* to me, that I know I shall not be *put* to *death*. Besides, *my Lords*, my *Mother* is *conscious* that she acts *unworthily*, and is *basely guilty*, if she *detain* me out of *necessity*, or an account of my *duty*; and therefore the *poor Woman*, which hath hitherto acted out of affection, now suddenly flies to the *Law*. That *Mother*, *my Lords*, has a very *bad Cause*, which the *Law* must *help* out, so much. *Children*, says she, *must not forsake their Parents in distress*. There's no reason, *my Lords*, this should be said to a *Man*, that's *return'd*. Can it be said, that I *despised* my *Mother*, or that I *slighted* my *duty* to her in her *blindness*, seeing all my *ambition* in my *misery* was laid out on *this*, even to *contrive* my *return*? Who in the very height of my troubles, never *petition'd* any

any thing for *my self*? Can any one *instruct* on me the *penalty* due to a *disobedient Child*? Or can he *aggravate* things against me, for neglecting *Filial Piety*? I appeal to *Heaven*, how *much* it *cost* me, not to appear an *undutiful Son*? I must needs charge *this* on you, *good Mother*, that I left my *Friend* for *your sake*, to whom 'tis *Impiety* not to *return*.

My Lords, I do not yet insist either upon my *own misery*, or upon the *merits* of my *Friend*, my *Plea* at present is, that this *Law* is of *Force only*, when ones *Parents alone* are in *distress*. *Providence* hath freed a great part of *Mankind* from the *obligation* of *Laws*; nor are there any *Statutes* so *severe*, that Men, tho' never so much in *misery*, should be *subject* to their *Penalty*. For when *want* and *necessity* do *surprize* me, I have as *much* reason to *complain* too, as if I were *deserted*. When *Children* themselves are in *distress*, they are *excused* to their *Parents*; and if the *Law* lays hold upon any one, it must needs count *another Mans misfortune*, as a certain kind of *Orbity* too. For what if, when my *Mother* holds me close, *another* should pluck me by *force* from her *side*? What if my *Country* should need my *Service*, as a *Soldier*? Or what, if as an *Ambassador*; or (to come nearer to my present *distress* and *complaint*) what, if, when *condemned*, I am call'd forth to *Execution*? I beseech you, *Mother*, would you *break Prison*, for me to escape? Would you lay *violent hands* on the *Executioner*? And when your *Son* was about to *suffer*, would you as 'twere cover his *Throat*, by the *Authority* of the *Law*? Oh *Heavens*! The *Law*, that retains a *Man*, is far

enough from concerning that *Person*, who comes not, in fear of punishment. For ought I see, *Mother*, you don't consider what a great *Odi-um* *Parents* should raise upon those *Children* of theirs, who forsake them in that Case. A *Mother*, who complains she is forsaken, had need cry out, *Alas*, a *Foreign Country* hath drawn away my *Sons* heart; he withdraws the shoulder from helping me, because he hath a mind to see some other pleasant corner of the *World*, in *Utopia*. Or, my *Young Son* is inveigled by some *Miss* or other, and the wantonness of his *Eye* has taken him off from observing the just *Laws* of his own *Country*. With such laments as these, should you persecute your *Son*, that so my being detained may be a punishment to me, but by the by. That *Law* doth not concern *Children*, who are detain'd by their own merciful dispositions. To make it a base thing to return, it must be considered, to whom the return is made; and it can be no offence at all to leave a *Mother*, if there be just cause to bear a man out, for so doing. I, who return to a *Tyrant*, if I leave my *Mother* out of an undutiful Spirit, am worthy to be kept back. And therefore, *Madam*, you have no reason to object against me the weight of *Maternal obligations*; nor should you think, 'tis out of disrespect to you, if I believe that there is another affection in human breasts, even that of *Friendship*, which *Nature* seems to have devised on purpose, that all *Mankind* in general might make a coalition; and which is not as yet universally admired, because we do not find it *Compleat*; and yet such as it is, it would do wonders, unless you yourselves did

bind

hinder it: *Friendship* is but one soul in many bodies, my hand is thine and thine is mine, 'tis an Affection stronger than the *Maternal*. Pray tell me, what matter is it, by what Name you call him, that loves at so high a rate? If great *Merits* descend down to us, never ask, from whom? Wou'd you know, what my *Mother* herself thinks of this Affection? She thinks, that even my *Friend* had rather, I should not return. Suppose I should lay aside at present the great obligations I stand indebted in to my *Friend*, upon the account of his *Merit*, and that I should say only this, 'tis my *Friend* that is a *Prisoner*, Dear *Mother*, I'll go, that he may have leave to return, that I may comfort him, that I may intreat his *Patron* for him; and if the cruel Man be so *Tyrannical* as to require it, I'll give him body for body. Pray, why do you detain me? Why d'e stop me? Now or never I must shew my self a *Friend*. You can't tell, whether that be true Love, which never met with any cross adventure; and if our lives have nothing but *Sum-shine*, a *Friend* is a needless why-not. D'e think, I'll plead, that my *Friend*, that's in *Hold* expects this from me, nay all *Mankind* expects the same, and they received me into the number of *Friends* on this account, that no body should wonder at all, if I expressed such Faithfulness? Wou'd you know, dear *Mother*, what affection and what reverence we ought to shew to a *Friend* in distress? *Alas*, he never fear'd any Law, that he should be left alone. I'll set aside at present the cause of *Friendship*, for I have a mind to speak a few words in the behalf of *Humanity* itself, even the *Tyrant* believ'd that I would

return, and therefore I must return. Dear Mother, no Man living was ever trusted more, no Man's expectations ever laid a greater obligation upon me. He that trusted me was a Man of that Kidney, as to account it a Courtesy to be deceived; he seem'd to have devised this Trick against all Friends whatever, that we might impose upon him. You have no reason, dear Mother, to tell me of my capital punishment, and of all the Preparation for my Execution. 'Tis an offence, to believe Men only in that which is expedient. Good-night to all Mankind, if we must keep Faith with none, but where we gain by it. How hugely and how infinitely did the Tyrant trust me, if he puts me to death, when I return.

My Mother herself, my Lords, knows well enough, what an high Seat a Friend hath in a Man's Heart, and therefore she begins to urge affection, too. Wherefore, if I mistake not, seeing I am the Subject-matter of this Suit, you should first of all consider, whether my Mother or my self have done more in this calamitous Case? In the first place, dear Mother, I must crave leave to complain, that your affection is not of the right kind. Pray, what did you mean, by your raving and headstrong Passion? Why did you shew your grief all outward, as if you had received the Message of your Sons Captivity with the Eye, not with the Heart? You have not left your self Liberty to redeem me, doubtless you have added to the Affections of a Mother, you wept out your Eyes in the midst of your Orbity, but all this doth not loose my Chains, nor free my Body from the Prison. What good do's that Passion of

a Mother do her Son, that spends it self in noisy Crying? If you had undertaken a Voyage to the Tyrant, then, Mother, you had done something indeed. Grant, I am in Hold, what! will you now make your Lamentation, as if I were dying at home in my Bed; or, as if I were giving up the Ghost in your Arms? In some kind of distresses, Despair itself is none of the highest Passions; and whoever believes the loss of his Children at first hearing, what does he do, but make haste to shake hands with his Grief? Tho' you twit me, dear Mother, with your great impatience for, and unpeakable affection to, your poor Son, yet, let me tell you, my Friend had an harder piece of service to do for me, he Husbanded the matter so as to save his Eyes, that he might be made a Prisoner. Oh Heavens! what an high piece of merit was this, he was grieved for my punishment, and yet wou'd not be releas'd. 'Tis he, that speaks a Prison to be a terrible thing, who is delivered from thence. Now the Chains would not stick to his body it was so lean, but they fell to his heels for very weight, his countenance was piteously disfigur'd and begrim'd, and the Tears, that he shed night and day, did smear his Face all over. I beseech you, my Lords, shew some pity, let not a Merit, that is so much above expectation, lose its Authority. Imagin us to be both Prisoners under your Eye, and that a Friend redeem'd one; a Mother, t'other. I beseech you, which of the Two did most? Good God! How greedily, how strongly did he catch up my Chains? By what urgent Prayers, did he even compel the Tyrant to believe him. Take, says he, these my

hands, and these *my Limbs*, that so, if possible, my *Friend* may be sent back to his *Mother*. I myself, if you think good, will undergo the full punishment for us *both*; or if you will have him to *return* after he is *discharg'd*, here's my *Neck*, hang me up, if he don't *return*, at whatever day you *your self* shall name. I call God and Man to Witness, every thing, that could be, was done to make my *poor Friend* repent his *Bargain*. The poor *Soul* was *thrown* down into a *dark* and *deep Dungeon*, he must be *laden*, says the *Pyrate*, with *double-irons*, seeing he is so *good* a *Friend*. And presently the *worst* of the *Felons* were thrust down into the same *Hole*; and ever and anon, he was *taunted* with *this mock*; What! *Will you buy your Friend at so dear a rate*? Yet still, *this* was his *note*, *this* was the poor *Mans* constant *Groan*, Torture me with *Fire*, with red-hot *Pincers*, tear me in *pieces*, yet, I'll *warrant* ye, he'll *return*. Pity me, dear *Mother*, 'tis an *extraordinary* matter I am *speaking* of, now. I left my *Friend* at *hard dispute* with the *Tyrant*. Let all human *affections* excuse me, and you, *Mother*, above all, that I *suffered* such *horrid* things to be done. What! Could there be ever any *necessity* in *nature* so *urgent*, that I myself must *throw* such a *Friend*, as he was, into a *Prison*? That I should *put off* my *begrimed-ness* and my *Fetters*, and *put 'm* upon him, that was in as much *post-haste* to *receive 'm*? That I should appoint so *short* a day for my *return*, notwithstanding the *many* *uncertainties* of my *Voyage*? I appeal to my *own* poor *Conscience*, and to *that Deity* too, if there were any such

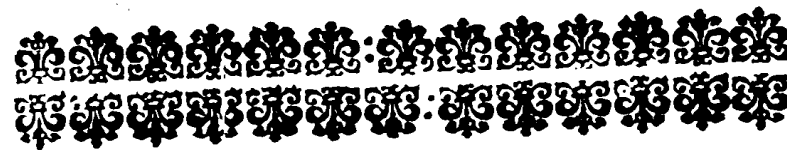
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present in that *ruful instant*, how much we *quarrell'd* about my *Chains*, and how I did *all* that ever I cou'd, that, of the *Two*, he might rather *return* to my *Mother*. I confess, *my Lords*, there was but one *modest* thought that *overcame* me, and that was, if I had not *accepted* the *Courtesie* of my *Friend*, tho' *accompanied* with so much *difficulty*, he would have thought I had not *believ'd* him. Pity me, dear *Mother*, that you may not think me *discharged*, I have *Imprison'd* my *second self*. Those are the *Chains*, which gripe my *Limbs*, which bind me fast, notwithstanding the *vast Sea*, and *huge* distance of *Land*, between us. This is a *Prison*, that I cannot *break*! I envy the *cunning Tyrant*, he knows how to keep *both* of us in *Prison*, he knows how to *fetter* even *him*, too, that he has *releas'd*. I must needs *cry out*, *again* and *again*, 'twas I, that *clap't* my *Friend* in *Irons*; and, that I might have *liberty* to see you, another *Man* was *punish'd* for me. I know, with what *spirit* my *Friend* did *this*; but as for me, I carry'd *my self*, as if I would *never* have *returned*. Let me ask you, *Good Mother*, I say, let me ask your *impatient affection*, if *some* of the *Barbarous Halberdiers* or *Prison-Keepers* had brought me back in *Irons*, to see you? Would you have taken any *comfort* either to *see* or to *embrace* me? Don't mistake your self, as if I am now *return'd* to you, upon *easier* and *slighter terms*? What made him, think you, *dismiss* me, to go *whither* I *pleas'd*? I tell you, the *Cruel Sophister* knew well enough, that he had prevented us, so that we *could* not *cozen* him, if we had a *mind* to't. Therefore, my *Mothers* *Plea*, that she is *blind*, is *needless* in this *Case*. That she

ag-

aggravates things against me upon account of the loss of her *Eyes*, pray don't think it a sufficient *Cause* to detain me; for, if she had her *sight*, she would strive to keep me at home, *still*. 'Tis not the *Blind Mother*, than can't endure *this*, but the very *Mother*; sometimes indeed, *distress* makes a *Mother* unable to bear the *Absence* of her *Son*. Now, *my Lords*, if, in my opinion, my *Friend* be not inferior to my *Mother*, either in his *Love* to, or *Desert* from me, what should your *Justice* consider more, than *which* of *them* would be the *Greatest Sufferer*? My *Mother* hath *sated* her *Grief* already, she hath *spent* all her *Passion*, her *vehemency* is *cool'd*; now she hath *lost* her *Eyes*, how can she *desire* her *Son's* presence? Besides, this her *misfortune*, whatever it be, *befals* her amongst her *own Friends* and *Kindred*, tho' she be *weak*, yet she hath all her *Servants* about her, to make her *broth*, and to do all other necessary *Offices*. Would you know, how much *more intolerable* 'tis, that my *Friend* suffers? Judg of it by *this*, it cost you your *Eyes*, when you did but *hear*, I was so *badly used* in a *Goal*; but *he* must be contented with *those scraps* or *none*, that his very *Executioner*, and his *Tormentor*, sets before him.

Venenum



Venenum Effusum,

O R,

Poyson spilt on the ground.

DECLAMATION XVII.

The Argument.

There was a Gentleman, that entred Three Actions in Court against his Son, that he might have leave to Renounce and Disinherit him; but was Cast in them all. One day he found him tampering a certain Medicine in a private part of his House; and ask'd him, What it was, and for Whom
he

he had prepar'd it: His Son answer'd him, 'twas Poyson, and that he intended to put an end to his own life by taking it off: His Father hearing this, commands him to drink it; but he, instead of drinking it, spilt it on the ground; whereupon his Father accuses him of an intended Parricide.

For

For the Son against the Father.

WEary as I am, my Lords, with the different burries of my woful mind, my grief being the same in each of them, whilest that which pushes me on, does likewise pluck me back from every frame of Spirit I am in, so that I cannot endure either to be so hardy as to live, or so desperate as to dye; yet I humbly beg this in the first place of your Lordships Clemency, (which I have already had so much experience of) that you wou'd not wonder to see me unresolv'd what to do, when so many sad distresses do press me on every side; so that by reason of my Misery, I can find no better Remedy, than to dye; and by reason of my Innocency, no better Expedient than to live. Therefore, my Lords, seeing I am accused upon both accounts, in such a new and unusual kind of Action, how shall I sufficiently bewail or lament my Calamity? 'Tis true, I was a Person willing to make away my self in secret, and it had almost Kill'd me out-right, that my Father chopt in upon me on a sudden. You see him yet quarrelling with me, as he did when we were in that close Room, where he found me. Whatever doth not destroy, and bring me
to

to my Grave, he calls Contumacy; so little doth he respect my *absolution*, or my *Life*. After this, who can make any *doubt*, with what intent he bid me drink the *Poyson*, seeing he calls it *Parricide*, that I did not drink it? No Question, he wou'd ha' let me ha' taken it all off, if I had been willing. I beseech you therefore, my Lords, look narrowly into the Cause of this present *Suit*. Do you think my Father objects *Parricide* to me, upon his own account? No, he is even cut to the heart, he frets, he is tormented that I am *alive*. For this is that he can't endure to hear of; that he commanded me to kill my self, and yet could not compel me thereto; he knows, it was *Wickedness* in him to command it, if it were *Innocence* in me to refuse it. This is a great piece of *Cruelty* in him, he defends and excuses himself from any odious reflection by my crimes, and that you might not hate that word (*Parricide*) as if the deed had been done, he substitutes a *miserable* for a *bad Father*. My Lords, this is the rage of his *Impiety*, now he is found out. No Father would ever have his Son seem *innocent*, if he has a mind to destroy him.

My Lords, I humbly beseech this also of your publick *Wisdoms*, that none of you would imagine I was not peremptorily resolv'd to dye. As yet I make my defence at the rate of my former *Constancy*; but if I get the better in the *Suit*, then I stand upon another Foot; I stand firmer as *accus'd*, than I shall be, if *acquitted*. For then only I shall not be able to bear my calamity, when it begins to appear, that I am only

only *miserable* not *innocent*. 'Tis well for me, that my Father su's me again at Law, he occasions me thereby to plead my *Innocent Cause*, and he does me the *Favour*, to make me think my death had been lost, if I had drank the *Poyson*. If my Father repents, that he bid me drink off the *Poyson*, I can't abide that I spilt it. Tho' therefore the *Merciless Old Man* endeavours to confound publick *Affections*, by changing the nature and kind of his Complaint, yet we are no new *Customers*, we have been *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* before, nor hath the late *immanity* of his impious *Suit* discharged us? *Parricide* in an old accusation with him. 'Tis just so, my Lords, 'tis just so, 'tis a long time ago, since I was indicted as the *veriest Villain* in the World. So that the first *Churlish unnaturalness* of my Father did endeavour to blast me. And now, tho' you have already commanded him to desist and give over, yet this is the Man, that will trouble your Lordships still, tho' he be cast never so many times, yet he's at it again. He is deceiv'd that thinks the *Old Mans disposition* will be tyred out and made to endure it. No, a Father, that cou'd not prevail in Law to disinherit his Son, had rather have him found *Guldy* than *Acquitted*. A Mans own Parents, when they are cast in their Suits, are the most pertinacious *Accusers* of all; they'll never give over. Whilst you maintain the *Authority* of your Power strongly by *imperious* affections, and, lest you should confess your shame or penitence, do vindicate error by calumny, this addition is made to my calamity, that I was

acquitted thrice. For when the Old Man found that his *spight* against me was *successless* the very first *Tryal* he had; he cou'd not abide I should be turn'd back upon him, against his *Will*; and because your Lordships would not give way, he should *legally* *disinberit* me, yet he was stiff in his *resolution* still, to *desire* to do it. He kept up his *belief*, that it wou'd be for his *advantage*, if he persisted in his unjust *Complaints*; and he hop'd that by his common *barretting* against me, People at last would be *weary* of *pitying* me. What should I do in *this* Case? My *Innocence* being *sp'd* out as it were, whither should I turn my self? 'Twas not *convenient*, I should leave the *House*, for then I should seem to have *own'd*, *what* your Lordships wou'd not believe; nor could I well stay at home, for he threatned me with another *Set* of *miserics*, for now he seem'd to *bate* me with such an additional *eagerness*, as he shew'd towards you for my sake. At last, *poor* Man, I took pity on my self, and on my *Father* too, for seeing I foresaw by what was *past*, that he would be at *variance* with me as long as I *liv'd*, I confess I catcht at every opportunity, which seem'd to me to *exasperate* my present State, to beseech his favour till I *dy'd*; and I found out *this* as the *last* Expedient I had for it, that seeing I was willing to dye for *honour* and *reverence* of him, he would at last cease *bating* me, even as if I had gon out of the way till his *rage* was over. That *Son* can have no other Exit but *death* only, that can neither be

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reconciled to his *Father*, nor yet be *disinberited* by him.

There was a *private* Room in our *House*, into which, when I was *Accused*, I us'd always to *retire myself*, and when I was *Acquitted* in Court, I did the same; *here*, and no where else, I had *liberty* to make my *Complaints* and shed my *Tears*. Yet, let me tell you, I went not into it, as if I could *deceive* the *watchful* *Guard* my *Father* set upon me, for alas, 'twas not possible to find out any *place* at all, where his *Spyes*, that *studied* to take even the *least* advantage against me, could not find me out? But as *those* Persons do, who are *resolved* to *dye*, I *separated* my self, out of *modesty* not out of *wrath*, from all things that might have *diverted* me from my *purpose*. For, to tell you the *truth*, I never lik'd a *quarrellsome* and *noisy* Exit out of the *World*; nor such as would leave any *reflection* upon *others* behind it. But what have I to do with this *extraordinary simplicity* of *Innocence*? He that prepares *Poyson* for *himself* to drink, never thinks it *possible* that he can be *discovered*. Here, *poor* Man, considering all things, within and without, I will not deny, but I *stuck* a little at that *Fatal* business of *dying*; I confess, I us'd some *cunctation* and *delay*, for a *good* *Conscience* covets not an *hasty* death; neither do *such* Persons run *headlong* to their *Graves*, who *dye* only out of *Pity* to themselves. My *Soul*, being wholly fix't on the *Contemplation* of *Death*, was *taking* its *flight* by *secret* *complaints*; and when I was about to drink the *Potion*, that was to give me my *Farewel* from the *World*, my *mind* was *inwardly* *pondering* upon my compleat *Innocence*.

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When lo, my Father rush'd in upon my *Privacy*, tho' I had fill'd the Room full enough with the *Impatient moans* of a *dying Man*; I believe he was guided to the place, by the *noise* of my *Groanings* and *Tears*. My Lords, he can't seem to have *suspected* any thing of *Parricide*: He that put the *Question* to me, what I was a *pounding*, and for *whom* I was preparing it, must needs be ignorant of both. I tell you plainly, my Lords, *dying Men* can't counterfeit; and nothing more harmlessly innocent, than a *Soul* that's ready to part from the *Body*. At the sudden rushing in of my Father, I confess, I was somewhat *astonish'd*, but not as *Criminals* are, when they are *surprised*; if I had held my peace, my *Countenance* was not pale at all, nor did any guilty trembling betray me; nor did I *stumble* or *falter* in my *Answers* or *Excuses*, as *Offenders*, when they are *questioned*, use to do: But, when my Father, with his sudden *Question*, made me *start* and *look* about me, What are you *Compounding*, says he, and for whom? I Answered him truly, without any hesitation or *stop* in the least, Sir, said I, I have a mind to put an *End* to my own *Life*: and I confess'd as truly, that 'twas *Poyson*, I was a *tampering*. Is there any Father, my Lords, that is *unwilling* his Son should *Poyson* himself, and yet believes him, that he will? Who, would believe him, tho' he says it himself? If a Father find his Son *tampering* with *Poyson*, methinks he should ha' spilt it himself rather; but he stood *stock still*, fearless and *buffy*, tho' he saw he was like to lose his Son, and tho' I was *resolv'd* and had *threatned* to *destroy* my self therewith, yet he would make

me

me *gulp* it down presently. Drink it, says he, or Ple pour it down thy *Throat*. After such a word as that, my Lords, could any body expect, that I should immediately obey him? If I had don so, I had been gon for ever. Here, O ye Heavens, and hearken O Earth, what, after three *Abdications* and as many *Complaints*, tho' they were all disappointed by the *Wisdom* of your Lordships, what, I say, my Father, like a wild hair-brain'd Man, tells the *World*; Oh. says he, my Son is a *Savage* Fellow, he is a cruel *Parricide*; he would not drink *Poyson*, when I bad him. This is all my *Offence*, forsooth, that I am alive, that I answer him at *Law*, that I decline not to be tryed by the *Court*, that I do not fly for't. Now I don't wonder, what 'tis, that makes him fret so impatiently for the disappointment of his *Cruelty*, besides his joy for my loss, wherein he was disappointed too; 'tis this, he hop'd to *destroy* me with my own *Poyson*.

But because he thinks, he hath found out an *Art* to make you believe, that tho' he was cast in his former *Actions*, yet new *Causes* of *Grievance* may bear more weight in *Court*, he hath therefore devised unusual *Methods*. As ever I desire to live any longer, I deny the *Crime*, he objects against me, with the same plain-heartedness and integrity, as I confess'd concerning the *Poyson*. You accuse me of *Parricide*, forsooth. Sir, you have cut me off from this part of my defence, to cry out in this place, 'tis impossible such a thing should ever be. I know how much difficulty it adds to my defence, that long since you have forgot paternal duty to your Child in your own House, but

E e 2

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'tis plainly evident, *which* of us *two* is more prone to *Impiety*, and *which* of us had rather *live*, let t'other be never so much in *distress*. For your part, Sir, you are every day *beating* at your only Son, to cast him out of doors; you wou'd be glad to see him an *errant Beggar* and a very *Tatterdemallion*, with all your heart. As for me, I *kiss* those hands, that *throw* me out into the *street*, I *cling* about the *knees* and *legs* of him that wou'd *kick* and *spurn* me; and to a *Father*, that *hates* me so *mortally*, I cou'd ha' no reason to *return*, but my *extraordinary Love*. Perhaps, Sir, the *Authority* of your *paternal Name* might have *carry'd* the *point* against me, if *this* had been your *first Action*, about the *Poyson*: But you have *spent* already all those *Pleas*, which may *defend Fathers* from any *suspicion* of *Wickedness*. A *Father* cannot believe any *Child* of his will be *guilty* of *Parricide*, unless it be *such* an one, that he *himself* is as *willing* to *destroy*. Truly, *Father*, if any body should ask me concerning the *simple* and *honest* ground of my *unhappy* opinion, I have *this* to say, that I believe it impossible you would ever *destroy* me, but with a *Poyson* of my *own Brewing*. But a *Villany*, which is *hardly* to be *believ'd* in any *relation* at all, is yet, I think, much more *difficult* for a *Child* to act. You, *Fathers*, can *hurry* your *Children* to their *Graves*, upon the account of your *Authority*; to *Murder* a *Child* with you, is but a point of *Gravity*; you *disinberit* 'm to *make* them *better*, forsooth: The *rest* of your *Childrens punishments*, you *vayle* under the name of *reasonable Corrections*; and all your *rigid hard-heartedness* you *guild* with a *softer Appellation*.

We,

We, *Children*, can't so much as *conceive* so *horrid* a *Villany* in our *minds*, let our *circumstances* be *what* they *will*, either *happy* or *miserable*. Necessities, even the *greatest* that are, cannot *drive* us to so *high* a *wickedness*. All *Grief* and all *Passion* flags, before it comes to such *desperate attempts*. And, Oh *Heavens*! Is it not much more *difficult* to be *committed* without a *Complice*, without an *Assistant*, when the *whole* of the *Villany* must be *intirely perpetrated*, only by the *Sons hand* and *heart*? Besides, pray consider what *horror* such an *Immanity* would *strike* into a *Man*, to say, *You wou'd have kill'd your Father*. Such an *Accusation* receives *strength* only from *this*, that he who is *catch'd* attempting it, must needs be *put to death*.

That you may *know*, says he, *What* I now *lay* to his charge is true, I had a *mind* to *disinberit* him *before*. Pray, *Father*, don't think to make your *obstinacy* in *complaining*, as any kind of *Proof* against me. You, when you say, *My Son wou'd have Murdered me*, think, that you *raise* an *Odi-um* upon your former *Judges*, and cry out, You, forsooth, were *too easie*, you were *too merciful*, you *sent home* my *Son* to me back again. But 'tis most *unjust*, that an *Action* of *disinberison*, which could not *prevail* for *itself*, should procure *credit* to a *greater Crime*. This is not the *first time*, that my *modesty* hath been *tryed* in *Court*; nor is this the *first Suit* that hath been *commenc'd* against me, upon the account of the *precedent* part of my *life*; 'Tis true, that *Mans Innocence* is more *happy*, that *never* comes under *suspicion*, but it is made more *sure* and *unquestionable*, when it has

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stood

stood a Tryal at Law. And as much Infamy as Objections do raise upon a Man, while they are under a probability of proof, so, when they are once clear'd and answer'd, they procure him as much credit. What! De' think, I got the better of my Father in my Suit, upon the account of Favour; and that I overbrow him by my Authority amongst Old Men, Grave Elders and Parents? Let them look to it, who are so Indulgent to themselves in their Distresses, that they think Favour and Mercy must be shew'd to them: But a Son, that is accus'd by his own Father, can no ways prevail over him, but by the Merits of his Cause. Yet, in earnest, let us grant, that in your first Action to disinherit me, you did not spend all your stock of grief, but you were over-modest, forsooth, to complain of all my faults, nor could your paternal Piety in your Old Age call'm all to mind, yet, I trow, your second Actions will make sure work, even to over-measure? You are return'd to Court, now the Judges are angry? With how great terrour were all the Spectators struck, when they saw you so shameless, that after you had been so often beaten, you wou'd again come into the Pit? Grief always grows more eager, after a shameful repulse. Yea, the Judges will brow-beat those more, who come under their cognizance a second time. How many doth the Authority from the dissimilitude of the decision please, and does not the contrary sentence seem the more severe? But the third Suit, Oh Heavens! What a Clutter did it make; What an Expectation did it raise? For my part, I wonder I had any leave given me to make any defence at all, that in the

Iron.

the very first bubblub, my Brains, had not been knock'd out? After all this, pray, what new Crime can my Father object against me? I am grown Old in a well-regulated Government, I have nothing in my manners or conversation, but the Judges know it better than myself. I beseech you, is such a thing possible in nature, that, he, which will be a Parricide hereafter, should shew no symptoms of it, before-hand? A Villany, so notorious and immane, does it not use to be ushered in by some puny Offences, as Harbingers thereunto? That savageness, that is to be expiated by the * Culeus and by Serpents, what, can it lurk under a pleasing frame of Spirit in ones Youth? 'Tis another sort of miserable Persons, that the Clemency and Favour of the Court doth relieve. Those Persons acquitted me, that knew, 'twould do me no good, that I was not disinherited. Therefore, tho' you cry out, I accus'd thee ever and anon, I complain'd against thee many a time, I would have disinherited thee, thrice; yet all this ought to do no more, than make you not to be believed, if you levy any new Objections against me. For 'tis a plain non-sequitur, good Father, that you should accuse me of what you yourself are guilty; and I must be an Offender, forsooth, because you judge of me by your own naughty self. 'Tis not all your severity, nor your Cruelty, nor your Terrour, can make me a Parricide; To make me guilty of so great a Crime, you must not bring your own Passion but my Conversation in Evidence; not your grief, but the frame of my spirit. Men are exasperated less, and they hate less, on the account of other injuries.

* The Culeus was a leathern sack, where in a Parricide, after cruel scourgings was to be sewed, amongst the Romans, together with Serpents, and afterwards an Ape, and some other living Creatures, and so thrown in to the Sea.

ries. The revenge of a Son, that's Innocent, is only to kill himself.

But if it be evident, that there was nothing at that time in my Conversation, that might give any ground of suspicion of Parricide, let us consider then what Cause might afterward arise. Let me here propound a Question to your Lordships, Who, in such circumstances, ought to have had a greater regard to Innocency, than myself? I got the better of my Father, it was then a duty incumbent upon me, with might and main, to keep my self in your Lordships good Graces, and to study how to reward my Counsellours, and to pay you your due, by whose favour I can boldly return home; and by whose means I am not afraid of any sudden mishap, or malignant fate, from my Father. 'Tis past all belief, that Three Acquittals in Court should prove me Innocent, and yet make me a Parricide too. Besides, dear Father, my very Casting of you in your Action, how jealous and how fearful doth it make me? Do I not know, that, alloon as I return'd, the whole House had a watchful and an ill eye upon me; that I live amongst Pick-thanks, who curry Favour with you, by telling Lyes and Stories of their own deviling, upon me? But you'll say, perhaps, I may be hurried on to such a Villany, because I hope to get something by your death. But alas? Do I not know, that tho' I am sent home upon the account of such another Wickedness, yet I am as much hated by you, as ever? I beseech you, with what confidence can I undertake such a mischievous Exploit, seeing I have been so often accused of it before, and pointed at as it were, by the Complaint of my Father? What

Plea

Plea and Apology can I hope to make for my Parricide? I could make no defence at all, if you had drank the Poyson. Suppose I had a mind to Murder my Father, suppose I had Cause so to do; yet how should I have an opportunity; or how, the Confidence to attempt it? I cannot so much as dye, but that I must be found out. Can I prepare Poyson, that have no Assistant, nor no Complice, to help to Administer it? The Journey-men despise me, the Apprentices set me at nought, they avoid my company, they shun my discourse, they pretend they hate me, out of the Love they bear to you. Pray tell me, de' think it possible, that I can Administer it, myself? For I, forsooth, may have easie access to you at all times, may I not? Let me tell you, let these hands of mine give you what they will, you'll say, 'tis nothing but Poyson. And what! Do I prepare such a Poyson as kills immediately, that seizes and flies out all of a sudden? How then can I make the least shadow of defence? Or, was it a slow Poyson, that wasts a Man by Inches, so that you can't presently cry out; nor can't immediately believe, that you have drank any Poyson, at all? I beseech you, tell me, for whom I prepared that Poyson, which I could give to none, but myself?

But, says he, even this shews thou hadst a Parricidal Intent, because thou hadst Poyson, by thee. I answer, my Lords, all those things that we have about us, whereby wicked attempts may be furthered, and which Mortals ordinarily turn to the worst use, yet nature hath not therefore put them in our power, only that we may use them, as the corrupt and guilty minds of some

Men

Men would have us ; no, the use of them is good or ill according to the *Intent* of their *Owner* ; All the good or hurt they do is, as it were, specified and comes from the *Conscience* of him, that possesses them. For, I beseech you, can you prove a Man a *Robber*, only because he has a *Sword* about him ? You know, Men that are asleep have *Swords* too, hanging by their *Beds-side*. If you search any *Traveller*, you'll find that *Fear* makes him carry some *Weapon* or other about him. The *Laws* don't forbid us to have, or to make provision of such things ; they do not prohibit the *Weapons themselves*, but they direct and regulate their use. Suppose, I should say, as if I

† He alludes to an Ancient Custom, in some Countries, where Poyson was allowed to be publickly sold, for Men in distress to make use of, to rid themselves out of the World.

were in the *Ruff* of all my prosperity, † I provided *Poyson*, that if any sudden hazard, if any weakness, pain, or unfore-teen distress should seize me, I might have it ready at hand, as my last refuge. You need not wonder, if I did so, who have flood a long time as *Fortunes Butt*, and who have almost wearied out all human Chances ; and against whom, my Father is brewing another *Attison*, tho' he hath been so often cast already. That *Son* has need to have death in his Power, whose own Father could ha' kill'd him, before.

Again, 'tis not credible, says he, that thou shouldst be willing to *Poyson* thyself, when thou wert *Acquitted* ; seeing thou wouldst not do it, when thou wert *Accused* only : I could tell you in answer, dear Father, I was willing to live, as long as I could conceive any probable hope, that you would at last have some pity upon me, that my woful plight might affect you, that my tears might mitigate you, and that my very paleness might

might overcome you ; but, pardon my *Innocence*, I had then need of a *pertinacious* and *stubborn* defence. I was willing to live, I say, that People might not report, after I was gon, that I was taken napping in the highest of Villanies, and that I hurried my self out of the World, that I might not bear the blowing of it. And that you your self might not proclaim over my dead Corps, You see I had cause to fear, 'twas not for nothing that I told you of *Poyson*, he had not the Confidence to live, to abide the Tryal. That you might not rail at me, when I am gon ; and make *Objections*, when I am not in a Condition, to answer. Yet I shall confess this Truth to you concerning my *Impatience*, I was not willing to dye when you would disinherit me, upon the same ground, that I would not drink the *Poyson* when you bad me. But, make your best, Sir, I say, again, make your best of my woful Confession, and because you could not glut your Eye with the sight, you may satisfy your Ears ; I confess, I was willing to dye : And, if you will, you may add this further jeer to my miseries, as to ask me, Why, pray, wou'd you renounce and cast me off ? What says *Natural Piety* to this ? Hath not my Grief a juster ground, than any bodily loss, or than the ruin of ones Estate ? My own Father hurries me to destruction : Doth not that one Speech contain all misery, in the Bowels of it ? Are not all woes summ'd up in that one Complaint. Perhaps, we may expect some end of other mishaps, but the hatred of Relations never cease. Alliances joyn'd together by bonds of nature, as by Kindred or Brother-hood, they can't be slackned or loosned, but they must be

be *overtrown*; those that from their very *rise* can scarce be *master'd* and *turn'd* to the better, and are hardned too in a *long* course of Wickedness, when they are allow'd, do not presently return back to their *former* course, but bending downwards draw all their *weight* and *strength*; by that very *vigor* they increased, when left to themselves, they grow up to the very *height* of *vice*. All the *difficulty* lies here, how a *Father* may begin not to *love* his *Son*, for if he once leap over that *Block*, then all the *rest* comes on *again*; and that which *bindred* him to *hate* at first, the same is a *bar* to the return of his *Love*: If *Children* and *Parents* are once *chang'd* in their *Affections*, at the same time the *Relation* is *cancell'd* between them. They are *happy*, who are *sensible* they have something to *correct* and *amend* within 'm. No *anger* of a *Father* with his own *Children* can cease, but that which is *grounded* on their *Faults*. What then shall I do, I have no *luxury* to *repent* off; nor no *petulancy* to *bewail*? And whose *Abdication* is *grounded* not on my own *Manners*, but my *Fathers*? In vain do you *comfort* me, in vain do you *sooth* me up, with *Honey-words*. A *Man*, whose *Father* never gives over *hating* him, his only *Issue* is, to *hate* himself. But alas! when I come to complain before a *Judg* in *Court*, 'tis but a small part of my *Grief*, I can utter: When I say, my *Father* *bates* me, I do as good as *proclaim* to all the *World*, that he counts *every* day a *Holy-day*, without me; that there's no *Mirth*, when I am by; that he never *comforts* me when I am *sad*; nor *ministers* to me, when I am *sick* and *weak*. If any *Man* can tell him of some *disaster*,
that

that hath *befallen* me; if any one do *rail* and *reproach* me behind my *back*, Who but *He* with my *Father*. If I am able to endure all this, you may well say, I *have* *deserv'd* it. There are some *Crosses*, whose very *continuance* makes us *patient* under them, which do *firm* and *harden* our *minds* by their *duration*. That a *Mans* *Father* *hates* him, 'tis a new *Tryal* every day. Perhaps when *Men* are *cross* one to another, their *natural* *grudges* less *affect* them, and 'tis some kind of *relief* to a *Man*, if he be *chid* to *chid* again; No *Son* can bear a *Fathers* *hatred*, but he, who returns *hate* for *hate*.

I, poor *unhappy* *Man*, my *Lords*, do ask you, yea I interrogate all *Mankind* in the *Case*, what would you have me to do? Without doubt the *Issue* of my *Suit* hath discharged me from my *Indictment*, seeing I am *acquitted*; and yet my *discharge* hath not taken me off from my *desire* to *dye*, it hath only *condemn'd* me to *live* still, if I please. For certain, my *Lords*, I had the *worst* of it when I was *acquitted*, and (which is the undeniable *weakness* of a *troubled* *Soul*) I *fainted* under a *piteous* kind of *Happiness*. When I returned home, pray tell me, how I shall order my *Looks*, and how, my *Spirit*? *Joy* is not fit for me, for my *Mirth* does *exasperate*: If I am *sad*, then my *Melancholy* offends: If I seek for an opportunity to *discourse*, than I am *bated*, as an *arrogant* *Insultor*. If I come near, he tells me, I am an *Eye-sore* to him; if I go farther off, then, forsooth, I *despise* and *seight* him. How long shall I have the better of 't? 'Tis plain, they can't be cur'd by *Suits* of *disinberison*, who do not present-ly

ly give up the bucklers, but stand upon the strict terms of their Innocence; my Father was not cast, now was I acquitted, when I came home, for no body loves me, no body shews any respect to me, there: I can now go to none, but the blind and dark corners of the House. I put not off, nor lay aside my nasty weeds, I think upon my Old Father every day, as if he had as accusing a Face, as ever. I am jealous what to do, what to speak, or how to look, and (which is the cursed'st kind of care, than can be) I am fain to set a Guard on my self. Now, Sir, you have sated me, I say, you have sated me with Life. And whereas even happy Persons are glutted with the continuance of too much prosperity, what an irksomness do you brew for me, to tire me out in my Misery? My Age is spent in Tears and Prayers, I pass the day in slavery, and the Night in anxieties. What doth my Innocency hold forth to, ballance such undeserved and burthensome things? That Son ought to be dismembered, that his Father hates, if he be guilty; and he ought to dye if he bate him, being innocent.

But, says my Father, grant that we believe, you were willing to dye, why must you chuse Poyson, above all, to do the Feat? Truly, Father, you may make the like-quarrel with a dying Man, let him chuse what Death he pleases; and because Nature has been so good, as to allow us several ways of Exit out of this Miserable World, you may as well find fault with whatever of them, a Man please to chuse. Thus if I had fallen on a naked sword to kill my self, then you wou'd ha' cryed out, Why had you not made use of Poyson,

son, rather? But nothing is more nice, than such an Exit, that is not occasioned by legal Punishment or by Fear, but proceeds from weakness of Spirit, grounded on the Miseries of Life. For my part, I have a greater and a more particular kindness for a death by Poyson, than any other way: It sheds no Blood; it does not leave the Corps dismal and gashly to look upon; 'tis a quiet, and an easie kind of death. O thou most ungrateful of all Aged Fathers, I took care in dying so, that no body else might have been thought to ha' kill'd me. And now, I think, Father, I have got you at a lock, I make bold to interrogate you. What! Can I be a Parricide, who brought Poyson into your House unprepar'd, as 'twere in the Oar, and such as had need of Compounding, still; and that must have a great deal more don to it, before it can be administred? Can I be a Parricide, that seek to hide my self in your own House, that answered you so plainly and so readily about a Poison, that you knew nothing of before, and which no body had complain'd to you about? I got me to a room into the middle of the House; I set no body, to watch at the door, to keep folks out; I car'd not who passed by, I shut out no Comers at all. I beseech you, are these signs that I would have Murthered you, and not rather, that I would ha' kill'd myself. If I had prepared the Poyson for you, you wou'd ha' found it hid close in some hole or corner, you would have found me astonish'd about it, and as pale as a Clout, my words would have been broken, my sighs trembling, and to be sure I should ha' denyed it. If a real Parricide had been catch'd, he

he would ha' spilt the Poyson, that he might not have *confess'd* it.

But why then, says he, if you had *provided* it for yourself, would you not *drink* it off? I'll answer you, *Father*, in brief, and according to the condition of human Nature: There is nothing else in the power of the Miserable, but to be willing to dye. Yet when I say, I am willing to dye, I do not say, I must of necessity dye immediately. I answer according to my own resolution, I do not promise what Fate will do. Do you wonder, that tho' I have Poyson ready at hand, yet many things may fall out between the Cup and the Lip? We see sometime a Man is run quite thorough the body with a Sword, and his very Life despair'd of, and yet he miraculously recovers. Some Men have had the Rope about their Necks, and yet either the nooze ha's slippt, or the very Fall of their bodies has broken it; when others have been to be thrown down a Precipice, the very spring of their bodies has freed them. 'Tis as fit, he should not dye that is willing, as that we dye against our wills. But I had rather deal with you by plain reason, as I have begun. There is nothing, *Father*, that consists so much in an Impetus or Effort, as to be willing to dye. And Nature knows nothing more impatient, than the Passion of a dying Man. If you wou'd retain this, 'tis sufficient that you are willing to dye; he that takes away the ardour of death from a Man, takes away the reason of it too. He that chops in upon a Man, in that case, interrupts and breaks off his eagerness; he that doth but speak two words to him doth divert and hinder him. Every minutes stop
doth

doth as it were supplicate for Life. And therefore 'twas, to deal plainly with you, that I chose such a private place to do my business in. The least thing in the World will trouble a Man, when he dyes through weakness; and the smallest causes of all do make that death displeasing, which a poor Mans Innocency persuades him too. What if one should step in, that would rejoyce at it? What if he thinks to revenge it? If he be an Eye-witness, that should be grudg'd such a sight? Then presently, forsooth, his arrogant Life will be blamed, and his contumacious grief will disagree with his death, when 'tis found out. You don't know how much hesitation you occasion, while you interrogate me, and force me to answer you. And he that thou makest to give thee an Answer, thou givest him opportunity to abide another Suit, and to make another Plea. As for me, at that time all manner of Passions seized upon me at once, as Indignation, filial duty, paternal reverence, and grief. I can dye for my Father, but I cannot dye before him. Add hereto, your peremptory words, Drink it. In earnest, if when I had been wounded and panting for Life, you had commanded me to thrust the Sword further in, I would have shut up my Wounds, and laboured to keep in my departing Soul; if you had bid me hang my self in a Halter, ready prepar'd, I wou'd have endeavoured to have broke the rope and leap down; if when I was running in post hast to throw my self down a Precipice, and you did lay no hands on me to pull me back, I would have directed my course to the Champain of my own accord. 'Twas with great reason, O my
F f Soul,

Soul, that thou didst long for *secrecy* and *solitude*. But in comes a *Father*, and now I am *undone*, my *eagerness* to perfect my *death* is at an end, and he *discharges* me of a double *Passion*; for I ought not to *dye*, if he *forbid* it; and I cannot *dye*, if he *command* it. Off with it, says he. But stay, the *poysonous Drug* is not yet put into the *draught*; but you *apprehend* me for the nonce, because I was yet but a *pounding* it. Alas, *Father*, there are many things to be done, before I *drink* it, I must call *fast* all the *Slaves* together, and then all the *Liberti* or *Journey-men*, I must make my moan to 'em, I must *complain*, I must leave them something *in charge*, I must make my *defence*. Drink it off! At the tail of that word I thought you had added, now thou art *catch'd*, now thou art *non-plust*, let's away to the Court. Drink it off, say you! Perhaps, Sir, you *bid* me do it, as if I *denied* it to be *Poyson*. My Lords, let me ask you as if you had been present in that secret *apartment*, what *frame* of Spirit, what *courage*, de^r think I could have, after such a word as that? 'Tis my *Accuser* that says it, 'tis he says it, that was *cast* before, he says it in *secret*, he says it so that he might have *denied* it, if I had *taken* it off at his *bidding*. Take it off! Sir, Ple do it with all my *heart*, and I provided it for no other purpose but *that*, but you, with your *grey-hairs*, are so over-eager upon me, that you have quite *chang'd* my mind. Drink it off, say you! What *else* have you now to do, but to pull my *Chops* *asunder*, if I *refuse* so to do, as you *bid* me? Or, that you *pour* it down my *throat*, even tho' I lift up both my hands to *oppose* you? In this *struggle*, I had e'ne quite forgot, what

what I had *resolved* to do, I had forgot what I was *preparing*. I saw, you look'd so *fierce* upon me the first word you spake; and your very countenance was so *bent* and *set* upon *accusing* me of *Paricide*, that I e'ne thought you had bid me drink *Poyson*, even of your own *brewing*. You did not know the way, *Father*, I say again, you did not know the way, how to *keep* up my *pertinacious* resolutions. When your *Son* was resolv'd to *dye* for your sake in a *Corner*, you, forsooth, must *find* him out. What, will he *kill* himself? Do you forbid him; pluck the *Cup* out of his hand, that he may not take down or drink the *Fatal* dose. Cry out, O thou *rash* Fellow, what art thou *doing*? Hold thy hand, now I am *angry* with thee no longer, now we are *perfect* *Friends* again. Yet Ple make *hast* to do the *Do*, that my *Ears* may carry this *sound* along with them, and that my *Eyes* may be somewhat *pleased* with your *Impatience*. You may *impute* it to *yourself*, that you have retorted upon me, and that you have made me *forget* all my *solemn* *vows* to *destroy* myself. An *Innocent* Man can *dye* with more ease, if he be *desired* to live. Oh *Heavens*! Into what *stubbornness* of Spirit, into what *fiery* quarrellous *humour* did you cast me, when you said to me, Drink it off. I could hardly tell, whether 'twere *best* live or *dye*. Poor *heart*, I was almost *beside* my self, I was *astonished* at such an *unexpected* *Command*, I stood *stock* still as one quite *stupid*, without any power so much as to *deny* it, so *amazed* and *transported* was I, so that I had almost *kill'd* my self another way. For certain there is nothing more *surprising* than *sudden* and *unthought* of *grief*,

for when our minds are already weakned with striving against our *miserics*, when new *onsets* come, they quite undo us. After this I could not find *words* to make my *complaint*, nor had I a *vent* for *Tears*. It suffices for no undertaking, to dye at another *Mans* pleasure, and with his own *Poyson*. Tho' therefore you *ply* me with a *bundle* of new *Indictments*, yet it *repents* me not, I say it *repents* me not, to have slackned that *ardour* and *eagerness* to dye: I did dye as a *Parricide*. My *Father*, who *complains* I did not drink it, would now say, he was *taken* in the *Fact*, he cannot deny it. I should now be addicated *three times*, and he would urge, that I *dar'd* not for my *ears* return into the *Court* again. 'Twas well that I spilt the *Poyson*, as if I had a *mind* to *live* again. That *Poyson* that is found out in *secret*, no Man ever will be thought to drink it, because he had *provided* it for *himself*. You'l say *now* perhaps, That I would not have *suffered* you, if you had *shew'd* yourself *willing* to *drink* it; and you *prove* it, since *that*, by a very good *Argument*, forsooth: You seek my *Life*, even *now*. You *wou'd* not have *suffered* it! Pray, did you ever *lay hands* upon me to hinder me? You might as easily have done *that*, as to *bid* me *drink* it. You *would* not ha' *suffered* it, wou'd ye! And further, you were not *afraid*, lest even the *sense* I had of your *Command* should raise up in me a desire to *destroy* my self. 'Tis a *Crime* in me, if I dye, that it may be *questioned* afterwards, whether you wou'd ha' kill'd me or no? Tho' you, *forsooth*, endeavour to take off the *Odium* of that *word*, by pretending another *Frame* of *Spirit*, yet the *very Experiment*

shews

shews a *Murtherous Intent*. Nor is there any great *difference* in point of *Cruelty*, whether you *suffer* a thing to be done, or *essay* to do it your self. That *Father* will never be *moved* with the *actual* death of his *Son*, that is not moved with his *readiness* to dye.

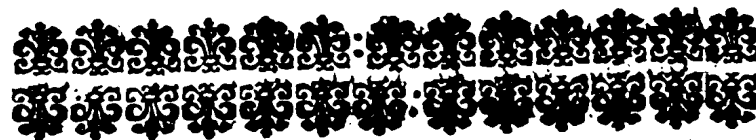
My *Lords*, what shall I now do to his *pertinacious* rigor? To what kind of *Mould* of *Patience*, shall I *cast* myself? You see a Man, that no posture at all of my *Spirit* can change; he takes offence at my *constancy*, and he is as much offended with my *soft-heartedness* and *infirmity*. If I am willing to *live*, he takes me by *head* and *shoulders* and *throws* me out of *doors*: If I endeavour to dye, then he *stops* and *vexes* me. Yea perhaps, he hath *prepared* and *invented* something against me, even this *very* day, if your *Lordships Clemency* should be willing to *releive* me. What *end*, what *issue* is there of my *unspeakable miseries*? Of a *Son* that was *Acquitted*, he has made me *willing* to dye; of a *Son*, that was a *dying*, he has made me willing to *live*. But, with what *Motives* and with what *Prayers* shall I make my *Address* to your most upright *Lordships*? Your poor *unhappy Client*, your thrice acquitted *Defendant*, is forbid so much as to *shed* a *Tear*. He has not so much *Favour*, as to fall down at your *Feet* so often; he hath *wearied* out your *Compassion* already, and yet he brings before a *new pressing* Grievance. O death! who standest always *aloof* of from the *Miserable*, who *stoppest* thy *Ears* to those that *desire* thy *Company*, When wilt thou *relieve* me? Wo is me, poor *Yousb*, I have lost the fruit of my *Poyson*. And yet, *Father*, seeing I have put you

F f 3

at

at least in some kind of *hope*, pray don't wholly *despair*. But before I am *dead* and *buried*, take some comfort in this *Speech* of mine, *You have overbrought me at Law*. 'Tis true, I know not yet what other kind of *death* I shall *chuse*, or whether it were best for me to get any more of that unlucky *Poyson*. But this, I proclaim, and beseech, that which way soever I resolve to go out of the *World*, take so much *pity* of me, as not to *command* me; take so much *pity*, as not to *enforce* me. Your *Groans* and your *Tears* wou'd kill me a great deal *sooner*. And that you may not think I have forgot *that word*, you uttered to me in *secret*, I tell you, tho' I cou'd not drink the *Poyson* at your *bidding*, yet your very *bidding* of me to do, will one time or other most *certainly* be my *Death*.

Infam-



Infamis in Matrem,

O R,

*A Son accus'd of Incest with
his own Mother.*

DECLAMATION XVIII.

The Argument.

The Law allows an Action against an Husband for Ill-treating and Abusing of his Wife. The Case, There was a Gentleman that had a Son, buxsome and beautiful, who he suspected was naught with

F f 4

his

I lov'd my Son with a *maternal-affection*, whose *Childish* years, and *mind* that never knew what *Marriage* meant, were never bespotted with the *Infamy* of *Lust*; to whom the most *brassen-fac'd* Report that *ever* was, and the *suspicious* Husband in the *whole* World, could never object any thing but that *only* Title of *Son*; That which was the first faithful *Testimony* of my *Nuptial Chastity*, I brought forth a *Son* that my very *Husband* own'd to be *his*, nor was I afraid, lest the countenance of the *Infant* at *first*, nor any *likeness* growing up afterwards, should discover any *stol'n* or *unlawful* Copulation. Alloon as ever he was *born*, (if you will but *believe* a *poor* Mother) she *hugg'd* him more *affectionately*, than *Mothers* ordinarily use to do, she did not abandon him to the *Care* of *Houses* or *Servants*; no, she suckled him at her own *Breasts*, and cherish'd him with her own *Embraces*. O thou wicked *Parricide*, canst thou find in thy heart to throw *dirt* upon one of such *tender* years, and to blemish the very *Childhood* of of the *poor* Youth, with such *Odious* Aspersions? Farewel all faithfulness between the *Sacred* Relations of *Husband* and *Wife*, if a *Mother* can't be *Innocent*, but as long as her *Child* is *under-age*: Besides, the good *Mothers* Indulgence was enhaunced towards her *only* Son, because he had a *Father* so *harsh* to him, and one that was so *unkind* an *Husband* to her too; and yet she herself thought that she was very deficient in her *affection*, seeing she was to bring *enough* for both. For the *Father* would seldom ever *kiss* his *Son*, and as seldom take him in his *Arms*; so that, he looking upon his *Son*, thò he were *all* that he had, with the same

Mur-

Murderous Intent, that *sometime* or *other* he design'd to *destroy* him, it made the *Mothers* love *is* more remarkable. Hence it was, that the *poor* Woman was *always* a *Chatting* with her *Son*, and she never went *abroad*, but he was *with* her. And she was very glad, when she heard the *People* that she met, say, *There's a brave Child*, when he was taken notice of as the *best* in *every* Company, for thereby he did as 'twere tell *every* body himself, that his *Mother* lov'd him *best*. Pity me, my *Lords*, and don't think, that my *Husband* drew his *wicked* suspicions from other *Mens* *Opinions* and *Judgments*; no, he was guided therein only by his *own* *churlishness* and the *unnatural* *hardness* of his *Heart*. If you, the *Father*, don't *Love* your *Son*, then, forsooth, the *Mother* must presently be thought to *love* him over-much? D'e think, my *Lords*, I will now make my *Complaint* against the *licentious* *Tongues* of the *Vulgar*? No, he that has such a kind of *Father* as *he*, need not run to *blame* Reports. He sufficiently shews, what was the *Subject* of the *Impudent* story, and who was the *Author* thereof, who *first* believ'd it. The *Commonalty* might easily talk of such a thing as *Incest*, after they once *admir'd* that a *Father* could suspect such a thing.

These are the things, my *Lords*, which the *Mother* did *securely*, *plainly* and *openly*, before her *Husband* and the *whole* Town. Now, pray, let the *Father* tell all his *Secrets*. He catch'd and *burry'd* the Youth, (who *fear'd* nothing, which was the *first* argument of his *Innocence* and *Plain-heartedness*,) into such a *corner* of the *House*, where if he had *cry'd* out never so *loud*, and *groan'd* never so

so deeply, yet he could not have been heard. *There* did he torment him to death with *Last*, *Fire*, and all the *Arts* of Cruelty: Did ever any Man, *my Lords*, deserve worse of the Innocency of the days wherein we live, and of all Sacred *Natural Affections* too, than this Defendant here in Court. He *torment'd* his Son that he might prove the *Incest*; and he *Murder'd* him, that it might not be believ'd. Set now before you, *my Lords*, the *Confessions* of both the Parents: The Mother cries out, I love my Son, the Father says, I kill'd him: 'Tis impossible, you should think both of us to be Innocent. And now, most guilty Old Man, 'tis a great Evidence of your *Savage Cruelty*, that after you had destroyed your Son, you could endure to stay, till you were question'd about it. What! Did you not run out, of that blind Corner of yours, into the street after a frightful manner? When your Cloathes were sprinkled with your Sons blood, don't you make Proclamation of his Death? Don't you call God and Man to Witness? What! don't you kill even the Mother, too? But, forsooth, you must be very modest in your Wickedness, and therefore you leave yourself a ground, to be quiet under your suffering. You, poor Man, do spare your Wife in the Case, you bear some reverence to the *Conjugal Gods*, and to the Rights of the Marriage-bed. Alas, you ha'nt now so much as a ground for a Lye?

I accuse him of *Ill-treatment* or *Ill-bearance*. Will it please you, *my Lords*, that the death and burial of ones Children should be bewailed under the same Law-term, with which we complain of lesser *Matrimonial* injuries, and with the lamentations where.

wherewith we mourn for some bodily loss or reproach, as when we are denyed some neater kind of dress, or, to go abroad out of doors into the Town? And what would you have my woful grief to do, if our Sex hath no other Law to relieve it, but that only? And if all *Nuptial complaints* must be bound to come under that one narrow Law, or none. A Mother, that for the Murder of a Son accuses her Husband only of Ill treatment, does not avenge him, but only shews she is content, that he ought not to have been Slain. Let me omit, *my Lords*, a little my Grief for my sad Orbity; and in a Case of Parricide, let us give other Reasons for Ill treatment. Might not a Wife justly complain and say, you were too easie in suspecting me Guilty of Adultery, and you believ'd it too soon? The Chastity of a Matron is not sufficiently defended only by her own Innocency; the weakness of this Sex can't owe the whole Report and Opinion of their being naughty to their own Manners only; all the respect that Women have, is according to the Report their Husbands make of them; all the Stories about them come from the breasts of their own Husbands. To be frown'd upon, to be complain'd of, to be disdain'd, is the Fate of a Married Woman. A Husband gives Sentence against the Chastity of his Wife, he tells it abroad, he makes Sham-stories of it; after him, the Servants of the House report it, and Strangers believe it to be so. There is no Man gives a worse Example to speak ill of his Wife, than he, that every body is likely to believe. Grant, that the mimicry of your Love doth make you prone to suspect, and that your Impatient Affections do oftimes

oftimes make you full *easily* to *believe*, what you *fear*. A Womans own *Husband* may accuse her, tho' *falsely*, of secret *Adultery* and *unlawful Copulation*, such a thing is *possible*, & sometimes *usual*, yet I tell you, 'tis very *rare*, when a *Woman* has had a *Child* by her *Husband*, and if she firm'd her *plighted Chastity* by the *Fruitfulness* of a *Wife*. What if she too should be *severe*, while her *Son* is yet but *Young*? What if she should think before-hand of a *Daughter-in-Law*, and of *Grand-children*? Take some pity on the *Times*, Let every one draw the *Interpretation* of another *Mans Innocency*, from the *Text* of his own *Manners*. Here's a *Father*, that would prove an *Incestuous Crime* might be committed, only by this one *Argument*, that 'twas in his power to kill his *Son*.

But, says he, *There was a strong Report, there was such a thing*. I beseech you, Sir, whose *Report* should a Man *believe*, that is against *Nature* itself, and against the *Interest* of all *Parents* and *Children*. 'Tis a *good one*, indeed! *There was a Report*. What! shall we *interpret* your *Meaning*, as if you had said, some *Servant*, that was *privy* to the *Fact*, *complain'd* of it to you, or that the *Chamber-maid* told you of it: And perhaps, you'll say, I was *by* in a *corner*, unknown to them, I came in upon them, *unawares*. I beseech you, my *Lords*, which of the *Two* is most *credible*, that a *Mother* should be *guilty* of *Incest*, or that *Fame* should be *guilty* of a *Lye*? It had been the *Impudentest* thing in the *World*, for the *Common People* to have *talked* of such a thing, unless the *Father* had *believ'd* it before. It is one of the *greatest Mischiefs*, my *Lords*, that is *incident* to *human minds*,

minds, that we coin *wicked things* with *more eagerness* than *good*; and *ill-reporters* never think they do a better piece of *service*, than when they *relate things perfectly incredible*, as if they had been *acted*. You must needs shew a *greater eagerness* in telling of *that*, which you can't *prove*; that so, what hath no *ground* in the *Truth* of the thing, may borrow some *shadowy* one from the *Positiveness* of him that *affirms* it. And yet this is a most *unjust* thing, as to the *Talkativeness* of the *Mobile*, because the very *bandying*, even of such as do not *believe* it, doth many times *increase* the *Report* itself. What, can you *wonder* at the matter of such a *Report*, which no Man *believes*, his own self? Which the very *he*, that reports it, quotes another *Author* for? *Report* is a thing without a *witness*, without a *discoverer*, of *uncertain things* 'tis one of the *wickedest*, 'tis *malign*, 'tis *fallacious*, and, in a word, 'tis of *kin* to your *present* silence. Nay wou'd you have me *prove* in short, what you *yourself* thought of *report*? You would not *believe*, *report* spake *truth*, till you had made *enquiry* by *torture*. Grant, that *report* may have some kind of *Authority*, in such things that the *People* may *possibly* come to the *knowledg* of. I see now, how *Adulteries* committed in *secret* come to be *divulg'd*; some *Servant* or some *Accomplice* does tell 'm' abroad, such *foys* are not *manag'd* with *discretion*; Men count it a great part of their *pleasure* to *boast* of it. But it is an *Offence*, which, if *human minds* are *capable* of so great a *Wickedness*, is enveloped with a *midnight* and *thick darkness*, so that the very *looks* of the *Offenders* do make no *discovery* thereof; they won't *trust*

neither *Man* nor *Maid*. What need is there of *Messages* between, what need of *Love-Letters*? The *Privacy* of *Two* is enough, the *Mother* and *Son* are enough to do the *deed*. An *Incest* is so much the more *incredible*, as it is made a *Town-talk* of. O the miserable condition of the *Female Sex*, whose very *vertues* sometimes give occasion for false *Stories*, to be made upon them! Why does not the poor *Wife* take delight sometimes to *gad* abroad? Why is her *deportment* so *stern* to every body, and her *disposition* so *rigid*? What, has she no *desires*, nor no *want* of any thing at all? Yes, but her *Son* takes up all her vacant Time, he *fills* up all her *affections*, a *Mother* has nothing else to *boast* off, but her *Son*. I beseech you, did she *love* him too much? Such *simplicity* can't commit so great a *Wickedness*. Suppose, that there should be such a *Guilt* between *Mother* and *Son*, sure they will not *openly* discover it by any *Eye-glances*, they will abstain from *Embraces* before the *Father*, they'll forbear all their *Familiarity* in publick, they'll avoid to *discourse* or *sp* much as to meet one another before the *slaves*, or before the *half-Free-men*; tho' they be never so hot upon so high a *Wickedness*, yet they will seem to affect a certain kind of *Gravity*. O thou *cruel* *Paricide*, chuse which side thou wilt, a *diligent* and *wary* *Incest* is never *suspected*, and 'tis a *negligent* one, that can be found out.

But why do I keep *such* ado, as if 'twere the *Common People*, that *bruited* abroad this *unusual* and *incredible Villany*? Alas, in all this *tittle-tattle*, I find only the *footsteps* of one *bad Husband*. 'Tis no great *matter*, whether he be the *first raiser* of the

the *Report*, that his *Wife* was an *Incestuous Person*, or whether he *believes* it, when it is *raised*. What! did not he stand in *fear* of the *Report* of so *horrid* a *villany*, and was not the *Fame* itself of *such* a thing almost *ashamed* to come to the *Ears* of a *Father*? Deny, while you will, that the *scurvy Report* had not its *Rise* from you, yet let me tell you, no *Man* durst have been so *bold*, as to have *talk'd* of or *published* any *such* matter, unless *first* they had had it from you. Give me but a *good Father*, and a *good Husband*, and I need not say, does he not *believe* it? No, rather he'll *never* hear of any *such Report* at all. *My Lords*, if you will give me *leave* to say it, go your ways now, and make a *doubt*, if you can, who was the *Author* of the *Report*, when you see the *Father* *pleads* for it.

He was a *beautiful Youth*, says he. I hope, this is no more an *offence* in the *Mother*, than 'tis a *Crime* in the *Son*. He was *beautiful*, say you. If you wou'd have this *Plea* bear any *weight* against me, you should have *added*, that he was an *Adulterer* too, and a *Ravisher* of *Women*, so that, when he had to do with *this* or *that Married Wife*, her *grieved Husband* had almost *kill'd* him; or if he had *vitiated* *this* or *that Virgin*, he was cry'd out upon, as *abominable Fellow*, all the *Town* over: And yet we *know*, that some *Young Men* use to be as *extravagant*, as *that* comes to. What de' say, Sir? Did his *first lustful* prank begin at *Incest*? Did ever any *Young-man* venture *first* on *such* a *Crime*? Is this your *only proof* for it, because, forsooth, he was a *beautiful Youth*? Why don't you rather say, I took him *napping*, as he

was mixing *Poyson* for me, he had such a *Guilty Conscience*, that that *set him on* to take away my life. Let me tell you, a *Son* had need have *don* an *Infinite* deal of *mischiefe* before, that his own *Father* may believe, he is *guilty* of *Incest*. *He was an handsome Youth*, say you. Pray tell me, was there ever any *Son*, that his own *Mother* did not count him *handsome*? Alas, *Mothers* love their *Children* tho' they are *Lame*, they prize 'm the more, when they look pale or wan by any *Disease* or any *Correction*, yea, in such a *Case*, their very *Pity* amounts even to the *strength* of *Love*. If a *Child* be *deformed*, yet a *poor Mother's* *Natural Affection* is not *hindred* thereby, nor, if he be *Beautiful*, is it *increased*. They *Love 'm only*, because they are their *Children*. *Children*, *Husband*, I say, *Children* are not *loved* by a *Mother* with *wanton glances*, she does not fetch 'm in with *kind speeches* and *locks*, but a *Mother* sees *something* in her *Son*, whatever it be, that is more *beautiful* than the *Man*: Perhaps a *new Beauty* might *attract* the *Eye* and *conquer* the *Heart*, but there's no such thing in *ones* *Children*, for a *Mother* has her *Son* under her *Eye* in his very *Infancy*, his *Childhood* arises up under the *same*, and so he *creeps* up to write *Youth*. A *Mother* sees that which you call a *Beautiful Son*, every day of the *week*, she *daily admires* and *embraces* him. She that hath *lov'd* a *Child* so long, pray when will she *give over loving him*? O thou *Guilty Old Man*, there is no need of *Love* to urge to such a *Villany*, but of *Madness* and *Fury* rather. That a *Mother* may *unlawfully lust* after something in her *Young Son*, she must needs *first hate*, that he is her *Son*;

so

so that her *pious affection* is so far from *assisting* her to commit *such a Wickedness*, that she can never be wrought over to it, but she must forget the *Relation*, she bears. Besides, this makes the *Incest* more incredible, that it requires even *Two Persons* to be *equally horn-mad*. To an *Incestuous Crime* 'tis not enough, that a *Son* be *doted* upon, but he must *dote* as much, o'th *other side*. And besides, who, pray, should begin the *Entreaty* and the *Courtship*, first; dare any *Son* propound a *Question* of that *Nature* to his own *Mother*? Or on the *other side*, can any *Mother* hope to obtain such a request (if she should *make it*,) of her *Son*? I ask you, *Old Man*, even in your *greatest* humour of *silence*, (if you be not a most *crafty* and *malicious* *Dilembler*) whether you can believe me *guilty* of *so great a Crime*? Can a *Mother* commit an *Offence* that a *Father* can't so much as *name*? What! de' say, he was a *beautiful Sibling*? Pray in *this* place, let me *interrogate* the *natural Affection* of all *Mankind* in general? Must *this* be, that if a *Son* has a *sweeter Face* than *ordinary*, and a *better meen'd* *Countenance*, that presently his *Mother* must be *afraid*, forsooth, to *kiss* or *embrace* him? If a *Man* has a *Daughter* cast in more *beautiful Mould*, than *other Females* are, what must her *Father* fly from her *salutes*, or dread her *embraces*. Let *Heaven* overthrow, with a witness, such *impludent over-carefulness*, and such *nefarious Fears*. 'Tis but one degree below *Incest*, to *fear*, that it may not be committed. I had rather have such *simple plain-heartedness*, that does not *fear Infamy*, I had rather have *naked* and *undisguised Passions*, and an *unprojecting Piety*;

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such as will not *believe*, that any such *idle story* can be made of it, or *told abroad*. Let it *bug* a child *unmeasurably*, and never ha' don; *Report* is not so much *worth*, that a *Mother* should *love* her *Son*, in *solicitude* for her *Chastity*. For my part, *Husband*, if any body should *ask* me, I think that all *Mothers* whatever, do so *love* their *Children* as if they *doted* on them. You shall see my *Eye* always *intent* on his sweet pretty *Face* and *Locks*, you shall see me *kemb* his *head*, and let his *Cloaths* at *rights*, I will *fetch* a *sigh* when he goes from me, *Ple skip* for *joy*, when he *comes* again to me, *Ple shake hands* with him, and we'll hang about one anothers *necks*: I will not be *satisfied* neither with *kiss* nor *discourse*, nor with the *pleasure* of his *Company*. This is the *cruellest* thing of all in this *dammable* suspicion, an *Incest* can't be fully coined of *any*, but the very *best* of *Mothers*

My Lords, I would have abominated the *Crime*, if the *Father* had *objected* it to his *Son* more *publickly*, or if he had *rated* him with *outrageous* words. No *Man* has *less* reason to *believe* an *Incest*, than he that is *ready* to *destroy* his *Son*, *therefore*. Besides, O you *wicked* *Man*, you do not only *believe* it, but you make *Questions* about it? So little are you afraid to rake in this *secret* and monstrous *filthy puddle*. Whereas, indeed, if the *Vulgar* had *talk'd* of an *Incest*, you shou'd have *told* them, there was *no* such thing: If the *Town* does *disgrace* us, you shou'd ha' *kiss'd* your *only* *Son*, and *hugg'd* your *own* poor *Wife*, the *more*, you shou'd ha' *wrung* them both together more *closely* in your *Arms*. But Oh, a piece of *cruelty* never

never heard off, *before*! As if it were not enough for a *Father* not to *believe* the *Incest*, which he cannot prove? And yet, O thou that art *grown* old in *wickedness*, I should have *endured* thy *wicked* suspicions the better, if thou hadst gon about to make a *discovery* of so great a *wickedness*, and yet *dissembled* thy *suspicion*. Observe our *Talk*, watch us in *secret*, every moment both of *day* and *night*, like a *prying* *Eves dropper* be thou at our *heels*. But what halt thou to do with such *abrupt* violent *Courses*? What, with such *extremities*? You must needs *believe* the *Incest* before, that you might have some *colour*, to *torture* your *Son*. But you, Oh *horrid*! do search out a *business* by *Fire*, *Lash*, and all other *Artifices* of *Cruelty*, upon the body of your *own* *Son*, for which you ought not to have *tortured* one of your *Servants*, nay it had been a *petulant* *Cruelty* in you to have put the worst *Bond slave* you had, to so much *Cruel* *suffering*. You heat the *Irons* *red-hot*, you *boist* the * *Strapado*, thus, all in *good* time, you suspect an *Incest* by a *Parricide*. You know not what *head*. * See the long and *scurvy* in and out work you make, by *marg. note* the *madness* of your *wicked* diligence. A *Father* *P. 179. 180* that *tortures* his *Son* about an *Incest*, is not like to *believe* him, tho' he *deny* it.

My Lords, all *Suspensions*, that are *grounded* upon *uncertainties*, begin at the *wrong* end, when they are *first* *vented* upon the *body*; for 'tis never well to *interrogate* that *part* of a *Man* concerning his *Conversation*, that *indites* it's *Answers*, not from *Verity* but from *Interest*: I don't yet tell you, *who* the *Person* was, you *tortured*; *who* 'twas, that you put *between* the *Rack* and the *Tormenting-fire*, of

of whom you had made your *subtle discoveries* before. It ought to be the *last* thing of all, that which *tortures*, and is a *just* punishment too; Oh Heavens! I beseech you don't think, that his *severe Gravity* takes its *Alpha*, from *that* which should ha' been the *last* Letter of the *Row*. That *Crime* can never be *prov'd*, where a *Father* can put no *other* body to the *Rack*, but his own *Son*. There is but *one* only way for you, that I know of, to make your *defence*, and that is, if you had used all *other* means possible to find out the *Incest*, before you *appeal'd* to the *Rack*. What de' say? Did you *ask* the *Servants* of the *House*? And was there not a *Man* that would *confess* any thing? Did you inquire among the *Maids*, and was there no *Pandross*, amongst them? There were no *lustful amorous* Letters between us. O you *wicked* Old Man, you could not, with all your *flattery*, caiole out a word of *Confession*. You can make no *discovery* at all, neither as an *Husband*, nor as a *Master*, nor as a *Father*. Go thy ways now, and say, *Report* was full of the thing? Why, if upon *Report* thou must *Torture*, yet still thy *Examinations* must pass through thy *Wives Maid-servants*, or through thy *Sons Valet de Chambre*; 'tis better for thee to *vent* thy *Cruelty* there: A *Wife* should *first* of all be *repudiated*, that this *great secret* of the *Family*, forsooth, might be managed by a *divorce*. It exceeds all *extrageness* whatever, to *torture* a *Son*, on purpose to find out, whether he *deserv'd* to be *tortur'd*, *yea* or *no*? You, the *Father*, examin your only *Son* by *Fire* and *Lash*, I beseech you, what wou'd you do, if he *deny'd* it? I know, you would

would *commend* him highly, and afterwards you would let him go, that you might embrace his half-burnt *vitals*, and with a *Fatherly* piety again *bug* and *cherish* his *mangled* and *wounded* breast. That *Man*, who puts his *only Son* to the *Torture*, can have but one *modest* pretence for it, *viz.* that he ought to have been *so serv'd*. Sir, this business cannot but make you the *worst* of *Fathers*, you must needs *hate* your *Son* so, that you can never make him *amends*. I had rather, you wou'd ha' *poison'd* him, or that you wou'd ha' run him thro' with a *Sword*, that you wou'd have *kill'd* him *unawares*, and before he thought on't. He that does not believe the *Incest*, ought not to *Torture* one; and if he does *believe* it, he should *immediately* kill him outright.

But if you have a *mind* to have even your own *Son* *tortured*, if such a wicked *Report* must be *satisfy'd* that way; yet I require of you, that you would not *lose* the *benefit* of your *Torturing*; let it be don in the *middle* of the *Town*, and in the very *mouth* of *Fame*; call in all those *Malignant* and *Talkative* *Prattle-boxes*; and a *Matter* that *concerns* the whole *Age* we *live* in, let it be *inquired* into, in the *Hearing* of all the *People*. He ought to be *Tormented* before them *all*, if they all have had their *Talks* about him. Let every one of the *Company* put what *Questions* to him they please, let 'm believe their *own Ears*, and their *own Eyes*. Why, I pray, must the poor *Youth* be *buried* into a *blind remote* *Corner* of the *House*? Such *secrecy* in *Torturing* was no ways fit, whether your *Son* were *Guilty* of the *Incest*, or *Innocent* thereof. And yet I can put you into a *mid-*
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dle way, if you desir'd it, between so secret and so open. You might have call'd our Kindred together, you might have sent for some Friends, you might have placed some Grave Seniors about the Young Man, you might have let the Magistrates be present, and such might have stood by, as the City might ha' trusted. You should have given an Opportunity, either to yourself to have proved it, if your Son had confess'd; or to your Son, that, at least, he might have deny'd it: But you, like a wicked cruel Man, do abridge him of the benefit of his Counter-part of the Torture; you ha' brought it to that pass, that now no body will think him Innocent, seeing he hath been put upon the Rack. What can a Torturing in secret do, against Peoples Talk? I declare and protest, that hereby you do but administer more Fuel to malicious Reports; and the uncertainty is rendred doubtfuller and greater, when a Man is Rack'd in bugger-mugger. That Father ought to Torture his Son publicly, and in the Face of the World, who wou'd either have him Acquitted, or else, who is ready to murder him.

Would you have me, my Lords, to aggravate this Odious and Unworthy Fact, by alleging, that 'twas an own Father that Tortur'd his Son? What! Could not such a necessary piece of service be committed to foiancy-men, or Slaves, to execute? Might not the common Executioner have done it, rather? Here's an own Father, while he was Tormenting him, does not so much as turn his head o' to side, nay he himself rent off his Cloaths, 'twas he that tore his shirt, that gave him the Lashes with his own hands, and that was so eager
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in jerking him up and down, that he would not suffer him to breath his last; when Death had almost clos'd his Jaws, who, but he, must pluck them asunder; he cherish'd his life, that his Patience might Iron. be exercised with longer Torments. Here's a Father, is there not, that deserv'd his Son, tho' Innocent, shou'd ha' told him, I did the Fact. O thou wicked Fellow, I will not in this place cry out, that a Man, who is Tortured against his Mother, shou'd be also Tortur'd before her. Why is the poor Woman excluded from her own Concern, and from the Examination, wherein she has so great an Interest? She Loves him overmuch, and therefore, to chuse, let her be present at his exquisite Torments; mark her groans, take notice how she sighs, and how she looks, if there be any real Crime committed, if you Torture the Son, the Mother, perhaps, will confess. O thou Cruel Parricide, imagin that at that very Instant of time, I brake in upon thy Close-lock'd room, and that whilst thou art fastning him to the Rack, I laid hold upon thee, and say, Forbear striking, set aside the burning Coals a while. Whatever Confession thou hast extorted from him, tell it out and spare not; but remember thou hast don that to thy Son, for which no body in the World ought to believe thee. Why dost thou hurry and over-turn his Soul with Grief and Pain? Why dost thou make such frequent Intervals, for thy oblitinate Cruelty to Torment the Man between every Hoist, if thou think'st it in vain for thee to tell or declare what thou hast heard? An Incest cannot be believ'd, unless the Party accus'd be heard, too. My Lords, I my self too shou'd not but wonder,

wonder, if such an *Impious* way of *interrogating* by *Torture* cou'd possibly have any other *Issue* but *death*. This is the *modesty*, forsooth, of the *Parricide*, no other *end* can those things have, which ought never to have been *begun*. Thou coverest the *horridness* of thy *Torturing* Villany with the *pretence* of a *greater wickedness* that thou hast *found* out, of which, forsooth, thou canst not rid thy self, but by the *death* of thy *Son*. But I know very well, what 'tis that *puts* thee *thus* to't, thy *Cruelty* could make the *poor Youth* to *confess* *nothing* at all. He that *dies* under *Torture*, overcomes his *Torturer*. And now 'tis no wonder, after such *pranks* as these, that thou canst not find a *Tongue* to speak, nor hast not a *word* to say. Thou hast *torn* thy only *Son* in pieces without any body by, thou hast *murdered* him in *secret*, so that *now*, forsooth, none but you must know how to *conceal* the *Villany*, and in a *Parricide* you seek for *matter* of *sorrow*, elsewhere. 'Tis a *preposterous* thing to *kill* ones *Son*, and then to be *asham'd* of it, *afterwards*. 'Tis not *fit*, but *That* should be *known* *abroad*, for which a very *Parricide* counts himself *Innocent*. *Chuse* which side thou wilt; thou must either condemn thy *Torturing* thy *Son*, or else thy *silence*, thereupon. That which *must* not be *told*, why should you make any *Examination* about? Perhaps, O thou cruel *Old-Fellow*, thou would'st have it *thought*, that thou art silent upon thy *Sons* account, as if he were *alive*. Nay, but if *that* be *true* that thou suspectest, then thou art excused from all the *religious duty* of a *Father*, all pious regard of *natural* affection is *Cancell'd*. If he justly *deserv'd* this, his *Torture*,
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nay his very *dying* under it, was far too *little* for him to suffer, in a way of *avengement*. Wouldst thou ha' his *supposed Confession* to be *avenged*? Then *bale* out his *Corps*, and upon every *wound* make a *preachment* of its *Cause*. 'Tis more than *one* Man can do, to *Confess* why he *Tortur'd*; and to tell no *Cause* at all, why he *Murdered*. What say'st thou, thou *Tyger* of a *Parricide*? What hast thou *destroy'd* thy *Son* by *Lash* and *Red-hot Irons*. Canst thou *pluck* out those *Bowels*, that had their *Origine* from thine *own*; canst thou shed that *Blood*, which came from thy own *veins*; and that too, not in a *mad furious* Fit, but (as you yourself would have it thought) by *Advice* and *Grave* deliberation? Canst thou hold thy *Peace* over the *Wounds* of thy *Only Son*, and dost thou stand, as if thou wouldst *fright* folks, over his *disjointed* Limbs; and when the *Mother*, or rather, when the *whole Town* asks thee the *cause*, thou say'st only, I am the *Man*, that kill'd him? Must she be content with such an *Answer* at random?

Doe think now, *Sir Husband*, that 'tis only the *Mother* interrogates you about this? Nay, I'll tell you, the *solicitude* of all *Mankind* doth require an account of his *death*, at your hands. All *Barents* stand about their *Children*, as if they were *afraid* of, or *amazed* at, them: *Brothers*, tho' they *love* never so much, yet dare not, for their *lives*, embrace one another; The *Innocent* way of saluting by a *kiss*, between *Fathers* and *Sons* in *Law*, is quite *broke* off. How long wilt thou sen us together by the *Ears*, by the different *Construction* we make of thy *silence*? If nothing
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was don, that the *modesty* of our times need be *ashamed* off, than why, pray, do you use such *dubious* and *suspectful* words? But if you have found out a *Monstrous Villany*, as bad as ever was *Chronicle*d in *Fable*, then, Lord have mercy upon me, too, pray kill *me*, as well as your *Son*. Let me tell you, in an *Incest* you ought to conceive the *greater* hatred against the *Female*, especially since, you see, that she comes against you in open *Court*, that she imitates the *Confidence* of those, that are wholly *Immocent*, and that she is so *angry* with you, because she can't get a *word* from you. When you *Tortured* your *Son*, by reason of the *Report* that was rais'd of him, as you say, and then you kill'd him too under his *Torture*, 'tis more than a *matter* of meer *Indifferency*, that we should *know* neither. *This* is it, *my Lords*, that the *Innocent* Mother grieves at, *this* is it she can't *bear*, that this *Parricide* of a *Husband* is as *mute* as a *Fish*. But *soft* and *fair*, perhaps he'll *speak* by and by. Oh *Sir*, we know what you *aim* at, like a wicked Man as you are, we know why you fetch such deep *sighs* from your *silent* breast, and why you would have us think, you are *ready* to *faint*, when you begin to *speak* out; you would hereby procure some *Authority* to your *Lyes*, wou'd ye? And to make us believe, that what you would have spoken should have been the *very* Truth, you must, forsooth, seem to *confess* against your *Will*. Yet *speak* out and *spare* not, the *Mother's* *Immocency* is such that she can *bear* all your *base* *Lyes*. Alas, *Sir*, how mightily are you *Tormented*, that, now *she's* here in *Court*, you can't *abash* her with some *horrid* *Exclamation*. 'Tis not *words*, that you want against the

the *poor Woman*, but *arguments* rather; you are not *tongue-tyed*, but *proof-tyed*, *Sir*. All that you can do, is, you turn us over to *Infamous Reports* still, so that we shall never have *don* with the *malignity* of *Folks* *Tongues*. He that neither *Condemns* nor yet *Acquits* me, when he is *ask'd* and *desir'd* so to do, is *well* content, that the *Bruit* should *hold* still.

Take a *Proof*, I beseech you, of the *modesty*, forsooth, of *this Husband* and of *this Father*: He is contented, that his *Wife* should be *believed* to be *Incestuous*, tho' she can't be *proved* to be so. Did ever any Man find out such *wicked Arts*, was there ever any Man of such a *bloody* disposition, before? Because he can't *prove* what he *once* said, he *seeks* to be *believ'd*, because he *won't* say it *again*. Art thou *mute*, dost thou *hold* thy *peace*, thou *savage*, *cruel Man*? Ay *now*, thou hast found out a *Torture*, fit for such a *Father*, as thou art. But hear, what the *poor Woman* *proclaims* from her *simple innocent* grief? Thou shalt never, says she, bring it about, O thou *craftiest* of *Parricides*, to make me *desist* from *bugging* even the dead *Corps* of my *Son*. I were an *Incestuous Slut* indeed, if I wou'd moderate my *groans* and refrain my *Tears*: Come therefore to my *Sons* *Funeral*, you *Children* all, come, you *Parents* all, *watch* my *Plaints*, *observe* my *Sighs*. If I am *guilty*, if I have *committed* any *offence*, I will freely *confess* it. Behold, I cast my self upon the *Fatal Bier*, and as I *embrace* his *lacerated* *limbs*, and his *Torture-scorch'd* body, I cry out, *now* I *hold* my *only Son* in my *Arms*, *now*, *poor Woman*, I *bug* and *embrace* my *Fair one*. This was *that*, which did even *transport* a *woful Mother* beyond the

rate of an Ordinary Affection. O thou cruel Husband I lov'd a Child, that was just a dying; disgrace my extraordinary and impatient Love, as much as thou wilt, yet I seem to myself to have been defective to have been a *slow-back*, and to have lost much of my mirth and joy: No Woman living ever lov'd her Child too much. I excuse my self to thee, say she, O most Innocent Youth, that my misery was such, that I have not yet accompanied thee to thy Grave.

'Tis true, I ought not to have liv'd an hour after thee, but I could not dye, as long as my Husband was in this mute and silent posture. I will cut off the thread of my tedious and loathed life, but first give me leave to pay my Funeral rites to your Ghost in the presence of the whole City when, the Parricide being condemn'd, notwithstanding his crafty silence, it will evidently appear, that thou discoveredst nothing at all. Pardon me, that tho' I had lost my Child, yet I was willing to hold out, till this Cause was decided in Court. For I was afraid, lest if I had hastned my End with too much Impatience, and a rash precipitate piety, the Parricide would ha' rais'd another Story about my Death, also.

Infamis in Matrem,

O R,

A Son accus'd (by his Father) of Incest with his own Mother.

DECLAMATION XIX.

The Argument

Infamis The same with That of the former Declaration.

Hh

For

For the Husband against his Wife.

IT was a debt justly due, my Lords, to the pityable modesty of my sad Orbity, that we should now, even all of us, hold our Peace; and after such strange and prodigious matters and discourses, this ought to have been the concluding Story of my woful House and Family, that I, being a Father, did destroy my own Son. But because my Wife, who was always a Woman upon Extremes, besides all that I have either done or suffered a little before, thinks fit to Torment me further with a grievous Accusation, I appear in Court, to desire of your Lordships, that you would not think I study silence, on purpose to make an advantage thereof, for my own ends, in this Suit. No, I do not hold my Peace because I dispatch'd my Son, but rather I dispatcht him that I might purchase leave to hold my Peace. I wish with all my heart, my Lords, that I could deny that I was the Man that dispatcht him; I wish it were fit for me to enter into the whole series of my woful necessity, and that I could stop this mouth of mine, from telling it. Does any body wonder at this Patience of mine, in such a Case? That violent chafe, which lately so furiously burl'd me upon my own Son, is now spent by its own fierceness. Whatever within me might have broken

forth into Talk, is ended in the Parricide, and is silenc'd in the Orbity. So that now I have no kind of Passion at all, but what is for suffering, for bearing, and for enduring all miseries whatever. 'Tis impossible I should do both in my Sons Case, that is, first kill him, and then confess, why he deserv'd it. And therefore, my Lords, I can never sufficiently wonder, yea stand amazed, at this Woman, who, besides her Guiltless Conscience, forsooth, even because of her very Sex ought to have shew'd more modesty in my miseries, yet quarrels against my silence. She is at such a Combate within her self, and with such an unusual kind of Impatience too, as ever was mentioned in any Story. For she complains, that the People of the Town are Talkative, and that the Father himself is silent. Nor is she contented with her Husbands plain Confession, who vows that he dissembles not at all, and that he knows nothing, tho' press'd by such an Authoritative Suit before your Lordships to discover it, yet she had rather make a secrecy, forsooth, of my silence: Whether this be the Madness or the Innocence of her Orbity, let her own wretched grief look to it, she herself may know well enough in her own mind, what my Son said, seeing she thinks, I have something to say, that I will not speak out.

And therefore, I beseech you, my Lords, let not the pity of the Mothers Orbity, only, discompose your thoughts; pray, don't think that the great sense of this highest of calamities resides only there, where you see more Tears, and hear more groans. If a comparison be made between me and my Wife, of the Two you ought rather to pity me, who

have both *lost* my Son and *kill'd* him too. Of us, *Two Parents*, I am the most *unhappy*, my Lords, let the *Woman* complain *as much* as she will, for I am both a *Sufferer*, and *Actor* too in *procuring* that *suffering*. Oh the happy *consciousness* of the *Mothers Ignorance*, which can *bold out* to ask *Questions* in the *Case*. But a greater kind of *Impatience*, and a greater *Passion* torments me, seeing I *kill'd* my Son, and yet can't either *discover* it, nor yet *repent* at all, that I *kill'd* him. O *unhappy Old Man*! O *woful Patience*! If I could *speak*, I might make a long *Oration*, even upon *this Head* too? My Lords, heretofore we were the *happiest Parents* in the *World*, whilst we *fawn'd* upon the, *as yet untainted*, *Infancy* of our *only Child*; and the *intire prosperity* of our *House* and *Family* did continue, as long as we *equally delighted* in him, one as much as *other*, as long as we *equally lov'd* him, and as long as the *Town* cou'd say no more of us, but *this*, *That we had a very amiable Son*, betwixt us. But when he grew up to *that Age*, in which *beautiful Youths* use to be *insolently proud*, on the account of their *bodily accomplishments*, then he was very *haughty* and *arrogant*, he would take no *Employment* at all upon him, he spent the *Flower* of his *Age* to no advantage at all, as to *Private* or *Publick Concerns*, either. O *Heavens*! What *strange* and *lamentable Talk* was there *abroad*, about the *Young Man*? He was *cry'd out* upon, and *reproach'd* by every *body*, he was as a *Mark* for all *Men* in their *discourses* to *condemn*, untill at *last* he himself *perceived* that the *whole Town*, with *one consent*, were much *troubled* about him. When he once knew *that*, he went *very seldom*

seldom abroad, as if he had a mind to *avoid meet-*
ing his *Father*, or to see any *body* in the *streets*. 'Tis an *hard* matter to express in *words*, how much the *Youth* was *abominated*, and how much he was *blamed*, all the *Town* over. Some said of him, that he might possibly in time *kill* his *Father*; others said, that he *deserv'd*, his *Father* should *kill* him. In *this case*, my Lords, what should an *unhappy Old Man* do? For now the *Report* had reach'd his *Father* too, and my *ears* were even *grated* with *hearing* it. I *durst* not ask many *Que-*
stions about it, neither yet could I *conceal* it. He's much mistaken, that thinks I did, what I did, by *deliberation* or *advice*; no, 'twas the very *Impetus*, and the present *Chafe* of my *Spirit*, just at that very *Instant*, that *push'd* me on. A *Father* can't have the *heart* to prepare *Torture* for his *Son*, be-
fore-hand.

In our *now ruful House*, there is a *remote room*, *sever'd* from all the rest, where 'tis as *dark* as *Pitch*, and the *passage* to it is as *sad*, 'tis a fit place for the *worst* of *Villanies* to be *acted* in; and even an *own Father* might have the *confidence* of *perpetrating* a *bloody Fact* there, without *suspicion* of *discovery*. As I was *ranging* all about the *House*, by reason of my *distracted* thoughts, I *lighbied* at last upon *this room*, as far as I can *understand*, *unawares* to my *Son*. And the *truth* is, he, alloo as ever he *saw* me, stood *amaz'd* like a *surpriz'd Offendor*, and he *fled* back in a *trem-*
bling posture; I think his *reason* was, that I should ask him no *Questions*. I *rush'd* in upon him with a great deal of *hast* and *eagerness*, I had not so much as a *Free-man* or a *Slave* with me just as

the Fatality of the present moment *asked* me, so I assaulted him with *handy-blows*; and also I catch'd up any thing that was near, that my Grief told me might serve for a *Weapon*, with which I laid about me, beyond the strength of my Old Age. I set upon him at once and altogether (not by degrees, nor by divided and intermittent pains,) with the Fire that was next at hand, and with the *Lashing-whips*, that chance put into my hands: 'Twas a great part of the *secrecy*, that I should do it *myself*; O Heavens! What *contumacy*, what an *hard-ned* Patience was there in him, when he was Tortured by his Father, that he wou'd not call out for his Mothers help? No, the Youth made no resistance at all, he did not at all lift up so much as an hand, against me, nor did he cry out for any one bodies help: His eyes were only a little sunk and dejected in his head, yea, as if he had felt no lashes at all, but had been Tortured only by my eyes, he receiv'd all the blows upon his Face; that comely Face, as if he himself had been angry with it, was all that he oppos'd to my Fire and Lash. I give this last Testimony, my Lords, to his Modesty, he was Slain when he was e'ne willing to dye, himself. My Lords, I commend the Patience of the Mother, that whereas she was for the most part at home, and perhaps at that time not far from the place, yet she wou'd not come in, she dar'd not to interrupt me. And besides, I commend the good Fortune of my own hands, that none of my Kinsdred or of my Friends did rush in upon me; for if any body living had been so bold, as to ask me about my Son, in that nick of time, I should certainly have kill'd him. And yet I buried

ried his torn Tortured Limbs, I allow'd him a Funeral, I gathered his Bones together. My Wife then laid no violent hand on the Bier, while the Funeral rites were a performing; she rais'd no envious reflection upon me by beating her breast, and tearing and rending her very dugs. How comes she now to break forth, and to be transported, to this Monstrous Impatience? She never ask'd me a word about him, at home. O thou unhappy Mother! I my self can proclaim before all Children and Parents, yea in the hearing both of God and Man too, that I lov'd my Son very well, but not by the way of effeminate Kisses or Tears, but I lov'd him with a Manly Love, even with grief and patience. He was my only Son, and if a Party of his Enemies had hemm'd him in amongst them in the Field, I would have ventured my Life to have freed him from their Clutches; if a sudden Fire had clos'd about him at home, I had carry'd him out upon my shoulders, tho I had ventured the burning of some of my Limbs; I deliver'd him from all evil Reports, I sent him far enough from malignant Town-talk. I have got the Advantage now of that, which is called Natural Affection. I did the difficultest thing of all, that I did not rather kill myself.

She accuses me of Ill-treatment, forsooth. What, Wife, do you think, that a Father hath not suffered Punishment enough, after all this danger and toil, that he may not make any benefit to himself, for killing his Son? What, are you not ashamed that you are angry with the Parricide still? What have you to do with the Law, which was given you to plead in a case of inferiour affections? That

Law remedies slighter Complaints, not deep *Wailings*; it provides, indeed, for the *Female*, yet not as a *Mother*, but only as a *Wife*. What do you again call forth my woful modesty to the view of the *People*? Indeed! Do you raise up matter for a new scurvy Report? Nay then, I have quite lost the benefit of my secrecy. I had managed all things so, that nothing should have been asked, nor nothing at all said: But what is more impudent, what is more unworthy, than for a *Woman* to think she hath as much right over her *Children* as the *Man*, so that in her opinion the Right of *Father* and *Mother* are but equal, as if we did not know, that the *Power* of life and death, in relation to *Children*, is committed to us, *Men*? 'Tis no Privilege, to kill a *Son* when there is just cause to do it; and there is no *Man* will ever do it only on purpose, because he may. I held out, to rend the bowels of my only *Son*. Forgive me, if you can't believe me: No *Man* ever kill'd his own *Son*, for mere hatred of him. An hated *Son* is not so much worth. This is a thing in *Fathers*, which is dreadful even unto *Parricide*, that they love their *Children*, that they relieve them, that they think they can't otherwise take pity of them any other way, than that. There is no reason, my *Lords*, that the *Plea* of the weaker *Sex* should take you off from the due consideration of my *Miseries*. 'Tis a thing of greater Affection to kill ones *Son*, than to avenge him. And therefore cease, *Woman*, to weary me with your *Questions*. What! Does not he answer all in one word, about his *Son*, that says, I slew him: And tho' he makes no *Exclamations*, and tho' his mouth be as it were stop't, yet he denies nothing

nothing, that confesses that. But the very Immanity of some horrid Offences argues the Innocence of those, that commit them, I slew my *Son*, not as an hair-brain'd *Father*, nor as one out of my wits. Whoever now pities a *Man* that is transported, and as it were past sense and feeling, slays him out-right. You see an *Aged Man*, weltring in his own blood, and, with his hands all-bloody, lying over the dead body of his only *Son*, whose bowels he counts sacred and dear to him, all rent and burnt as they are. I dread so much as to look upon his *Carkass*, I stand a loof of from it, as from a body, that is struck dead with *Lightning* from the *Firmament* of *Heaven*. 'Tis true, in some Crimes, 'tis enough to shut ones *Eyes*, to turn away ones *Face*, to hold ones peace, to stand amazed. and to leave incredible calamities to their Causes, without further inquiry. Take pity upon me, ask me no more *Questions*, make no more *Demands*. De' think, *Ple* say, spare the *Age* we live in, spare the *Husband*, spare the *Father*? Nay rather, spare him, that was Slain.

My *Lords*, hear, I beseech you, a new Crime objected against an *Husband*. 'Tis his silence, he is questioned in *Court* about. Heretofore your *Indignation*, *Dame*, could not bear our ill-words, and your *Matronly Passion* seem'd to say, What! *Husband*, can't you forbear foul Language towards me, the *Wife* of your bosom? What! has your *Lavish Tongue* no respect for me, that you do so easily break forth into railing Language, and twist me even with what you please, you cry out upon me, & whilst you allow too much liberty to your *Tongue*, you give occasion to the *Vulgar*, to raise
screes

stories upon me. But you, *Woman*, object that as a *Crime* against me, which was never counted so in any Man living before; that only piece of *Immocy* in my manners, which is reprehended by speaking, is maintained by my silence. See now, why my hands, and why my words seem to be such great Offenders. 'Tis with the one we defame, and with t'other, that we torture and kill. Wou'd you know, *Madam*, how little reason you have to complain of my silence? I tell you, you had been a very happy Woman, if we had all been *Tongue-tyed*, too. Suppose, I lay aside a while the deep Causes of my silence, and only say, 'Tis not fit for me, to discover a secret. My Lords, of all the serious and solid endowments, that the mind of Man may be furnished with, there is no one, in my opinion, harder either to get, or to keep, than virtuous silence; yea, Men are so prone to offend by *Talkativeness* themselves, that they can't abide to see a constant Taciturnity, no not in others. My *Woman* calls this a Great Crime in me, which was an High piece of *Wisedom* in the *Antient Philosophers*, those Original Directors of Mens minds and manners; and for maintaining thereof all their *Lives* long, some Men have been more admired in woful old stories, then those have been, who were so privy to the profound secrets of Nature, as to settle Rules for the ebbing and flowing the Sea, and for the Courses of the Celestial Constellations. I beseech you, what a piece of bold Intrusion is this, to break open a breast, that is stily resolved upon an holy silence? To unlock that spirit, that was shut and even settled upon secrecy, and which could not be loos'ned therefrom, neither by Joy,
nor

nor by Grief; neither by Necessity nor by Fortune? He that complains of one that is silent, his mouth will ope wider against him, if once he begin to talk. Besides, there is not such an Intimate and All-blending Union between Husband and Wife, but that, notwithstanding the near Relation between them; yet the heart of each of them may lawfully retain some proper secret, apart to himself. Add hereto, that a Man would not impart every thing, no not to his own Flesh and Blood; and 'tis a certain kind of reverential respect you sometimes bear, even to your dearest Relations, that you wou'd not have 'm know some things, that are to be concealed: some things you can't get out, no not by Lash or Rack: Yea, many have been so stout, as to dye under Torture rather than discover a Secret. Go too then, if you think fit, let us run over, by a diligent inquiry, both Sexes and every Condition and Age whatever; and we shall find, that, there is no breast without a secret corner for private Guilt; and no life so innocent, but it has reason, as to some things, to say *Mum*. Even you, *Madam Wife*, if your Husband should rummage all the secrets of your Soul by his searching Interrogatories, I believe, he might find something in you too, that you wou'd be loth to confess. If this be so in you, *Dame*, then I hope silence is much more proper for an Old Man; 'tis more modest in an Husband; 'tis more sacred in a Father. Let me tell you, *Woman*, both of us have reason to be e'ne ashamed of our weakness. Our Young Son, e'ne now, was more constant than we, for he was resolv'd to dye, that we might hold our peace. You see, *Woman*, to what ill Interpretations you expose

expose your Grief? People say *abroad*, that you *Question* me on purpose, because you know that I'll *endure* all *extremity* whatever, rather than *speak* out. For *who* is there, pray, in the whole *Town*, but *knows* that I am *inflexibly* and *unalterably* silent, when I am once *resolv'd* upon it? What Man can be ignorant, with what a *steely* patience I use to *endure* every thing? As now of *late*, when I was even *killing* my own Son, I sent not to much as a *sigh* nor a *Groan*, as an *Harbinger*, before the *Fact*; I did *nothing* in the World, that either you with all your *quick-sighted* and *forecasting* fear, nor my poor Son neither, that was to be *kill'd*, could interpret in the *least*, that I had a *Parricidal* Intent, to *bereave* myself of my Child. De' think, I make a *Boast* of this *secrecy* of mine, that I never *allowed* myself to make any *Proclamation* of the thing in the *street*, or in the *Publick Assemblies* of the *People*? Alas, I never made any *Complaint* of the *Young Man*, no not to *yourself*; neither did I ever *study* any *advantage* against him, by telling *People*, that his *Mother* too did *bate* him, as much as I. 'Tis in vain, *Madam*, for you to think to *extort* that from me by your *Accusation*, that neither my very *Miseries* themselves, nor my *Grief*, nor the *consideration* of my *Orbity* could never draw out. No, tho' you put me to the *Torturing-fire*, yet I'll *hold* out, I'll *endure* to the *last*, I have already *suffered* that, which was the *hardest* to be *born*, viz. I have *slain* my Son.

He put my Son, says she, to the *Torture*. In brief, my Lords, pray, bear the *reason*. Guilty or *Innocent* is it not all one, if the *matter* be known to every body? The *Malignant* talk of the *Town* had made

made the *Young Man* to be *hated* of all *Children*, and also to be a *burthen* to all *Parents*. What shall I do, O my Soul, in *this* Case? How shall I clear my self? To do *nothing* at all upon such *high Infamous Reports*, were all one as to *believe* 'm to be *true*; or wou'd you have me go to every *particular Person* to *convince* him, wou'd you have me *cry* out *aloud* against the *Talk* of the *Vulgar*, and so *pick* a *quarrel* with *airy Fame*? Perhaps 'twere enough for your weak Sex, barely to *deny* the *Fact*, but 'tis fit that I should *vindicate* my only Son at another *gate* rate. I'll *free* him from their *scurvy Reports*, not with a few *quarrelsome* words, but in such a way as I'll make the whole *Town* e'ne *amaz'd*, and *ashamed* too, of their *scandals*. De' think, 'twas upon my Son's own account, that I *Tortured* him? No, I did it to *raise* an *Odium* upon this *naughty Town*, of *Ours*. I seem'd to my self, with those very *blows* I gave my Son, to make as many *gashes* in their *defaming Tongues*; and with those *Fires* I *scorb'd* him, to *shrivel* up their *false Reports*. When ones own Son is *accus'd* of *Incest*, the only way to *prove* him *Innocent*, is, by *Torturing* him. God forbid, that you should be made acquainted with the *full dimensions* of that *grief*, that makes a *Father* able to *Rack* his Son. There is *nothing* more *unhappy* than that *Father*, who, tho' he has *kill'd* his only Son, yet he is not *satisfied* therewith. I freely *confess*, 'twas I, that did *destroy* my *Young Son* by *Lash* and *Fire*, for all *Parental respect* and *reverence* had lost its place in his heart; and we were *fain* to make *Apologies* and *Excuses* for

for him every day, to buoy him up against the Talk of the Town: And the truth is, he was one, that carryed himself amongst us more like a wanton Amorous, than a dutiful Son. Wou'd you know, Madam, wou'd you know, I say, what great reason I had to put him to the Rack? Pie tell you, even after he had been Racked, he deserv'd to be slain.

And yet, Dame Mother, if you have such a mind, forsooth, to hear the cause, pray, come near to me, and lend me your Ear. I, like a poor unhappy Father, did foresee that one time or other he wou'd break forth into some notorious Villany, because he lived an idle life and squandred away his Time at home, in the Chimney-corner. He had not the least desire to Travel, that he might better his Reason thereby; nor was he willing to trail a Pike, nor to venture to Sea; he would not study the Law, nor undertake any Office in the Common-wealsh: Nay, he wou'd not so much as think of Marrying a Wife: Besides, I had corrected him so often, that he grew weary of his Father; and his guilty Conscience, because it was not amended by my chastisements, flew so high, as to curse and bann me. It came to that pass, that he was even afraid to meet me, he durst not come into the room, if I had been there; he avoided all discourse and conversation with me; he wou'd not come so near, as even to be kiss'd by me. In a word, to give you a full prospect of the wickedness of his spirit, He was a Boy that extreemly hated, and was afraid grievously of, his own Father. Scing then, my Son was

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condemned by the Vote of the whole Town, and that every body wondered I wou'd suffer him to live so long, de' call it Torture, that I put him to? No, 'twas a plain Execution, tho' but a slow and lingring one: You call it a Racking, forsooth, but, I say, 'twas a legal capital punishment, and 'twas the Conclusion of all my Miseries. There is cause to Torture a Man, if he has no other way, but to deny.

And yet, pray, observe what great Moderation I us'd, even in my Racking of him? For I was not hurried on, by a rash head-strong Impulse, to fly upon him presently, and all of a sudden; nor was my impatient grief so mad and blind, as to give him his death-blow at once; No, that Son must needs be kill'd in cool blood, and by deliberation, that is Tortured before. I was so favourable as to make some stop, to give him a little longer time and space. You see, I might have given a far greater occasion to malign Reports, if I had a mind to it? For if I had kill'd him in that close Room, only with the sword, or by hacking him to pieces, then his death had been, as if he had been catch'd in the Fact. And therefore, Madam, you have no reason to raise a double Odium upon me in the Case, as that I Tortured him and Murdered him, too. His death is the only Argument to prove his Torture was necessary. 'Tis that, and none but that, can be call'd Parricide, when a Fathers torture a Son, that survives after his Racking. De' think, 'twas possible, the Youth cou'd ha' liv'd, that cou'd no ways be relieved, but by his death? He that I had once began to justify against malign Reports, I did not give

give him back again to be black'd by the same infamous mouths, nor would I send him out of his Fathers Closet-room, to be made a gazing-stock, or to be tumbled and toss'd on Peoples Tongues, any more: Yea, Mistress Mother, my forecast was for you too, I took him off, that you might not be put to the trouble of Questioning him, as well as I. As for the Youth, I knew that, after his Torture, he would be ashamed to live, he would never have born, to have had so many Questions put to him by every body that he met, nor would he have endured to have made, tho' but negative, Answers to them. But, Woman, you must renounce your private affection, I believe, it concern'd our whole House and Family, in point of Innocence, that the Boy shou'd not rather kill himself.

My Lords, my Wife is sensible now, that it makes nothing for the Equity of her Complaint, either that I Tortur'd my Son, or that I Slew him. And therefore she Queries, what he discovered, tho' she don't know, whether he discovered any thing at all. What sayst thou, O most impatient of Mothers? What art thou concern'd in nothing else about the death of thy Son, but only of what he said? Well then, if I tell thee what he said, then it seems thou wilt forgive me the Parricide, and I sha'nt hear a word more of my Torturing him. Oh, how unadvised still is this Womans madness! She asks, what the Boy spoke in his Torments, as if she did not know; and yet, she thinks, I got nothing out of him, as if she did really know, what he had said. I beseech thee, upon the account of our Conjugal Union,

and

and upon the account of our Common Miseries, don't press me to rip open the Arcanum of the Parricide, don't make thy own Innocence an additional burthen to our calamity? Let the Young Man look to it, as to his own Merit, for my own part, I can now reverence his Funerals, and after my only child's death, I again put on the Bowels of a Father. We ought to bear a greater Reverence to our Children, after they are dead than before; and there is nothing more unbecoming Paternal affection, than to insult over a Man after he is dead and gon. My very loss of my child reconciles me to him, and the cruelty of his death hath quite appeased my wrath. Yea moreover, when I cast back my thoughts upon the whole process of that secret Fact; a silent kind of compassion informs me, what a great deal of Reverence I ow'd to my Son, in that I was able to Torture him alone, and alone also, to put him to death.

Yet, do you, forsooth, persevere in our old course of Interrogatories, do you force me, do you press upon me, still? Ple be quits with you, Woman, and I'll ask you as many Questions on my side; Pray, if you are so inquisitive to know, what I ask'd and what he answered, why did you not break in upon the Torturing-room, it was not guarded by the Father, either by Sentinel or Officer? Had it not been a great deal better for you, the Mother, to have come to him, yourself? Might not your Interrogatories have had the more force, if they had been urged, when we had been all together? Wou'd he not have spoken a great deal more to you, than to another, think you? And who, I pray, Woman, kept you back from shewing your Affection; who hindered

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you from coming in, who shut you out of doors? Oh now, I see, 'tis your modesty, forsooth; without *Question*, you were afraid, that if we had been all together in that lonesome room, then People wou'd ha' said, that the Mother had Murdered her Son, too. And yet you press upon me still; and tho' a poor Old Man do shut his mouth, yet you are almost ready to pluck his jaws asunder, to make him speak. Seeing you are so importunate, suppose, I should say only *This*, I came lately from the dilatory Commission of so horrid an Offence, that I don't yet mind, what I heard; my thoughts are yet wholly taken up with my Parricide; and seeing 'twas all the Sons I had, all those Lashings and other Torments that rent and tore in pieces, his (now) dead body, are again yet fresh in my mind. 'Tis a very hard thing, for a Parricide to be capable of any shame, but I even fainted away in my Orbity, out of astonishment, out of madness, and out of silence. All credit is taken away from what I shall say, my words have no Authority at all; he hath no reason to speak, that cannot be believ'd if he do speak. And therefore, Woman, leave Questioning your Husband; a Father that hath Slain his Son already, ought not now either to acquit or to accuse him.

Yet still, she urges, What did he speak, when you were a killing him? O the piteous Innocence of my Parricide, that 'tis not any Lawful Power or Magistrate; not any of our Kindred or Friends; no nor you, the Folks of the Town, tho' you are always tattling and ill-will'd enough, that ask me the *Question*. You are all hush'd, and as mute as a Fish. Unbappy I, what's the matter? What do you all know it, already? Suppose, Woman, all the Answer

I give you should be *this*, That things, too big to be believed, do even stop Mens Mouthes, so that they can't relate them. Some things are so great, that human speech cannot reach high enough to express them. But for your part, pray, do you believe, that I was in a perfect Phrensie, and that I was stark mad, so that what I saw was but a mere Phantome, and that I imagined that I heard, what Mr. No-body spake. Yet let me tell you, if any thing shews me not to be mad, 'twas *this*, and *this* alone, that I hold my Peace. Suppose I should answer you, that he said nothing, that he spake not a word, would you believe me? But I am certain, you would much less believe, what he did really say. Take then in short, Good Woman, a true account, why I kill'd the Youth, under his Torments. 'Twas *this*, I tortur'd him, and yet ask'd him no Questions. If any noise at all did reach your Ears from that very remote part of the House, 'twas my Groaning not his, 'twere the Pliants that proceeded from my own inward pain. Dost thou ask me, why he said nothing? 'Twas, because he had nothing that I was willing to know, or that I ought to hear. In my Torturing him, I aimed at nothing else but silence, which his life could never have afforded me. He that is Slain on the Rack is rack'd for the nonce, that he may be Slain. Do you think, his Torture was such, as we use to the bodys of our Gally-slaves and Bond-men? And therefore you say, * See the like a Cunning Old Man, I managed the * Equaleus marg. note up and down, I held the Cords on the account of in p. 179. Cruelty, that so his Limbs might be dislocated joynt 180. by joynt, and the structure of his whole body be as it were, unming'd by Inches. No, his life was destroyed by his own silence, the Lash and the Fire stop't his

Speech and his *Breath* together. He seem'd to me to suppress his *Groans*, and to stifle his *Sighs*; and he so carry'd himself in his silence, as if he were Tortured by one that knew all, as well as himself. Do you wonder at this *Contumacy* in a Son, and this *Patience* in a Young Stripling? There can no other Answer be made to a Father, when he Tortures his Child, than to be willing to dye, rather than to confess. And therefore, *Woman*, I answer enough to satisfy modest Enquirers, I was the Man, that Slew him.

He is much mistaken, that thinks, I'll lay ordinary Crimes to his Charge; nay on the contrary, I proclaim to all the World, that he was no luxurious Fellow, he did not discredit himself by Courting any Miss, he did not offend as other Youngsters use to do; No, it was a Monstrous and unexpressible Guilt, 'twas a prank, that I was loath to catch him at, and 'twas such as I could by no means bear. Does any body wonder, that I did not dismember him, and that I was not contented with the usual revenge of abused Fathers, only to kick him out of doors. 'Twas your cursed and unadvised Passion, Good Woman, that wou'd not suffer me so to do. You, that pardoned a Son, as it were in spite of my severity; you, that could not hate him as well as I, wou'd doubtless have follow'd after him, if he had been abdicat'd. Suppose the Youth had spoken something or other, yet for my part I had not an ear to hear. For I did not sit there, like some Justice of Peace, nor, while others were a Torturing him, did I act the part of a Father and Judge. No, at that time, I suffered all things with him, and did them too. Alas, I was not at leisure to barken to what he said, now cou'd I take notice of his *Groans* nor reckon his *Sighs*; my eagerness,

ness, my Grief, my Orbits, and my Parricide, these were the things that took me up, wholly; I did all that I did, in precipitation and haste. 'Tis the same Affection in a Father, to Torture, that he may know; and to kill, that he may not know.

But, says she, your silence tends to my disgrace. What, poor Woman, is this the first time, that you are solicitous for your Credit, now you have lost your only Son, do you begin now to bethink what Men say of you? What! Was a Son cast away, de' say, to make you to be ashamed, and cry'd out upon? If that had been the thing aimed at, was it not enough to leave the whole matter to Report? But I, Good Woman, interpos'd my self between you, and your Ill-reports, and as I stood, as 'twere, in the midst between Mother and Son, I committed the Parricide: I slew my only Son, that all People in their talk might reflect on no body, but myself. Otherwile; if I aim'd at what, you think, I do, how long de' think will my silence hold? To what time shall I put off my speaking, which you think I so volunarily suppress? I acknowledg myself Guilty in Court, and yet I deny that I know any thing at all. Here's an Excellent way indeed Iron. to spite folks, when I wou'd speak against my Wife, I acted so, that no body may believe me. I confess therefore, that I have brought nothing to a sure, certain, and unquestionable pinch, and that's the reason, why I contended with my Son, even unto death. Those Torments that kill, do not resolve the Question. What said he, says she still! Happy wert thou, poor Woman, if thou didst not know, what he said. What! Art thou not contented with the Testimony of thy own Conscience? Is it not enough for thee, that he had nothing, either to deny or confess? Do it

Dost thou *require*, to know the *words* he spoke upon the *Rack*, dost thou *compel* and *enforce* me to *speak* them? I *protest*, you *act* so that you cannot *deny*, what I shall say. *What said he*, say you? Did he say, that he had *prepared* *Poyson*, to *make away* his *Parents*? You *deny* any such thing. Did he talk any *Treasonable* words? You *deny* that, too. Did he carry on any *Tyrannical* *Design*? This also won't be *granted* by you. Let me say what I will, yet still you'll *deny* it. O the *unwary simplicity* of a *Good Conscience*! What! Art thou not *afraid*, that if thou *compellest* me to *speak*, I shall make many a *story* of my *own* *head*, and forge abundance of *Lyes*? If thou canst *know*, *Woman*, whether I *Lye* or no, then thou knowest as well what he *said*. *What said he*, de' say, again? He said *just nothing*. *What said he*? He said *every thing*. He *curs'd* the *Age* we live in, he *cast* a great *Oidium* upon the *times*, he us'd foul *Execrations* against his *Father*, and bitter *Reproaches* against his *Mother*. *What did he say*? He said *more*, than ever I *ask'd* him. O *Woman*, thou hast *overcome*, at last, even my *obstinate silence*, hear then my *brief* and *succinct* answer to your *Question*, *What said he*? He said, that which you *ask*; He said, that which you *think*. O that any body could ha' *set* you *down* in that *secret* room at *that* time, then you had *seen* a *new* kind of *Torture*! I stood like an *Old Man*, begirt with *furies* of a monstrous *fierceness*, my *hands* were *stretched* out, one was arm'd with *Fire*, t'other with *Lash*; I stood upon the very *Face* and *Eyes* of him, as he lay along on the *ground*, and *cry'd* out, O thou *Furious*, O thou *Mad Boy*, *bold thy Peace*. And he on the *other* side was as much *amaz'd*, and even beside *himself*, as if all the *passages* had been quite

burnt

burnt up, or else cut off, by which *Mens Grief* *passes* out into *words*. How often, when I put the *burning Coals* and *Red-hot-irons* to any part of his *body*, would he offer to me his very *breast*? O how *greedily*, and how *widely* did he *gape*, to take in the very *Flames*, that so he *might stop* his, almost *pronounced*, words? And now when all his *natural* heat, being *driven* out by the *Lash*, did *break* forth by the *power* of his *last* *pain*, his *spirit* was a *little* collected to fetch a *deep* sigh from the *bottom* of his *heart*, so that the *last Rattle*, that carries away *life*, was like to one that would have said *something*, I know not *what*, and this perhaps you should have heard too. Put I *confess*, I *prevented* him, and *summoning* in all my *strength*, which was even *spent* before, I did my *utmost* with *band*, *weapon*, and my *whole* *body* altogether, and so I *slew* him, before he could tell out a *lying* word. *Woful* is the *remembrance* of *that* time. I beheld my *Son* *fainting* under my hands, I *saw* his *wan* face, his *breath* was *Key-Cold*, his *sighs* were *interrupted*, and his *Soul* was *quitting* his *body* with a *great* *deal* of *silence*, and yet I did not *abate* his *Torments*, I did not *withdraw*, no nor *quench*, the *Flames*. Have *pity* upon me, O *Woman*, ask me no more for a *word* of this *affectionate* nature, I *slew* my *Son* that was a *dying*. And yet I did not *lose*, I say, I did not *lose* the *death* of my *only* *Son*, I did not *lose* the *fortunate Issue* of it, for now no body can *interrogate* me, but the *Mother* only: Go too, then, *Woman*, set thy *self* in my *place*, and as if thou were *accoutred* with a *like* *fury*, as my *Paternal* one was, bring hither the *Equuleus*, bring hither the *Whips*, and the *Red-hot-irons*. I *protest* and *declare* that without them I am not *able* to *speak*, and without them no

body

body living can *believe* me. Tho, O thou *miserable Youth*, for now let me *address myself* to thy *Ghost*, no pain shall ever make me open my mouth, let her lance me as much as she will, yea, tho she kill me at last: Thou hast taught me, how to conquer Torments. And yet if it be *lawful* for me to ponder, in my *mindful* thoughts, the words of that *woful Torturing*, why would you have me *questioned* in *publick* and before all the *People*? Good *Wife*, let us rather go in to that desolate part of the *House*, into that *room*, which may now be call'd the *Fathers privy-Closet*, and the *Sons* both, there *Question* me just by the *Rack*, there, where I *Tortured*, where I *slew*, my *Son* and where perhaps his wandering *Ghost* yet walks about the *Mournful Chamber*. Let some body there present me, with the *picture* of my *Son* that I *slew*, let him lay those *Garments* in his *Mothers lap*, that she, *poor Woman*, was wont to *dress* and *kemb* the *Youth* in. Let's go both to his *Tomb*, let's *mingle* our *Tears* over his *Monument*. There we'll either be *silent* together, or *confess* together. Now, *poor Man*, now, I am *able* to *dye*. O natural *Pity*, now *care* and *grief* have discharged thee: I make no *Will*, I trust not my last words to my *last Testament*, for I myself will *dye* too, under my *Torture* as well as my *Son*. Only I *humbly prefer* this, as the *last request* to you, my *dear City*, for the sake of all my *Fellow-denizens*, and also for the sake of all *Wives* and *Children* whatever; & I intreat the *same* of you too, *Wife*, for the *Ghost's* sake of my *murdered Child* who came out of your *own Bowels*; that you *ask* me no more *Questions*, that so you yourself may not thereby occasion the *disvolging* the *sad disgrace* of our *House* and *Family*.

F I N I S.